



LANDS AND PEOPLES



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Lands and Peoples

THE WORLD IN COLOR

Editor-in-Chief

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Principal, Queen's University, Kingston



Including a Special Survey of

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By

GRAHAM SPRY, B.A.

and A FOREWORD by

H. M. TORY, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.C.

President, The League of Nations Society in Canada

VOLUME I

TORONTO

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Volume I

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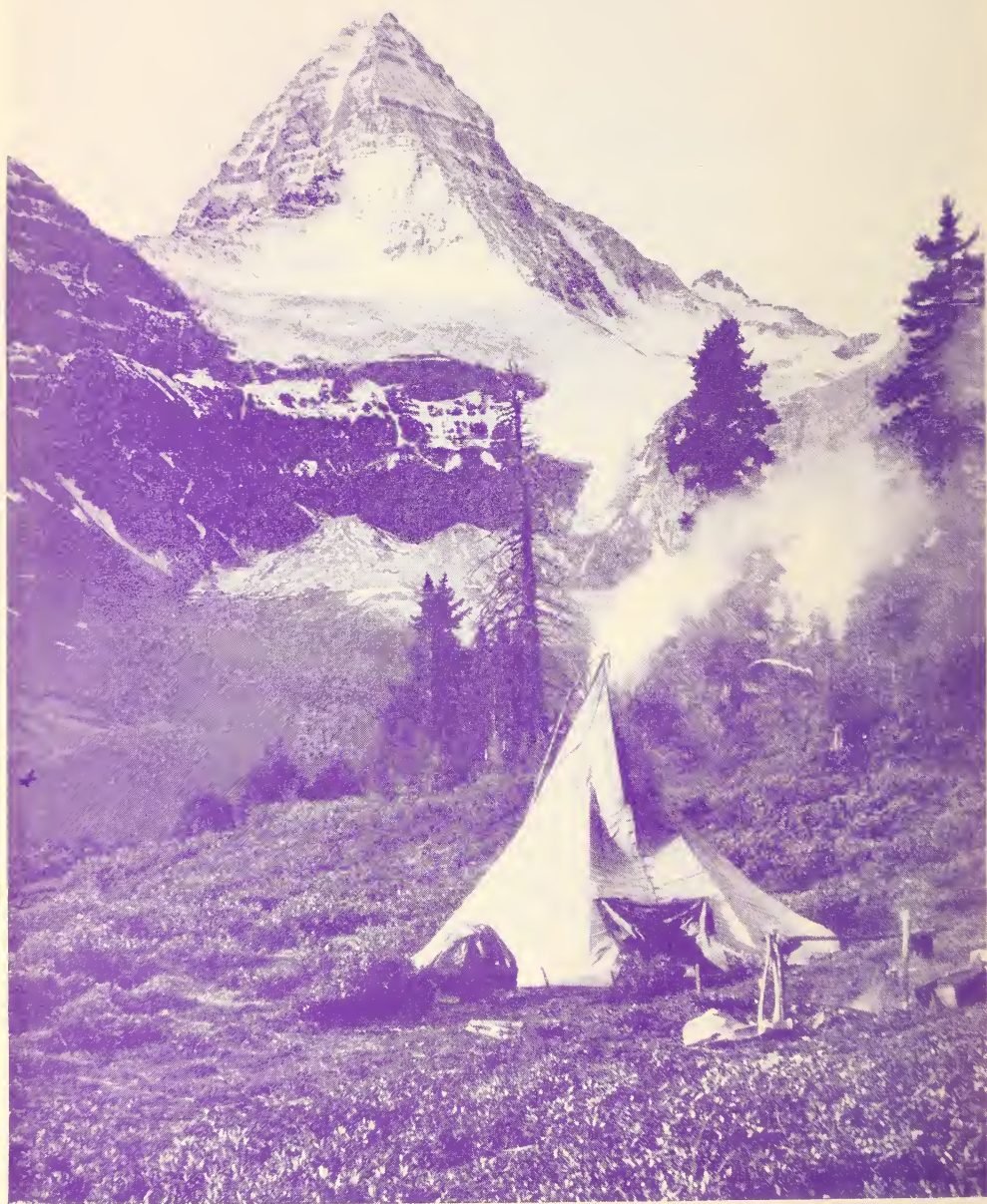


Photo Byron Harmon

A SPLENDID PEAK OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
MOUNT ASSINIBOINE (11,830 FEET) IN ALBERTA, CANADA



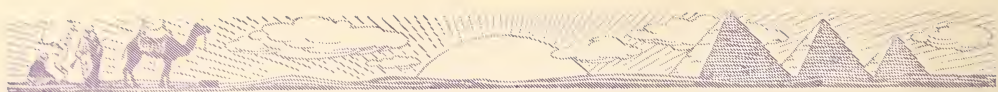
THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLES

LIFE for some of us becomes more and more narrow. Heaven lies about us in our infancy but not thereafter. The youth indeed sees visions and dreams dreams. While still a boy he has been in imagination pirate, cowboy, bushranger, engine-driver, but never, if he be a right-minded boy, millionaire. After that, however, the walls rapidly close upon him and the firmament is shut out. Coral islands, and battered ships, and mountain peaks, and expeditions through the forest all fall from view and the immediate problem is the finding of a way toward a livelihood. It is right, of course, that the change should come. The world is full enough of moonstruck people, and yet how much goes when imagination flickers out. The years after adolescence are occupied with hard study, with practical competitive life. Before the process is finished the end is in sight, and a man wakes up to find that he has become old, that his best years have been passed in earning money to be used in realizing a dream; and now that the money has been

made the outlines of the dream are so blurred that its realization is impossible. When a man is able to be free he finds that he has neither strength of body nor courage of heart to move out of his routine.

And yet the boy never wholly dies in us, and because of this, travel literature makes its constant appeal. If we cannot ourselves be roamers, at all events we can be stirred by the experiences of other men. In viewing in picture or in prose the color of another civilization we find escape from the drab of a city office which is, after all, only the window of a cell opening upon a cliff. So, these travel books become our vicarious adventures. We can no longer hope to take such strenuous journeys but at least we can pluck the sleeve and listen to the story, the more untrimmed the better, of the man who has seen and recorded. Schoolmasters, selecting books as prizes, might keep this instinct of adventure in mind and do the wise and unusual thing. A handsomely bound copy of Plato's *Re-*





public looks well upon a shelf, but the clever boy, who afterward is to work at Plato, will not use as his tool any such edition de luxe. He will buy something that he can annotate without offending his sense of what is due to the printed page. Let the boy have something that he will now read and enjoy rather than something that he will never open and only preserve. Half a century ago a wise man gave me as a prize *The Voyages of Drake, Dampier, Anson and Cook*. That book awakened desires which I still hope to satisfy. It created a wholesome interest in the sea. It has made me one of that crazy company of collectors gathering everything I can on small boat voyages. How sagacious a school-master! How delightful a gift! The beginning of a curiosity regarding Lands and Peoples not as a series of books but as a great interest in life! No matter how far a man has traveled he has still worlds to visit. These splendid volumes do not fulfil their purpose if they only instruct. They are intended to provoke, to stimulate, to awaken discontent and yearning, to make the most settled pull up stakes and start off like Ulysses before it be too late. Stevenson says somewhere of charts that they are the most fascinating of all literature because by them one is enabled to undertake all kinds of voyages in imagination while avoiding privation and exposure on the Seven Seas.

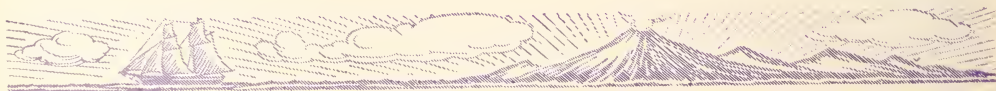
The Problem of Races

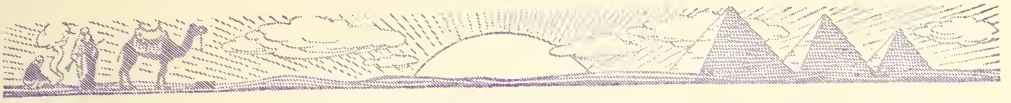
BUT good travel literature for most does more than create a dream. It ought to give an understanding of things as they are and of the way in which these things have come to be. At the close of the World War men were agreed that this dreadful explosion must be the utter end and discrediting of strife, but the very

men who said this sowed in the geographical settlement of the Peace of Versailles the seeds of every kind of trouble. It so happened that the most imposing figures at the Peace Conference were men who were untraveled, ignorant of geography, unlearned in languages. They were pushed here and there by hundreds of interested people neither ignorant nor untraveled. They had to adjust the conditions arising not out of the situation at the end of the war, but out of the history of the centuries. The problem was incapable of any happy solution, but the solution arrived at, by breaking up old civilizations and by transferring them in part to other alien rules, could never have been suffered had the Peace representatives been able to feel the racial sympathies and animosities which link people in happiness or make them utterly intolerable one to another.

Knowledge Aids Understanding

THOSE who live at a distance from some insistent national problem are swift to think that it exists only because of the obstinacy of outworn civilizations. The Englishman encircled by the sea thinks that the Frenchman is doctrinaire in his anxiety about his Eastern frontier. But go to Strassburg for a few days. Sit around in the cafés and listen to what is being said. Watch the processions in the streets and attend service in the churches, and you will realize that the Frenchman is not to be set down hastily as unreasonable in his anxiety about the frontier. There are, in that Alsace-Lorraine area, all kinds of problems of race, of religion, of language, of geography, nor can you begin to pass judgment on them without first-hand knowledge. Much is said in ridicule of the globe-trotter, and assuredly many foolish people, who have cruised round the world on a personally





conducted tour, rush into print with posterous views on age-long problems. At the same time it is much better to globe-trot than not to trot at all.

Or, to take another issue. Is it to be wondered at that a resident of the Middle West of the United States should lose patience at what seem to him to be the technicalities of the navy issue between Great Britain and his own country? He cannot understand why the argument persists. He lives in the midst of a land which is self-sufficient, which has within its own area all the necessities of life. Tell him that Great Britain can be starved out in a few weeks by cutting off of supplies and he will not believe you. He may accept your statement because you make it, but his imagination has not been set to work. Let him transfer himself, however, to a Liverpool or to a London dock to observe the imports; let him pass leisurely through that crowded land with its limited agriculture; and the technical "cruiser" question will be seen by him to have its roots in a matter that affects the very existence of a great nation.

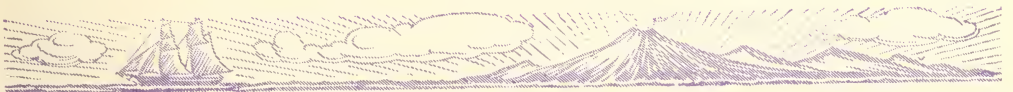
The Basis of Tolerance

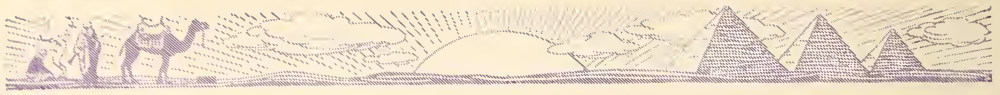
IT is, however, a counsel of perfection to say that only those shall pronounce an opinion on international affairs who have studied questions upon the spot. Life is too short, immediate duties too urgent, pence too few for any such broad thesis. But to have seen something of another section of civilization is to have one's thinking broadened. If it is not possible for the busy man to become a citizen of the world, he can at least become a citizen of some part of it other than that at the foot of his own doorstep. And every such widening of sympathy means a breadth of view on international questions in general. The claim that our own country is always

right is the easy retort of those too lazy or too ignorant to think for themselves. Men who profess to be cultured, and who yet accept this narrow view are like model boats tied to a string. They can sail just so far and if they try to reach beyond their limitation, they are ignominiously hauled back again into the familiar mud-bank, once more to sail forth under the illusion of freedom.

Variety in Life

NO one can familiarize himself with these volumes without receiving a fresh sense of the variety of life. The tendency of the day is toward standardization, in industry, education, religion, civilization generally, and as the process continues individuality disappears. Western civilization is so sure of its own excellence that it seeks to impose itself everywhere. But has the North American Indian been helped by being removed from his tents and installed in modern houses on government reserves? Has the native of the South Seas been helped by being clad in orthodox shirt and breeches? Whatever our civilization may think about it, the process means the end of the native and the passing away of many interesting types of life. The British government in India has created many of its own problems by educating the Hindu in the political economy of John Stuart Mill, and then excluding him from offices in which his economic knowledge might be of use. A dominant civilization is always swift to think that it is doing its duty only when it is supplanting native culture by its own curtains and antimacassars. All too easily do we tend to clothe ourselves and all whom we can influence in "reach-me-downs." Turn over the pages of these volumes and learn tolerance. Men and women can be happy in a million different





ways and the idea that economic prosperity has added to the laughter in life may be roundly challenged. The best government is the one that interferes least with its subjects, so long as by the exercise of their own liberty they do not injure others. Would it not be disaster if all the variety that these volumes represent were to be toned down to identity of expression, and thought, and dress? In life, there is no "best" but there are a multitude of "very goods."

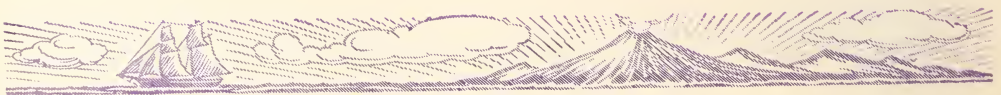
We who are the advocates and victims of Western civilization live for the most part busy and harassed lives, never free from the task of keeping ourselves "efficient." Our work claims most of our time. Any serious reading we do is in the main technical. It is we who have need to encourage the dream, to erect a tent that shall be a place of escape. We teach our youth how to labor and in the end we find that we have ourselves learned the lesson so soundly as to have become

entangled in our own precepts. We cannot escape from labor so as to be able to live. Manifestly there is something wrong in a civilization that spends all its time in gathering the materials of happiness, a happiness which it finds in the end of the day it has somehow or other missed. Riches were meant to provide the escape from routine but more often they prove to be the round shot riveted to our ankles.

These volumes provide the man with any imagination with a way of escape. They take him into a wider and more colorful world, and they may do something more than this. They may excite rebellion among the prisoners of routine. They may send the soul still possessed of curiosity and wonder away from the comfortable, safe, deadening thing into a world that has uttered in so many different ways its thoughts on arts, on letters, on the family and on the state.

R. BRUCE TAYLOR.

Queens University.





AROUND THE WORLD IN PICTURES

FEW of us have had or ever will have the opportunity of traveling widely.

We may have seen something of our own or an adjacent country; we may have visited a country or two of Europe, or have passed through the Panama Canal into another ocean; a few may have sailed on a cruise around the world, touching at some of the many ports. It is quite safe to say, however, that no person living has ever been in all the countries and places described in these volumes, or in a quarter or even in a tenth of them. Life is too short to permit any one person to see with his own eyes any great number of the sights we are to show you.

The work has been planned to give to those of us who must perforce stay at home the opportunity of seeing through the camera and through the eyes of others far-away lands and peoples—sights that otherwise we could never see. Every independent country in the world is described and pictured, and in addition, dozens of regions in which the natives do not rule, but are subject to some foreign power. Special articles with many pictures are devoted to great cities as Rome, London, Paris, Tokyo or Berlin.

While no pains have been spared to make the text accurate, and interesting also, it is frankly subordinate to the pictures. We give no more history than is necessary to enable you to understand how the country or region came to be what it is. We give more space to geography than to history but even here we prefer, as far as possible, to let the pictures and maps tell the story, which they can do better than many words. Of the daily life of the people—their habits,

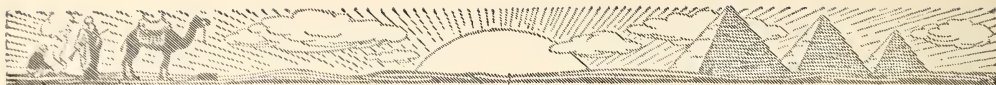
manners and customs, how they make their livings, what they eat and wear, how they play, what they think and believe—we tell much more. These interesting facts are the very ones we never find in the encyclopedia, or the ordinary book of travels. However, for those who may have need of definite facts and figures about a country or a region, we have compressed into the Summaries at the end of chapters thousands of important facts and figures which can be found in no other single book.

Often a good picture, with a few lines of explanation tells us more than a whole page of text could do. Even more, it frequently enables us to understand when words would fail entirely to convey the desired idea. We have hundreds of such pictures secured with almost infinite toil and trouble. Many of them come from brave explorers who risked their lives in searching out the hidden places of the earth (for there are yet some regions where a stranger is not safe). In other places superstition or religious fanaticism made the task of the photographer difficult, if not unsafe. Some of our pictures, perhaps, are stained with the blood of venturesome travelers into the unknown.

Modern methods of reproduction give wonderful results in black and white. Our eyes can almost translate the velvety tones of many of our hundreds of black and white pictures into their natural colors, but not always. Some scenes seem flat and lifeless until the magic of color reveals them in their full truth and beauty.

The difficulties, however, in the transfer to the printed page of a landscape, the bustle of a city street, or the bright cos-





tunes of a group are enormous, and only recently have they been solved satisfactorily. Some of Nature's tints long defied the chemist who sought for formulas for the maker of inks. Every color in a picture requires a separate block which must be made with infinite care. The perfection of skill is required of the printer who sends the sheets through the press again and again, at each printing adding a color, strengthening another or modifying a third. It is no wonder that most reproductions in color are unattractive and untrue. On the other hand good color-printing has been so expensive that a volume with only a dozen plates has been considered lavishly illustrated, and offered at a high price.

All these difficulties have been overcome in the present work. The choice of subjects is excellent; the world has been searched for inks; engravers and color-printers second to none have co-operated in the struggle for perfection; and the publishers have urged them on with an almost reckless disregard for expense. So we present to you color in profusion—640 pages of it, an average of over 90 pages to the volume—an amazing amount never before offered in a similar work. Almost one page in four glows with color—and such color!

Both Nature and Man

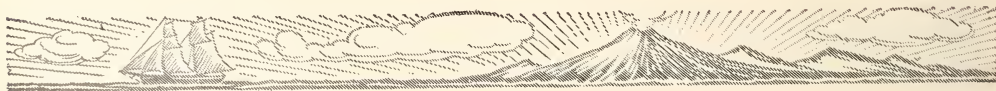
WE show you the relics of ancient man before the dawn of history; pictures just as the Cave-men drew them upon the walls of their underground homes, ornaments worn by an Egyptian princess, a shrine or a tomb built before there were written languages. There are the mellow tones of the ruins of great temples and other memorials of the past, which have endured through the centuries. The stately buildings and broad

avenues of majestic cities, sleepy villages, isolated farmhouses, reed huts in the jungle, the tents of wandering Asiatic tribesmen who have no settled homes—all are shown to you. We offer you natural scenery, sea and sky, mountain and plain, river and lake, wood and desert, in blue and crimson, orange and green, purple and gold, just as they appear to the beholder who has gone into the far country to see for himself.

A Pageant of the Nations

THE pictures of people are even more interesting. They are shown on parade, at work and at play. Oriental monarchs in crimson brocade mounted on elephants hung with velvet and pearls, artisans working or bargaining in Eastern bazaars, European peasants in gala costumes, stiff with embroidery, scantily clad African savages uncertain whether to run or to use their wicked spears—all these are here. There are the Beefeaters of the Tower of London, and the Papal Guards—both in costumes of the Middle Ages—American Indians, Latin-American peons, South Sea Islanders, Scotch Highlanders, Chinese mandarins, Donegal weavers, Dutch fishermen, Indian rajahs, Balkan peasants, and dozens of others. In fact the color pages make an interesting pageant of the races and costumes of every continent, and carefully written descriptions supply any necessary explanations.

Into the city apartment, the suburban house, the country town, the farmhouse, these pages bring a glimpse of the wonder and the mystery, the strangeness and the variety, the majesty and the beauty of the uttermost parts of the earth, and some understanding of the people who dwell in them. No one, even the most widely traveled, can fail to find much that is both new and interesting.





GENERAL ARRANGEMENT

THE seven volumes of this work are arranged to bring so far as possible contiguous countries together. Beginning with Western Europe we move eastward until the globe has been encircled. The dominions, territories or dependencies of a nation in another continent are treated not with the nation itself but according to their geographical location. For example, Algeria is described not under France, but in the volume on Africa. The general scope of each volume is indicated below.

VOLUME I

Western Europe

INCLUDES England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Belgium, the Netherlands, France, Spain, Portugal and the islands of the Atlantic and of the Mediterranean, with 112 pages in full color.

VOLUME II

Central Europe

INCLUDES Norway, Sweden, Finland, Greenland and Iceland, Denmark, Germany, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, the Toy States and Italy, with 88 pages in full color.

VOLUME III

Near and Middle East

INCLUDES Greece, Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Russia and its allied and dependent states, Persia, Iraq, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Arabia, with 88 pages in full color.

VOLUME IV

Asia

INCLUDES Afghanistan, India and dependent and allied states, Ceylon, Malay States, Siam, French Indo-China, China and dependencies, Japan and dependencies, with 96 pages in full color.

VOLUME V

Africa, Australia and the Southern Islands

INCLUDES Morocco, French Africa, Egypt, British Africa, Abyssinia and Liberia, Portuguese Africa, Italian Africa, the Dutch East Indies, Madagascar, Borneo, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, Australasia and Oceania, with 72 pages in full color.

VOLUME VI

North America

INCLUDES a full treatment of Canada, Newfoundland and the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii, with special articles on the American Indians and upon the regions around the North Pole, with 92 pages in full color.

VOLUME VII

Latin America and General

INCLUDES descriptions of the twenty Latin-American republics, the West Indies, the Antarctic Continent, together with twelve general articles on such subjects as volcanoes, waterfalls, deserts, the evolution of the boat, etc., which could not be treated elsewhere. There are 92 pages in full color and a complete index.





McLeish

THE ROLLING MOORLANDS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

the Emperor Hadrian to visit the North Country to-day he would find it very like the Britain he knew then, but he would find the wall he built from Solway Firth to the North Sea to keep back invaders, to be but a ruin, hardly high enough to keep sheep from straying.

A WALL THE ROMANS BUILT STILL WINDS OVER

Fertile, wooded valleys and stretches of bleak upland covered with a coarse herbage that feeds innumerable sheep—that is the Border county of Northumberland. Because it is a border county, it has seen battles in plenty, even in the Roman days of two thousand years ago. Were

MERRIE ENGLAND

Survivals of the Picturesque in Our Own Day

There are other chapters dealing with the different peoples of the British Isles. Interesting features of country and town will be shown in picture and described in the text. Here we start with a sort of pageant of English life which should prove that the England of to-day is still Merrie England. And what do we mean by "Merrie"? It comes from an old Saxon word meaning active, brisk or vigorous, and at first had nothing to do with fun or mirth. Robin Hood had his "merry-men"—not funny fellows but nimble hunters and fighters. Merrie England means an active, bustling England; but also a happy, hopeful England. In the life of England to-day how much of the older Merrie England endures? This chapter will probably have surprises for some both in picture and story.

HOW often do we hear old folk tell of the good old days! To listen to them we might suppose that all the good days had been used up; that none were left for the young folk of to-day. Most people, young and old, are inclined to imagine that things were better "long ago," that "the world went very well then." That is why "Merrie England" has come to mean some vague time in the past when life in England was full of merriment—a sort of golden age which those alive to-day have missed.

There is always a temptation to dream about the past, but the wisest and the happiest are they who realize that England still is Merrie England. It has troubles a-plenty, but so had Merrie England of the past—famine, pestilence, civil war, oppression, slavery and poverty. So, if we know our England well, the tendency to glorify the past will not lead us to be melancholy about the present.

We are better able to understand the life of the land to-day when we know how it has altered in modern times. In the past two centuries England has been changed from an agricultural into an industrial country. It was once a country of forests, and pastures, and fields with a few small towns scattered through it. It was a country of squires who lived on their manors and managed their land themselves; of yeomen who lived in comfort; of peasants who were well fed and housed; of hardy fishermen from whom sprang fine sailors, and of stout burghers

who nursed the seeds of commerce and political liberty.

If a citizen of England, say, of the time of Elizabeth were to revisit his former home to-day, he would find that, at first sight, almost everything seemed changed beyond recognition. Vast spreading cities have covered the green fields with brick and mortar like lava from a volcano. Over whole counties the sky is blackened with the smoke of furnaces, and the air is filled with the whirl of machinery. Peaceful lanes have become roaring highways of commerce. The old bridle paths have been replaced by a network of railways and motor roads. The solitudes and sleepy hollows have been peopled by teeming millions. The very face of the land has changed, for new methods of agriculture have given the fields a different appearance.

Before the seventeenth century the population of England had remained for centuries at something between two and four millions, the chief variations being due to war and pestilence. In the seventeenth century it began to increase, but still the population of the whole country was less than the population of Greater London. In the eighteenth century it doubled. In the nineteenth century it trebled, and it is still growing at an enormous rate. Little more than a century ago, in 1821, the population of England and Wales was 12,000,000. At the census of 1921 it was 37,885,000, and these are mostly town dwellers.



ENGLAND'S MOST WONDERFUL CARRIAGE: THE ROYAL STATE COACH DRIVES TO THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT
 When the king goes with the queen to open Parliament the famous royal coach is used. This wonderful carriage was built in 1761 and weighs four tons. There are four sea-gods, or tritons, at each corner. The two in front are made so as to seem as if they were drawing the King of the Sea along by the ropes about their necks. The pole of the coach is a cluster of lances, and the body itself represents eight palm trees joining to form the roof. The outside is all gilt and the inside scarlet velvet. The photograph was taken in Old Palace Yard.

MERRIE ENGLAND

England contains to-day 649 people for every square mile, as compared with 328 to the square mile in Germany, 184 in France, 164 in Scotland, 34 in Sweden and 21 in Norway. And this is the result of but two centuries of growth.

The art of travel is one of the most delightful of all arts, and it is too little practiced either at home or abroad. The people who go for a few weeks to bathe on the coast of Brittany, or to spend the winter lounging on the Riviera, or to enjoy the winter sports in Switzerland, or to cruise around the Norwegian fjords, are not travelers. No doubt they find pleasure and rest in these occupations. But real travel contains joys and calls for the use of mental faculties which are unknown to them.

And, again, the holiday-makers who crowd the English seaside resorts in summer, who bathe and bask and dance and go to the pictures, and the more strenuous

ones who devote their days to golf—these are not travelers. They have their joys—very real and desirable joys—but they are not the joys of travel.

The true traveler is not content merely to gape at the things he sees; he wants to know their history. He learns how to read the landmarks, how to distinguish between different periods, and how to talk to men and get from them the valuable information which they can impart. Above all, he knows that he can only bring back in proportion as he takes with him. You cannot see a country, even your own country, aright unless you have a background of knowledge of its history and institutions.

This history of man's occupation of England is long, and many races have in turn occupied the country. Every one has left traces which we can find to-day. Flint tools and weapons used by those who lived before the dawn of history have been



JUDGES LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Lawyers divide the legal year into terms and vacations and consider that it properly begins in October, when there is a service held in Westminster Abbey, attended by the judges. Afterward they walk, dressed in the same sort of wigs and robes that English judges have worn for hundreds of years, to breakfast in the House of Lords.



THE GARTER KING-OF-ARMS

He is the chief herald of the highest order of Knighthood, the Order of the Garter. Dressed in his tabard blazoned with the royal arms, he reads royal proclamations at various places in London, such as Temple Bar.

found in many places and they have also left stone monuments of different kinds. Most students now think that Stonehenge was built by them and not by the later Celts. There are many other rude arrangements of stones still to be found.

When Julius Cæsar came to Britain in 55 B.C. he found the country inhabited by Celts who had probably crossed over from Gaul. Some of them lived in towns, had coins of gold and of iron, and showed considerable artistic ability. Nearly a hundred years later the Romans undertook the conquest of Britain in earnest, and soon overran a part of Scotland as well. They were unable to hold all of this

territory, however, and retreated to the wall formerly built by the Emperor Hadrian which they rebuilt in stone. For two hundred years the wall was the northern limit of Roman power.

During the years the Roman civilization flourished in Britain, there were many walled towns and luxurious country houses. Several modern cities, as Colchester, Lincoln, York, Gloucester and St. Albans, stand on the sites of Roman cities. London was an important town and the springs at the present city of Bath were developed. In dozens of places the remains of Roman buildings stand to-day, and we can trace the plans of the houses.

Later emperors found it necessary to withdraw troops from Britain, and left the island to its fate. Barbarians swarmed in from every direction. Of these, three Germanic tribes, the Angles, the Saxons and the Jutes were most important, and in the course of time brought the whole country under their control. There was no central state, but many little kingdoms rose and fell. Some of their names survive

in English counties as Wessex, Essex and Kent. Finally, about the year 827, the king of Wessex was recognized as overlord, but soon the Danes were invading the country in force and much of the land was given up to them.

The pagan Angles, Saxons and Jutes were much lower in civilization than the Romans. They built chiefly of wood rather than stone, and so there are fewer relics of Saxon than of Roman England. Many of the Romans had been Christians but the Saxons brought in the worship of their old gods, though they later received Christianity from Rome and from Ireland in the seventh century. The Church

flourished, and sent out missionaries to the pagan German kindred.

Some of the later Saxon kings were weak, and for a time we find the king of Denmark also king of England. Then came in 1066 the invasion of the Normans from France. These Northmen from Scandinavia had settled in France centuries before, and had become more French than the French themselves. They brought in a new language, new laws, new customs, new methods of building—in short, a higher degree of civilization. The English were stubborn, however, and these people were finally swallowed up in

the main stream of English life, though the English language shows many words brought in by the Normans, the laws were affected, many Norman buildings still stand, and English architecture was permanently influenced by these Norman builders.

There has been no armed invasion of England since the Normans (not counting attacks from the air during the World War), but for a long time thousands of people from almost every nation of the world have been coming to live in England. You see, then, that an Englishman of the present may have in his veins the



Horace W. Nicholls

OYEZ, OYEZ: THE TOWN CRIER AT WORK

In the days when folks could not read, notices or advertisements were no use. So every town employed a bell-man, or crier, who went down the street calling "Oyez!"—a survival of the old Norman-French verb "oyer," meaning to hear. "Oyez," therefore, means "listen."

Town criers call out warnings of public meetings or lost articles.



MERRIE ENGLAND. King's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard is the proper title of these Beefeaters, on their way to the Maundy Thursday ceremony at Westminster. They were recruited by Henry VII from the Bosworth veterans of 1485. Since 1605, one of their duties is to search the vaults of Parliament, before its opening, for a second Guy Fawkes.



DONALD MCLEISH

THE LIFE GUARDS were organized by Charles II from the loyalists who had followed him in 1651 on his nine years' exile in Holland. These two regiments of Household Cavalry have a magnificent fighting record stretching from the Battle of Dettingen in 1743 right up to the present. This resplendent guardsman is on duty outside headquarters in Whitehall.



Anthony Tyler

TURNING A WHOLE OX INTO ROAST BEEF IN SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN

In the old times there were no regular "holidays" for anyone, but people used to stop work on fair days or when there was any special good news and on saints' days. One of the dearest customs was to see a whole ox roasted on an enormous spit. They still do this at Stratford-on-Avon every October when Mop Fair comes round.

blood of a half dozen or more different peoples, and that every one of the invading peoples has left traces of its occupancy.

In this confused, changed and changing modern England much of the past remains firmly embedded. We cannot walk abroad, in town or country, without finding many curious and interesting survivals, if we only have the knowledge to understand them aright.

Mighty London, for instance, in its broad expanse is a creation of the past century. The population of Greater London has increased during that period sevenfold. Market gardens are now asphalt streets. It is almost wholly a new city like Chicago and other great mushroom growths of America. But it is amazing how much of old England may still be found even in London.

It is not merely that old churches, like Westminster Abbey, still survive as they have been for centuries, or old streets, such as those which we find in the square mile known as the "city," or old institutions, like the Inns of Court or the City

Companies. But there are still to be seen bits of the old life going on unchanged. The royal procession at the opening of Parliament, the Lord Mayor's procession, and the procession of judges from the Abbey to the House of Lords at the beginning of the legal year, are pageants which have survived from the time when London was a small town.

The beefeaters at the Tower are veritable Yeomen of the Guard of the fifteenth century. The Life Guardsman who stands mounted on his black horse in Whitehall has come from the gay court of Charles II, the Merry Monarch. On Derby Day the amazed foreigner may still see, in the four-in-hand setting out for Epsom with the guard blowing his four-foot horn, the old stagecoach of the days before railways and motors.

In his delightful book, *The London Perambulator*, Mr. James Bone has the following passage, which may surprise even a Londoner:

In London to-day, if you search for it, you can find, worn as a regular costume, not as fancy dress, some costume of nearly every

MERRIE ENGLAND

period from the reign of Henry VII to that of Queen Victoria. The last point seems incredible, but I think it is probably understated rather than overstated. The Lord Chancellor's robes date at least from Henry VII; the Yeomen of the Guard from Henry VIII; the Blue-coat boy's costume is that of a servitor of Edward VI; bishops and City councilors look much the same in prints of Elizabeth's reign. I shall leave the Jameses and Charleses to the

learned men to sort out such uniforms as that of the Life Guards' band, with dark blue jockey cap and long gold-braided doublet and jackboots, and the dress of many City company dignitaries, and pass to the judge's full-bottomed wig and gown of William and Mary period, the counsel's wig and gown of Queen Anne, and the beautiful costume of the Children of the Chapel Royal and girls of the Foundling Hospital.



THE PAGEANT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH AT CORBY FAIR

At Corby, a Northamptonshire village, about nine miles from Market Harborough, they hold a fair every twenty years. The right to do this—for fairs can be held only by right of royal warrant or by authority of Parliament—was granted the village by Queen Elizabeth as a reward for aiding her out of Rockingham Forest in a fog.



HORACE W. NICHOLLS

IN POPPY TIME, when the fields are waving with the golden grain of the wheat, there is real meaning in those familiar words, "Merrie England." This English girl, a type of the fair-haired, fair-skinned Saxons who are the backbone of her race, has gathered an armful of the scarlet blossoms that the children love as flowers and the farmers hate as weeds.



HORACE W. NICHOLLS

ON AN ENGLISH FARM the farmer's wife or daughter has the tending of the fowls. The birds are fed on odd scraps and a little grain, but most of their food they have to find for themselves, thus they cost little to keep. The barnyard fowl is usually of very mixed stock, from Orpingtons, Wyandottes and Leghorns, though there are many of other breeds.

The rural districts, of course, where such are left, have changed less than the towns, and here the features of old England may be most clearly traced. There are inanimate objects like earthworks, and monuments like Stonehenge, that go back beyond the limits of written history; but we are in search rather of living habits and customs, and types and modes of life. In a Norfolk village there survives a flint-knapping, or chipping, industry which is said to have been carried on continuously there since the Stone Age.

First of all there are the men and women themselves. In the remote country places may still be recognized the original types from which the modern mixed English people have been made up. These differences show themselves in physical traits, size of head and color of hair and eyes, and also in variations of accent, dialect and custom. The tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed descendants of the Vikings may still be found north of the Humber. Farther south, on the east and south coasts and in the midlands, are the Danes, Angles, Jutes and Saxons, golden-haired, more sturdily built and, as we approach the Saxons, more rugged in features. In the heart of England and toward the west we also find the Ancient Britons, whom Cæsar found in possession. Then scattered throughout the country, but chiefly toward the west, in South Wales and in Cornwall, we find the dark hair and smaller stature of a still more ancient race, which preceded the others and probably came originally from the Mediterranean shores.

Descendants of Viking and Saxon

All these may be found among the types represented in our illustrations. The fishermen might almost have come in a Viking raid. The ancestors of the Saxon girl among the wheat came over with Hengist and Horsa. The forbear of the town crier may have been a skald chanting sagas at the feasts of the Danish pirates. The blood of the more ancient races flows in the veins of the wool-spinner of the Salisbury plains.

The workers on the land and the fisher

folk have changed least of all the peoples of England. You cannot apply the factory system to agriculture and fishing. The men who earn their daily bread thus are in direct contact with the elements. Their minds are stored with the lore of the weather and of the soil, of the ways of beasts and fishes. The machine hand of the towns seeks distractions in his hours of leisure from the monotony of his daily tasks. He is quick, volatile, changeable, restless. The country man and the fisher think long, slow thoughts, and love the peace of nature.

Shepherd Tales of Down and Fell

The shepherd is a lonely man by habit and inclination. He is no chatterbox, but he has a retentive memory, and he can tell you tales of adventure, among men and beasts upon the moors and fells and hills, which have never been written down in books, but have been handed from generation to generation. There is no better guide and companion in the country than the shepherd, whether it be of the Salisbury Plain, the South Downs, the Yorkshire Moors or the Cumberland Fells.

England was once mainly covered with forests, through which were scattered little hamlets each with its own little clearing for tillage and pasture. The forest yielded timber and firewood and game. A bold hunter might find a living there, as did Robin Hood and his merry-men. The clearings yielded bread, milk, butter, cheese, wool, and mutton and beef. The folk needed nothing from the outside world. They lived in the most complete isolation, one hamlet hardly knowing what happened in the next.

What Is Left of England's Forests

Now most of the forests have been cleared and the land brought under the plow. But some remnants of the ancient forests remain. Of these the chief is the New Forest, consisting of 65,000 acres. The Forest of Dean extends over 19,871 acres. Epping Forest, covering 5,542 acres, comes right up to the confines of London. Then there are the famous



IN ONE OF THE LAST VILLAGES WHERE THEY MAKE CLOTH

Till the middle of the 19th century there was a large industry in English homespun cloth, but machinery made it much faster than hand-looms, and the cottagers took to the factories. Their villages soon became smoky towns. At Winterslow, on Salisbury Plain, the industry has been refounded, and here we see the yarn being wound.



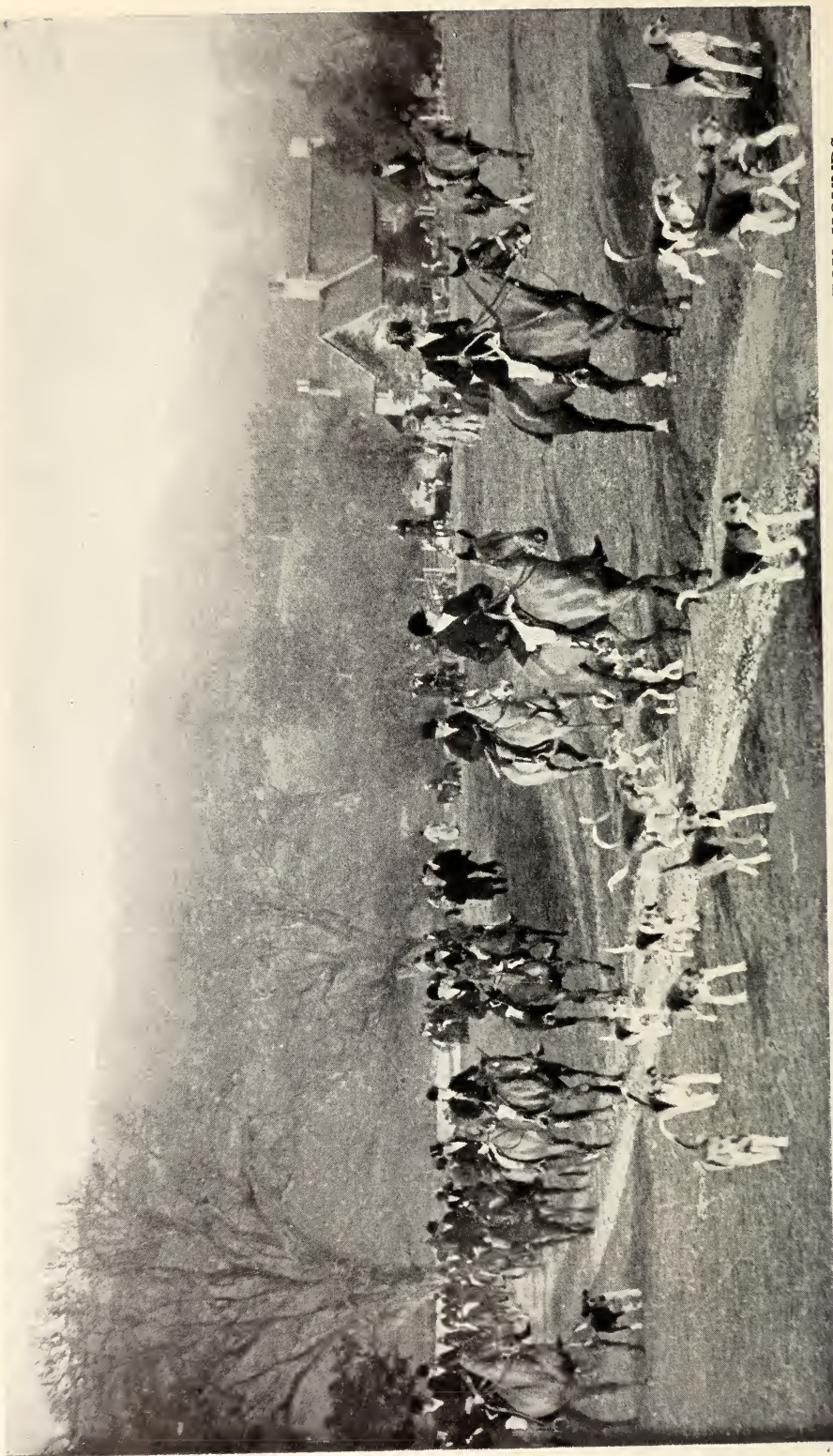
F. DEAVILLE WALKER

POLPERRO'S SMUGGLERS were once noted, for it was a quiet little Channel port to which French luggers would come on a dark night and lower bale and keg into a waiting rowboat. Now it is much frequented by artists and the view has often been painted. This type of fishing boat has almost disappeared. There are many fossils in the neighborhood.



HORACE W. NICHOLLS

FOR SUFFOLK FISHERMEN life is busy both ashore and afloat. When the boats come in, the nets must be taken off and hung up to dry. Then they are carefully examined, for they often get frayed and torn, and any breaks must be mended with a special needle. These fishermen are wearing oilskin hats, called "sou'-westers" after the stormy southwest wind.



CLOTHES OF A CENTURY AGO THAT HAVE BECOME A UNIFORM: THE BELVOIR FOX HOUNDS

Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race rowed in top-hats; cricket was played in them too. Nowadays hunting is the only sport that has kept something of its exclusiveness, and therefore its top-hats. The jockey-caps are worn by the hunt servants

When the hounds go by with a lot of men in unusual red coats and top-hats one might wonder why anybody intending to ride at a gallop over hedge and field should dress like that. But about 1830 the top-hat was the ordinary thing to wear every day. In old pictures you will see the

Tintern Woods, in Monmouth, and various woods scattered up and down the country, representing what were once great forests, like those of Arden and Sherwood.

Some Surviving Industries

Some village industries, such as the smith's, the carpenter's and the cobbler's, are still carried on under the old conditions, and other types survive. But others, like the hand-loom weaver and the cross-legged tailor, have disappeared, or all but disappeared. The factory has been too much for them. The miller, too, is disappearing, and the old mills which ground the corn for a parish are mostly derelict.

In the folk-dance and Morris dance revival we have another interesting proof that Merrie England still survives.

When Tom came home from labor,
Or Ciss from milking rose,
Then merrily went the tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

The late Cecil Sharp succeeded in snatching many of these old dances from oblivion, and a band of enthusiasts is spreading the knowledge of them. Children's games are often survivals of ancient popular ceremonies and commemorations, dating from before the time of Elizabeth. Punch and Judy has been traced back to an old "mystery play" about Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. Mystery plays, on religious subjects, were not so called because they were "mysterious," but because they were given by a ministry, or mystery, the old name for a craft or guild.

Delicious English Dishes

Merrie England also survives in some of the commonest articles of food and drink. English fare is solid and substantial. The cooks roast, and grill, and boil, as their ancestors have done for centuries. The foreigner in London need not think he knows the English people until he has dined—at one of the taverns in the

Strand or Fleet Street, where the old-fashioned compartments between table and table are still retained—off a cut from the joint or a roast chicken or duck and green peas, with ripe Stilton or Cheshire cheese to follow.

And there is much more to be discovered, in the way of variety in good cheer, as one travels through England. The cheeses, for example, are as various as the dialects—Stilton, Cheshire, Cheddar, Wensleydale and Caerphilly. The Herefordshire cider differs from that of Devonshire. Then there are local delicacies, such as Cornish pasties, Devonshire cream, Melton Mowbray pies, Bath buns, Lancashire hot-pot, Yorkshire pudding, Yorkshire relish, Worcestershire sauce, Oxford marmalade, Whitstable oysters, Yarmouth bloaters and many others. The secret of the heather ale has been lost in Scotland, but there are still rural housewives in England who have and use the recipe for elderberry wine, and black currant wine, and raspberry vinegar.

A Pleasant Old Story

There is a great variety of scenery, of cultivation, of people and of customs, among the English counties. The true traveler will desire to know them all, but, no doubt, each treasures in his heart some special spot. There is a pleasant story of a gathering of travelers at a Kentish inn, in the days when they made their rounds in their own carriages. They discussed which was the most beautiful road in their experience, and they agreed that each should write the name of his favorite road on a slip of paper and drop it in a hat. Everyone supposed that there would be much diversity.

When the ballot came to be examined it was found that the choice was about equally divided. Half of the travelers had voted for the road from Tonbridge to Maidstone in spring. The other half had voted for the road from Maidstone to Tonbridge in spring.



OTTO HOLBROOK

COB WALLS AND THATCH make the cottages of Thurlstone and many another Devon village. Cob is a mixture of clay and straw, or sometimes of straw, earth and lime; it is noted for its warmth and is easier to work than stone or brick. It is an old-time building material but still found in

the southern counties. The village is near Kingsbridge and stands beside Bigbury Bay, to the west of Prawle Point. Off the beach there is an enormous arch of rock, the "thirled" or pierced stone which gives the village its name. Prawle Point juts into the English Channel.



SYDNEY H. NICHOLLS

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, in his smithy, dressed in a leather apron, still uses his hammer to shape horseshoes and the tools of agriculture. Most of the iron-work of to-day is manufactured in the great industrial establishments of the north, but before the discovery of the coal fields wood-smelted Sussex iron supplied almost all of England's needs.



Stubbs

BEECHES IN CHARLTON FOREST ON THE GREEN SUSSEX DOWNS

In contrast to the rolling, grassy Downs that we see on page 54 are the beech-covered Downs farther west. Here many of the beeches are, like this one, great branching giants a century old. The smooth, gray-green trunks of others, with never a branch until near the top, grow so closely that a path through the wood is like an aisle in a vast cathedral.

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND

By Wood and Brook, Over Hill and Down Dale

About two-thirds of all the people of England live crowded into great towns and cities, where, except in the few parks, trees and flowers can hardly be persuaded to grow, and the very sky is cut off by buildings and chimneys and by the smoke the latter constantly pour forth. Yet outside lie great stretches of country pasture and village, dale and hill, whose beauties are so manifold that many have traveled the world over and come back well content never to leave again what the poet Blake called "England's green and pleasant land." In this chapter, written by one who has wandered widely over the country, we shall read of these rural delights, and shall also get glimpses of a few of the cities, which have sprung up in modern times.

WHAT a tiny place England looks on a map of the world! And, of course, compared with Asia, Africa, America and Australia it is a tiny place. The Himalayas, the Pyramids, Niagara Falls, the mighty pasture-lands of the Australian continent—there is nothing such as these to lure the traveler, and yet they are here in miniature.

Climb to the summit of the Cotswold Hills and gaze westward on a clear day. What is that range of mountain peaks we may see on the horizon? True, they are only tiny hills in comparison with the mighty Himalayas, but how lovely their bold, blue summits look in the pearly light of evening! The Pyramids of Egypt! Have you ever been into Wiltshire and seen one of the most famous monuments in the world—Stonehenge? About it one writer has said: "It stands and will stand, as famous as the Alps and as enduring."

Seek out the upper reaches of the River Dart in Devon, the streams of Cumberland and Derbyshire and there are a hundred Niagaras in miniature. In Dartmoor, Exmoor, the Cotswolds and the Berkshire Downs are pasture-lands like those in Australia; and it is their lambs and the lambs from many another English shire that fill the vast sheep runs of Australia and New Zealand.

We may have longed to see the Great Wall of China. In England there is to-day a considerable part of a wonderful old wall, built by the Romans in those far distant days when Britain was a Roman colony. The wall was first made by the

Emperor Hadrian from the Solway Firth to Wallsend, as a protection from the savage Picts of the north.

Some years ago a keeper was digging out a rabbit burrow near a little place called Chedworth, on the Cotswolds, when he turned up a number of dice-like objects which struck him as peculiar. On examination the little squares turned out to be pieces of a Roman mosaic pavement. The ground was cleared away and there were brought to light the ruins of a Roman villa. No one had dreamed of its existence in that lovely spot. There we have the English equivalent—still, of course, in miniature—of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In hundreds of other places, too, similar finds have been made. Indeed, at Silchester, in Hampshire, a complete Roman town was unearthed, the wonderful finds from which are stored in Reading Museum.

The growth of great cities has inevitably caused a shrinkage in the English countryside. Vanished are most of the great forests where, in days gone by, the wolf and the wild boar and the stag roamed through the greenwood. Gone is the great Wychwood Forest in Oxfordshire. Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire, where Robin Hood and his merry men sported, has shrunk almost to a wood. The Forest of Dean is now mostly coal mines; Windsor Forest is but a quarter of its former size.

Nevertheless, in the New Forest in Hampshire, we may wander for hours among trees that were well-grown when Queen Elizabeth was alive, and there are



WEATHERED RUINS OF AN OLD SHROPSHIRE ABBEY

The Shropshire parish of Much Wenlock contains a picturesque old abbey, founded as a nunnery in the seventh century and remodeled in 1080 as a Cluniac priory. The beauty of the ruins, including the priory church, chiefly early English, and the ornate Norman chapter-house, is greatly enhanced by greenery which softens the scars left by time.

beautiful open expanses of heath and gorgeous woodland vistas; there is Epping, a forest at the very doors of London; Savernake, in Wiltshire, one of the most perfect little forests in all the world; and part of the Forest of Arden, near Stratford-on-Avon, of which Shakespeare wrote. We may wander among the beechwoods that clothe the sides of the Chilterns, in Buckinghamshire, or the slopes of the South Downs in Sussex, and stand in spring in a sea of bluebells, from

which the beeches rise like shipmasts in a fairy ocean.

Where in all the world shall we find a lovelier river than the Thames? Many famous poets, writers and painters have given of their best to describe its beauties. Think of the historic places that fringe its banks from its source in Gloucestershire to its mouth in the North Sea.

There is Fairford, with its beautiful church and wonderful stained glass windows; Oxford, with its colleges; Abing-

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND

don, the little town that John Ruskin said was the most beautiful in Europe; Dorchester, with its abbey church; Wallingford, that once boasted fourteen churches, with its splendid bridge; Goring, Streatley, Pangbourne, Reading, with their lovely reaches; Henley, famed for its regatta all the world over; Marlow, where the poet Shelley dreamed and wrote his wonderful poem, *The Revolt of Islam*;

Maidenhead, Windsor and Eton and so on along the stream which has borne upon its bosom so many men of the past. It has seen war and peace, joy and sorrow; upon its banks, at Runnymede, King John was forced to sign *Magna Carta*.

Which is the most beautiful English county, which the most beautiful village, where the most beautiful dwelling-house? Each shire has its own particular charm,



ENGLAND: COUNTY DIVISIONS AND PRINCIPAL TOWNS



Frith

PICTURESQUE THOROUGHFARES IN EUROPE

OXFORD'S HIGH STREET, ONE OF THE MOST

Oxford is a cathedral city and the capital of the county of the same name, though it is best known as the seat of one of the most famous universities in the world. The "High" is a delightful street and the poet Wordsworth refers to "the streamlike windings of that glorious street."

On the left in the photograph is University College, which, according to a doubtful tradition, was founded by Alfred the Great. On the right is the spire of St. Mary's, separating All Souls and Brasenose colleges; in the distance we can see All Saints', the city church.



Felton

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, FACING ORIEL STREET, AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN

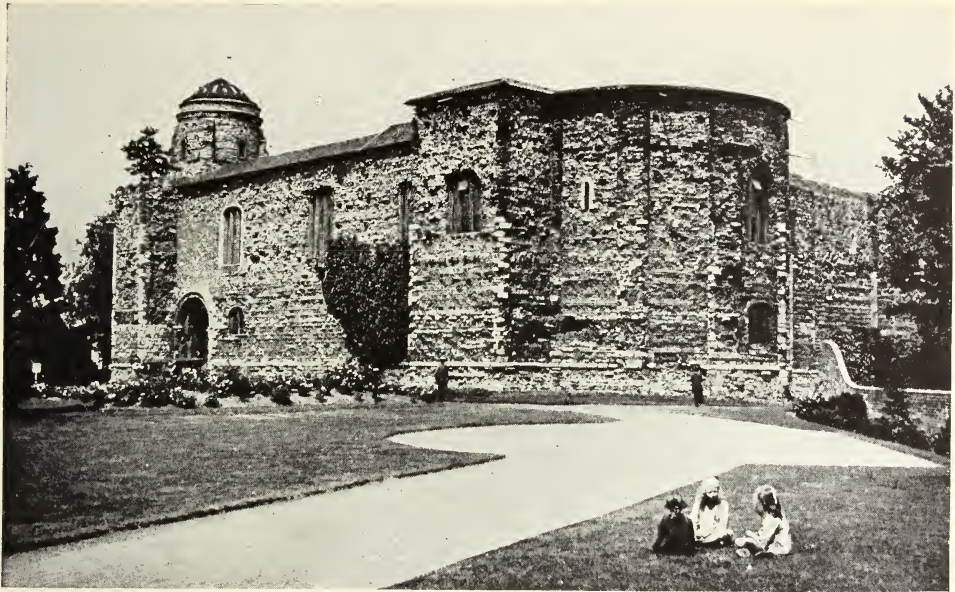
Oriel College was founded in 1326 and dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. It was not called Oriel until a little later. One of the most famous of its later members was Cecil Rhodes, who provided the funds for the new buildings, which do not appear in this photograph. In the centre background we can see the Church of St. Mary, which has been used as the University Church since the fourteenth century at least. Here the university sermons are preached, the sermons being preceded by the "bidding prayers" for university benefactors.



McLeish

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, FACING THE LAWN SLOPING DOWN TO THE BANK OF THE RIVER CAM

On the left of the photograph is Clare College, which was founded in 1326, though the present buildings date only from the seventeenth century. In the centre is King's College chapel, which is regarded as the crowning glory of the university. The building is nearly three hundred feet long and the interior is extraordinarily beautiful. The Cam here flows between high banks just beyond the low, iron fence. The students of King's still wear especially thick gowns, which, according to tradition, follow those presented by Henry VI.



McLeish

MASSIVE NORMAN CASTLE AT OLD COLCHESTER IN ESSEX

Colchester possesses a vast number of interesting historical structures. The city walls may be considered the most perfect example of Roman urban defenses extant in England, while the keep of the Norman castle with walls twelve feet and more in thickness is the largest in the country. Part of the castle contains a fine collection of Celtic and Roman antiquities.

its own individuality. We should surely find, were we to range the length and breadth of England, that, coming upon one beauty spot, we should feel convinced that it could have no rival in loveliness, only to discover another more beautiful still, and so on, until we gave up the problem in pleasurable despair.

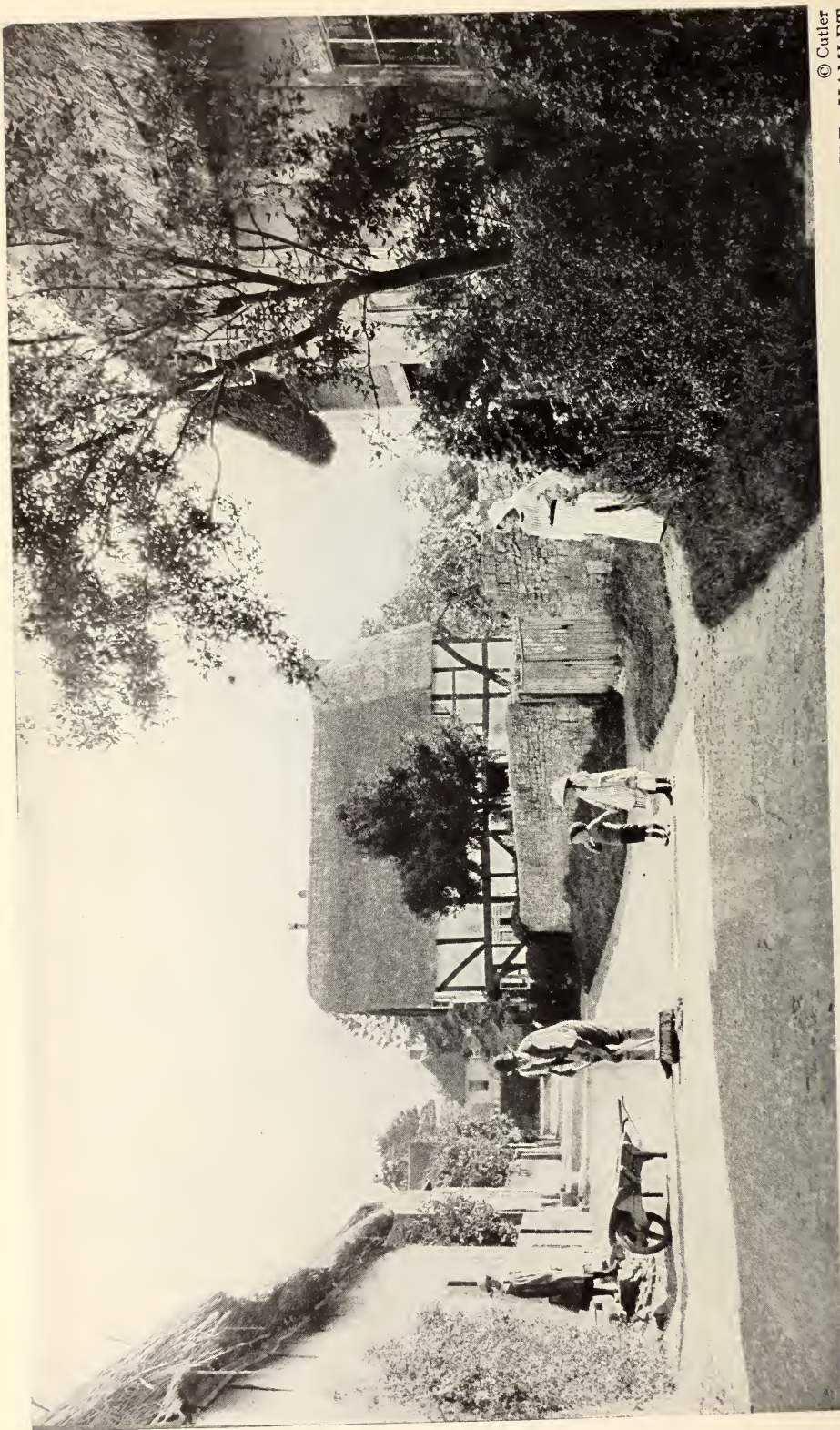
When we speak of the English countryside we must never forget that it is, in a sense, the roads that have been responsible for much of its individuality. For just as towns were built beside rivers, so the first settlements grew up at the sides of roads that had, in very early days, been the natural lines of travel for a people that has always been a traveling one. We shall find, however, that most of the oldest roads and trackways pass through no great towns to-day.

Take, for example, that stretch of the Icknield Way across the Berkshire Downs into Wiltshire, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Here we have a grass road, a lonely trackway upon which we meet no one save a solitary shepherd, or perhaps a horseman or pedestrian, and where only an occasional isolated farm tells us that

we live in the twentieth century civilization.

Yet along that wonderful old way there is evidence to remind us that once it must have been a busy highway, for we shall pass the barrows and cromlechs that tell us of dead chieftains, and many an old hill fort, with its grass-grown ramparts and ditch. We shall see the famous White Horse cut on the side of Uffington Hill, which is said to have been carved there by King Alfred to commemorate his victory over the Danes; and we shall find evidences of Roman observation posts.

All over England old roads are to be found with such names as Tinker's Lane, Gipsy Lane, Beggar's Lane and the like, proof that these byways were frequented by men of primitive habits and primitive ways. There is much hidden history in the English countryside, and much to learn for those who have the seeing eye and the explorer's mind. An English essayist once said: "Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three-hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking."



© Cutler

HAMLET

WORCESTERSHIRE

NEVER DESERTS

CONTENTMENT

THAT COMES

WITH

PEACE

IN ALL

SEASONS,

APART FROM

THE BIRDS,

WHICH SING

lusty all day, the whole place seems half asleep. Indeed, to see five people at once in the street of such a village is an event. The children are bound for the farm near by to fill their can with milk.

lows build their nests. The little gardens are gay with flowers about



© Cutler

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR IN RURAL WORCESTERSHIRE

On his way home after a hard day's work, an old laborer of the village of Holt Fleet stops to pass the time of day with a neighbor near the orchard gate. This west midland county grows juicy apples, pears and plums in great profusion. Big print sun-bonnets, once very commonly seen in the country, are now worn only in such a remote spot as this.

To the true country-lover there is nothing more tiring or exasperating than the long straight highways, like the ruler-straight roads of France. Twisting, turning roads tell their own story. They were surely made by the traveler who had the love of wandering. They tell us, perhaps, why there are few corners of the world where the inhabitants of this little island are not to be found.

It is surely inevitable, in talking of the English countryside, that reference should be made to the English weather. And however much the visitor may grumble at the climate, he should remember that it is to the "seasons of mist and mellow fruitfulness," the quick and capricious changes from fine to wet and from warm to cold, that the sunlight and shadows, the ever-changing atmospheric "effects" are due. The continuous hardness of a tropical atmosphere could not give them.

To take one example. Were we able to see the south of England at a glance,

we might be lucky enough to see it beneath a ground mist. Then it would be as though we were gazing at a chain of islands, represented by the Sussex Downs, the Chilterns, the Quantocks and the Mendips, with, maybe, the tors of Dartmoor and the Cornish moors raising their rugged heads above the sea of vapor. That effect gives us a sense of mystery. It is the appreciation of that sense of mystery which inspired the marvelous paintings of Turner and Constable and David Cox.

Let us walk over the Yorkshire moors on an April day, when shafts of sunlight strike through the driving rain-clouds and great patches of purple and gray and gold and green checker the wild expanse. There we may see a picture that no monotonous, cloudless sky can give, a picture for which many an exile under southern skies has longed just to be in England "now that April's there."

Every season in England has its own particular beauty, every county its own



Hardie

AT SHOTTERY, IN WARWICKSHIRE, IS ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

Here Shakespeare's wife is said to have lived. Her house is a perfect example of Old English cottage architecture. The stout timber framing built in with brick, the small-paned windows, the irregularity of design and the thick thatch roof are all just as they should be, and exactly as the place was built in the reign of good Queen Bess.

individual, seasonal charm. Let us suppose we are standing on some eminence overlooking the Vale of Evesham in the spring, that fertile valley through which Shakespeare's Avon wanders so peacefully. It is as though we are gazing down upon a beautiful snow field, formed by the acres and acres of plum trees for which the Vale is famed. Then there are the cherry orchards of Buckinghamshire and Kent. People will travel thousands of miles to Japan to see the same thing, yet think nothing of the beauties so near their own doors. If we have seen the narcissi fields of Scilly, those little islands off the Cornish coast—if we have seen an April dawn over Windermere or Derwentwater—even then we shall have seen

only a mite of the wonders of the English countryside in spring.

Stoke Charity, Cleobury Mortimer, Huish Episcopi, Zeal Monachorum, Maids Moreton, Lustleigh Cleave, West Harptree, Livingstone Dayrell—there are a few English villages whose names fascinate us with their beauty and quaintness. And, of course, when we think of the English countryside, we have usually in our minds the English villages, with their lovely old thatched cottages, their Tudor and Jacobean manor-houses, their Norman or Early English churches and, perhaps, above all, their flower gardens. Was it not a Frenchman who, on being introduced to a typical English village for the first time, said: "You English

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND

have many sins upon your consciences. But assuredly, when the Day of Judgment comes, you will be forgiven everything, if only for your cottage gardens."

Indeed, what can be more charming than a real old-fashioned English garden, with its tall hollyhocks and delphiniums, phlox and marigolds and poppies, roses, pinks and cornflowers, stocks and asters—a riot of scent and color. We shall find no such gardens anywhere else in the world, no such setting as the mellow beauty of a typical English village.

Some men think that there are no flowers like the wild ones, beginning with the violets, the celandines and daisies, and ending with the purple heather. These are the flowers of English woodlands and

meadows, hillsides and moors, that welcome the house martin returning from Africa to make his home beneath some cottage eave as his ancestors did hundreds of years before him, that linger after the man-made gardens have lost all their wealth of beauty. With the book of Nature spread before our eyes in all its changing chapters, the country should never be dull, and it is never too late for anyone to begin the study of country days and ways.

It has ever been the fashion for the townsman to look down upon the countryman, to speak contemptuously of "yokels." Although a man who spends his life working in field or farm may be less polished and less in touch with the world than a



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WHERE DEVONSHIRE DONKEYS CARRY THE ROYAL MAIL

Clovelly's one street is so steep that it is cut in steps and no carts are ever seen in it. The mail comes from Bideford by motor and the mail-bags are put on the donkey's back at the top of the hill. The post office is halfway down to the little harbor on Barnstaple Bay. Above the chimneys may be seen the line of the horizon where sky meets sea.



FROM HOLMBURY HILL, IN SURREY, WE LOOK ACROSS THE FERTILE WEALD TO THE DIM SOUTH DOWNS

Over a thousand years ago, in 851, a battle took place, in which the invading Danes were defeated with great slaughter by the army of Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons, and Ethelbald, his son. This battle of Adlea (Ockley) is said to have taken place on this very hill, which, now covered with heather and bracken, little birches and tall firs, is one of the most lovely parts of the North Downs. On Holmbury Hill there are, too, the remains of an ancient camp, which some say was built by the Romans and some by the ancient Britons.

town-dweller, it is a great mistake to believe that therefore he must be a fool. "Hodge" may be slow of thought and speech, but in his heart of hearts he often has contempt for "townees," and if we come to think of it there is some justification for his feelings.

The Country Always Important

For where would the townsman be but for the silent men of the English shires? Think of the milk trains hurrying through the still, gray dawn, the truck loads of meat, fruit and vegetables speeding toward the great cities by day and night, and of the great part that the folk of the English countryside play in the life of England.

The English countryside is a history book that all who see may read. Let us climb on to a grass-grown way that runs across the downs, such a track as that which runs from Dover to Canterbury and from there to London. We shall find ourselves upon a road along which the Roman legions marched, where years before them primitive man established his fortresses, along which the missionaries like St. Augustine carried the cross of Christ. We shall find in such as these the real history of England. And it is with those things always at hand that the countryman lives.

Customs of the Past

How many books have been written about country lore? Folk dances, folk songs, old legends—each county has its own, just as each county has its own particular types, place-names and surnames. Many a villager, by consulting the register of his parish, can trace his ancestry without a break, step by step, name by name, to the sixteenth century. What townsman can do this? A thing of small account, you may say. Yet it is by such things of small account that the entrancing history of the English countryside can be unraveled.

The villages and the countryside are not all of England, however, and the traveler must take note of some of the cities. Some are new and ugly, to be sure,

shadowed by a thick pall of smoke, but others are mellow with age, and are quite as beautiful in their way as the country villages. We give a whole chapter to the story of London, and here can mention only a few other cities in different parts of the country. There are so many we cannot tell of them all.

Two cities known all over the world for their institutions of learning are also noted for their beauty. When we wander in the winding streets of Oxford or Cambridge, between lichen-grown walls of colleges, with their lovely spires and towers, their pleasant quadrangles and courts, these seem so old that it is hard to realize that Oxford and Cambridge were places of importance before their universities were founded. Many people forget that Oxford is the capital of an important county and a cathedral city as well. There may have been a town here in Roman times. Certainly there was a town at least 1,200 years ago. The name comes apparently because there was a ford across the Thames so shallow that oxen could cross. The town was an important place long before the university was founded. William the Conqueror had a strong castle built here, of which only the tower remains, and Henry I built a palace, though it disappeared long ago.

Oxford and Cambridge

The tradition that the university was founded by Alfred the Great can hardly be true, but there were famous teachers here soon after 1100, and the town became a centre of learning and religion. Shortly the colleges which are characteristic of both Oxford and Cambridge were formed. University, Balliol and Merton seem to be the oldest, and others were founded through the centuries. To-day the university dominates the town and the buildings of the university proper, together with those of colleges scattered through the city, make up perhaps the most beautiful and impressive collection of educational buildings in the world. Nearly all of the colleges have gardens attached some of which are surpassingly beautiful. One who has visited New Col-



Nicholls

IN FITTLEWORTH, A SUSSEX VILLAGE WHOSE BEAUTY HAS BEEN PORTRAYED BY MANY AN ARTIST

pictures of the district painted by the many who have stayed there. Fittleworth is on the River Rother, one of the two streams of that name in Sussex, which in its course eastward turns many a mill-wheel and flows under many an ancient bridge.

To see this delightful spot we must journey to West Sussex, and there, north of the Downs, we shall find it. It has been found, however, by many a beauty-lover before us, for in the Swan Inn at Fittleworth we may see a room in which the walls are covered from floor to ceiling with



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TREE-EMBOWERED CROSSROADS IN A VILLAGE OF THE WEALD

The Weald of Sussex, which lies between the North and the South Downs, is a green countryside covered with pine woods and meadows. In its quaint old villages many such homesteads as these are to be seen, the homes, often, of farmers, who reap good harvests off the fertile soil or feed their sheep on the sweet meadow grass.

lege, Magdalen (pronounced Maudlen) or Exeter will never forget the gardens. Christ Church, the largest of all the colleges, is peculiar in this, that the college chapel is the cathedral church of the diocese. This is believed to stand on the site of a nunnery built by a holy maiden of royal blood, St. Frideswide who died in 735, or about that time.

About sixty-five miles from Oxford as the crow flies, on the banks of the Cam or the Granta as it was formerly called, is the city of Cambridge, the seat of Cambridge University, also old and famous. There was a village here in Roman times, per-

haps before, and the town was already important when William the Conqueror built a castle here, nothing of which remains. Many of the colleges were built in part of stones taken from the castle. As in Oxford many religious orders had houses here long ago, and students came to them. The first college, Peterhouse, was founded about 1280, or a few years afterward, only a little later than the first at Oxford. In comparison with these our universities were founded only yesterday.

When we think of the lives of all those who have studied at Oxford and Cambridge for over six hundred years, we can



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THE NEEDLES, ERODED CHALK ROCKS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

The Isle of Wight, off the south coast of England, is separated from the mainland by the Solent and Spithead, and is included geographically in the county of Hampshire, but has its own county council and governor. This group of three insulated and sharp-pointed chalk rocks stands at the west end of the island. The Needles Lighthouse is 109 feet high.



F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

GATEWAY OF THE NORMAN CASTLE OF CARISBROOKE, ISLE OF WIGHT

Carisbrooke Castle, near the village of Carisbrooke, about one mile southwest of Newport, was founded in early Norman times as a fortress for the defense of the Isle of Wight. The keep was added in the reign of Henry I and Elizabeth enlarged the fortifications, while here Charles I passed 14 months of imprisonment, 1647-48. The gateway is fourteenth century.



SURE-FOOTED SHEEP ON THE VERY EDGE OF ENGLAND

© Cutler

This photograph, taken on a headland of Portland Bill, illustrates two important characteristics of sheep. One is their sureness of foot, the other their habit of following a leader, even to the cliff's edge. Shepherds sometimes hang a bell round the neck of one sheep, for he knows that the rest will never stray far from the "bell-wether."

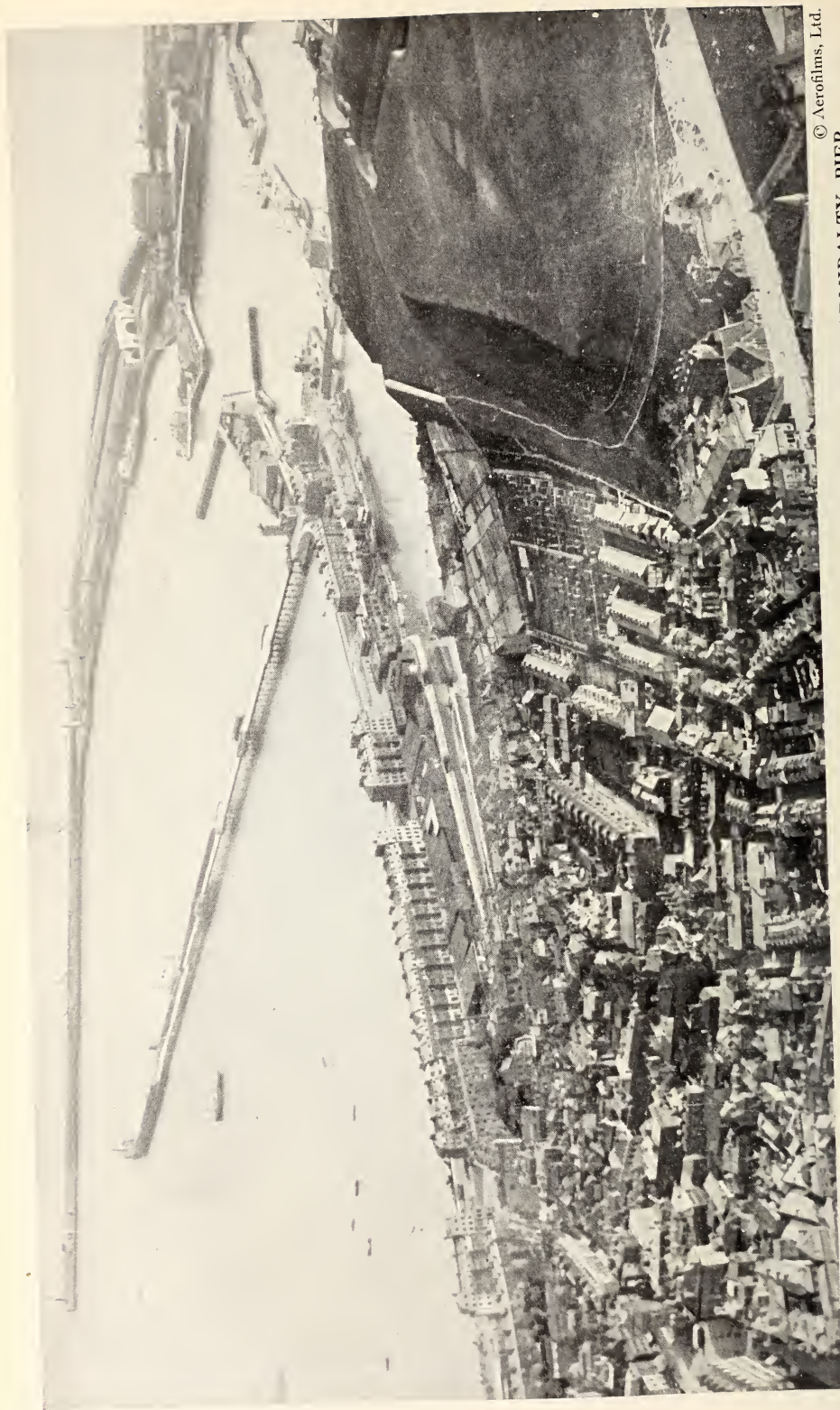


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IN SOMERSET, one of the mild western counties, the sunshine of early spring makes the air warm enough for sitting comfortably out-of-doors. Here at Luccombe, a village not far from Minehead, and on the fringe of Exmoor, the high hedges and the cottage gardens have put on their yearly mantle of snowdrops, primroses, violets and little wild daffodils.



WINDING LANES, shadowed by hedges and tall trees are typically English, and are to be seen in almost every district. This one is in Herefordshire, a county on the Welsh border, famous for its cattle, its apples and its many castles. The whole width of the road-way is occupied by the three horses, harnessed tandem and the heavy load of timber.



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DOVER FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS WITH THE MAJESTIC SWEEP OF THE ADMIRALTY PIER

Chief of the Cinque Ports, Dover stands on the Strait of Dover, and is enclosed by massive breakwaters forming the Admiralty Pier. Dover has a Castle, crowning the summit of the cliff to the east of the town, has a Norman keep and remains of a Saxon fortress. To the west is Shakespeare's Cliff, an example of the white cliffs of Old England.



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SOUTHAMPTON FINELY SITUATED ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER

Southampton possesses one of the finest natural harbors in England, and has the advantage of a double tide, one via the Solent and the other (two hours later) via Spithead. It has many historic associations, and there are considerable remains of the old town walls, dating from Norman times. Steamers go from here to all parts of the world.

understand what a poet meant when he said, speaking of his own Oxford:

"Proud and godly kings had built her long ago,
With her towers and tombs and statues all
arow;
With her fair and floral air and the love that
lingers there,
And the streets where the great men go."

There are still fragments remaining of the college that was originally founded by Walter de Merton. Before his coming the students had lived in private houses, and it was de Merton who realized the advantage that would accrue to all these young men if they could be induced to live together under the same roof, be subject to rules and learn the true meaning of order and discipline.

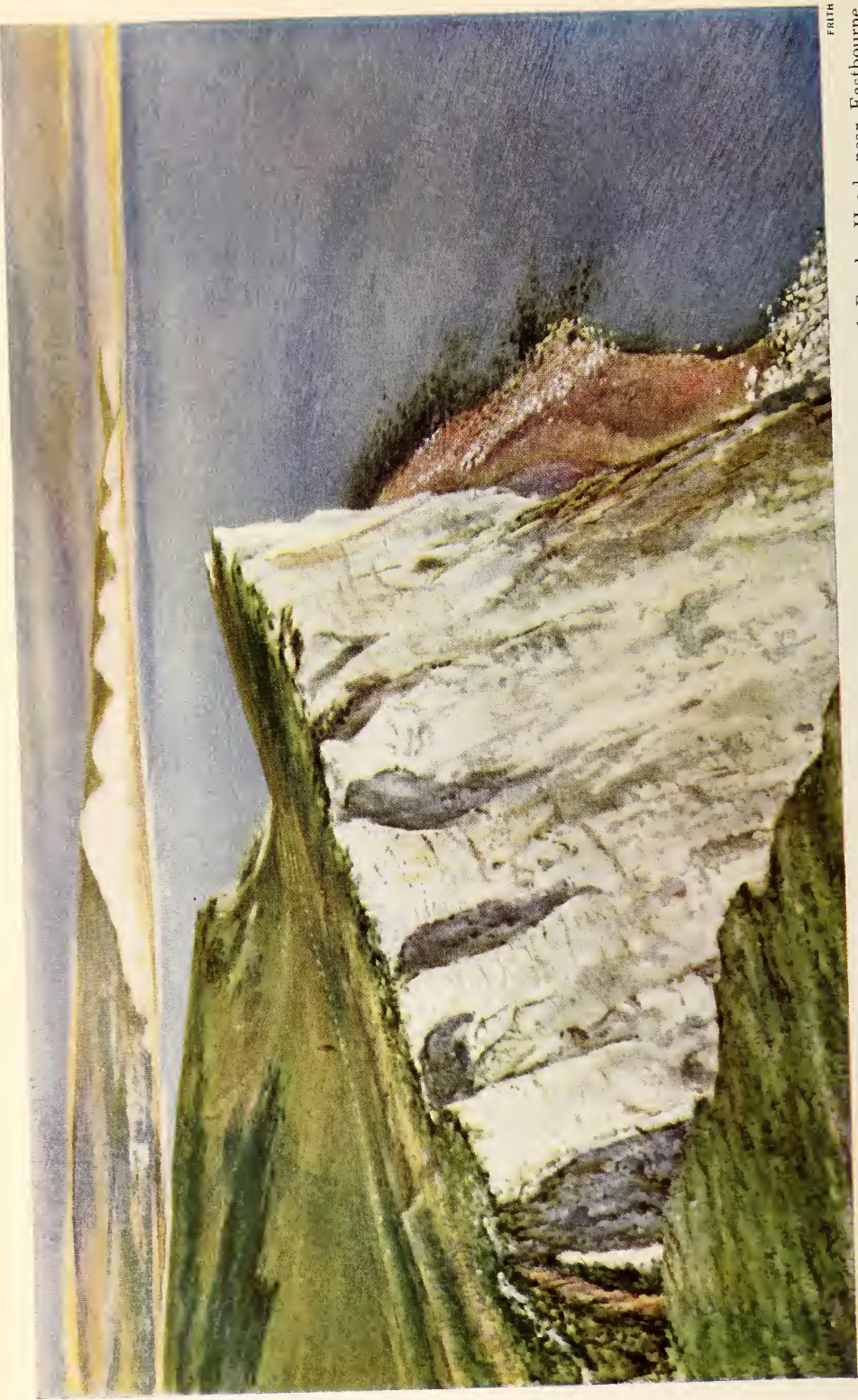
His idea was to draw up a code of laws, to form a society of comrades, so to speak, whose aim should be the advancement of learning and the training of citizens qualified to serve God in church and state.

The codes that he drew up soon found favor, and other patriotic and pious men followed his example and founded other colleges. So that we can understand now that Oxford and Cambridge did not spring up in any accidental way, but were the outcome of a fixed scheme.

The name of the founder of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, was Hugo de Balsham, who, just as de Merton had done at Oxford, provided accommodation for the scholars for their work, devotions and sleep. In addition, he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the collegiates.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, is especially interesting to Americans in that it was there that John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College at Cambridge, Massachusetts, studied. Thus we see that the influence exercised by the foundation of this great seat of learning is not confined to England alone.

As need hardly be said, the number of



FRITH

SEA AND COUNTRYSIDE meet in the white cliffs of chalk which stand out to greet those who enter England from France whether they land at Dover, at Folkestone or Newhaven. They are found where the North and South Downs run into the English Channel, and end in

Shakespeare's Cliff, near Dover, and Beachy Head, near Eastbourne. Between these come the flat Romney Marshes. We are looking here at the South Downs, near Seaford, and at the long, undulating stretch of cliff that is known as the Seven Sisters.



TAYLOR

CORNWALL'S COAST is very different from that of Sussex. Here we find jagged cliffs composed of gray granite or black slate, and broken into rocky coves, deep bays or short valleys running into the high land and each occupied by a seaside town. This winding channel, filled with a swirl of white foam, is on the north coast, near Tintagel Castle.



MANCHESTER'S FINE TOWN HALL STANDING IN ALBERT SQUARE

Completed in 1877, the town hall is the most imposing edifice Manchester possesses. It is Gothic in style, covers 8,000 square yards, and contains more than 250 rooms. The principal tower, 260 feet high, has a magnificent peal of twenty-one bells, and commands an extensive view, including the greater part of south Lancashire and Cheshire and the Derbyshire hills.

great English men who did not go either to Oxford or Cambridge is very large. At the same time the list of famous personages whose names are to be found on the rolls of the two universities is far too long to be set down in detail. Famous scholars, divines, politicians, lawyers, sailors, poets, painters and authors, each university can claim sons of whom it would be difficult to say which was the greatest in his particular sphere. In recent years colleges for women students have been founded both at Oxford and Cambridge, but it is only at the former that they are admitted to the degrees.

Some of the most stirring scenes in English history have been enacted at Oxford and Cambridge. In Oxford Cathedral we may see the place where Archbishop Cranmer was brought to hear his sentence, and the seat upon which Charles I sat when he came to render thanks for his few victories against the Cromwellians. For more than two hundred years

chancellors have been installed and degrees bestowed in the Sheldonian Theatre. At Cambridge we may sit in the very rooms occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, William Pitt and Thackeray, to mention but a few names at random. John Wesley, William Penn and W. E. Gladstone were Oxford men.

The colleges, too, give us wonderful examples of Norman, medieval, Tudor and Stuart architecture, so varied and so beautiful in their setting that it is an education merely to feast our eyes on their historic walls.

There are larger cities than Oxford and Cambridge of course. Besides London, there are four with over a half-million each, all in the north: Birmingham, the busy manufacturing city; Liverpool, one of the great ports of the world; Manchester, famous for its textiles; and Sheffield, known everywhere for its cutlery. There are others in the second rank:



McLeish

YORK MINSTER, THE DIGNIFIED AND MASSIVE CHURCH OF ST. PETER

Famous especially for its extensive and representative series of stained glass windows, the minster includes examples of the early English decorated and early and late perpendicular styles. On both sides of the noble west façade rise two richly decorated towers. 201 feet; in the northwest tower is hung the bell called Great Peter. The central tower rises 216 feet.



ABRAHAM

do the fells exceed a thousand feet in height, nor do they rise precipitously from the water-side, but behind them, in many places, we can catch glimpses of far loftier and more rugged peaks and crags. We are here looking at the northern end of the lake, near Waterhead.

BEAUTIFUL WINDERMERE, between Lancashire and Westmoreland, is the largest lake in England, but that is far from being its only claim to fame. Its clear, unruffled waters, its islands and woodlands and the rocky fell country surrounding it make a lovely picture. Rarely



ABRAHAM

THE LAKE DISTRICT boasts innumerable lovely spots, and of them all many people give Grasmere pride of place. To the north, across the islet that lies practically in its centre, rises Helm Crag. If we took the boat and rowed around the island, we should find the village, Grasmere, in and near which dwelt Wordsworth, chief poet of England's countryside.



McLeish

NEWCASTLE, WITH ITS BUSY RIVERSIDE, AND THE SWING BRIDGE ACROSS THE TYNE

Elswick engineering and steel works turn out all kinds of heavy ordnance, locomotives, marine engines, and iron and steel goods. The river is spanned by six bridges. The Swing Bridge shown here is built on the site of the Pons Ælii of Hadrian.

Newcastle stands eight miles from the sea on the north bank of the Tyne. It is the centre of a large coal-mining, shipbuilding, industrial and agricultural area. There are great shipbuilding yards, where battleships and merchant vessels of all classes are constructed, while the



Nicholls

DERBY DAY SCENE ON THE FAMOUS EPSOM DOWNS

What could better illustrate the popularity of Derby day in England than this photograph of the famous Downs, teeming with people as far as the eye can see? Scattered over the ground are the stands of the book-makers, from whom arises a continuous roar as they vie in shouting the "odds" and marking their prices on their blackboards.



TAYLOR

THE RIVER THAMES has many aspects, and Londoners need not travel far before they reach a silver stream flowing between green banks—a Thames very different from London's muddy river. This pretty spot, Lower Halliford, is little more than twenty miles

upstream. Between this village and Walton Bridge is a place called Cowey Stakes, where Julius Caesar with his legions tried to ford the river, only to find that the Britons had driven into its bed great pointed stakes. Some of these stakes were found only a hundred years ago.



ABRAHAM

FROM NEAR KESWICK we look south over Derwentwater, the most beautiful lake in Cumberland, toward Borrowdale and its misty distant fells. Behind us we have the great mass of Skiddaw. The long range of hills across the lake has the curious name of Catbells, and

if in the autumn we scramble up its steep, bracken-covered sides we can gather bilberries in plenty. Among the fells to the left are the Falls of Lodore, whose waters come "pouring and roaring, and waving and raving," just as Robert Southey describes them in his poem.

COUNTRY AND TOWN IN ENGLAND

Leeds, Bristol, West Ham, Bradford, Newcastle, Stoke-on-Trent, and Nottingham, each has more than a quarter of a million and there are many smaller. Nearly every one of them, perhaps every one, has something of importance to show

to visitors, but cities everywhere are more or less alike. It is the countryside that shows the greatest differences and we shall not stop to describe the different cities here, because we cannot treat both country and cities at length.

ENGLAND: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

Is in the southern part of the island of Great Britain. On the north it is bounded by Scotland, on the east by the North Sea, on the southeast by the Straits of Dover, south by the English Channel and on the west by the Irish Sea, Wales and the Atlantic Ocean. The area is 50,874 square miles; population, 35,681,019 (1921). The area included in Greater London is 693 square miles.

GOVERNMENT

England is part of the United Kingdom, the government of which is vested in a Sovereign and a Parliament, consisting of two houses—the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Women are eligible to the Commons, and since 1928 have the franchise on the same terms as men. England is united with Wales in a system of local government, for the purposes of which England alone is divided into 50 administrative counties, each with a county council. London, apart from the city area of one square mile which is under the City Corporation, includes 118 square miles under the control of the London County Council.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES

Although a large portion of the area is under cultivation, manufacturing, mining and trade are the principal industries. Coal and iron ore are the chief mineral products. All kinds of goods are manufactured, the most important of which are textiles (cotton, wool, silk, linen and rayon) and iron and steel goods (machinery, electrical apparatus, automobiles). Sheffield cutlery and Birmingham hardware are world famous; potteries distinguish Staffordshire; boot and shoe-making, Northampton. Other manufactures are harness and saddlery, chemicals, clothing, tobacco and glass. Fishing is carried on actively. Cattle and sheep are raised in large numbers and many of the breeds now found throughout the world originated here.

The exports are chiefly coal and manufactured goods, and the imports are raw cotton, wool, timber, petroleum, oils, food, drinks, tobacco and gold. The trans-shipment of goods from the colonies is an important industry. For many years England has been the market place and financial centre of the world.

COMMUNICATIONS

Railway mileage (including Scotland and Wales) is 20,400 miles. England and Wales have 3,641 miles of canals. In addition, there are light railways, street cars, and motor bus systems. Aviation is under the direction of the Air Ministry. Postal, telegraph and telephone services are government-owned.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

The Church of England is the established church but there is absolute religious freedom. The educational system includes elementary, secondary, and technical schools, training colleges for teachers, evening and part-time schools, agricultural colleges and polytechnic institutions. Education is free and compulsory. There are 11 universities (Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol and Reading), with 3,739 instructors and 33,295 students (1928). There are also several university colleges. There are 2 colleges for air training.

CHIEF TOWNS

London, capital, population, 4,405,000 (1921); Greater London was estimated in 1927 to be 7,796,353. The estimated population in mid-1927 for the principal cities is as follows: Birmingham, 952,800; Liverpool, 872,900; Manchester, 751,900; Sheffield, 524,900; Leeds, 482,600; Bristol, 385,700; Hull, 296,600; Bradford, 293,200; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 288,500; Stoke-on-Trent, 276,900; Nottingham, 265,700; Salford, 247,600; Leicester, 245,000; Portsmouth, 232,100.

THE ISLANDS

The Isle of Wight to the south, has an area of about 147 square miles, population, 94,666. It is governed as a county. The Isle of Man, between Great Britain and Ireland, has an area of 221 square miles; population, 60,284 (1921). It is governed in accordance with its own laws. There is a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Crown. The Channel Islands, west of France, including Jersey, Guernsey, Herm, Jethon, Alderney, Sark, Brechon and Libon. The area is 75 square miles; population, 90,230 (1921); governed in accordance with their own laws and customs. There is a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Crown for Jersey, and another for the remaining islands.

A LOOK AT LONDON

Glamor and Charm of the World's Greatest City

As one who has always been more interested in the ways of cities than in the open country, I may claim a fair knowledge of the great towns of Europe and of the two Americas, and I should have found it no hardship to make my home in any one of at least a dozen I could name—Rome probably in preference to them all. Yet I esteem it a fortunate thing to have had to pass more than a quarter of a century as a dweller in London. For London is the friendliest of all the great towns—the least pretentious. It is the vastest collection of buildings ever erected on an equal area of the earth, and most of these buildings are either the homes of warm-hearted people, or the factories, warehouses and offices in which they earn their livelihoods. In no other great city do we find the good qualities of human life better illustrated.

FIFTY years ago children were taught that there were fifty-two counties in England and Wales, but now there are sixty-two administrative counties. London had spread so much into Middlesex, Essex, Kent and Surrey, that parts of all these counties were taken from them, and made into the County of London, and several other counties were divided for purposes of government, though the old counties still exist for some purposes. Greater London, included within the Metropolitan Police District, has spread even further. It has an area of nearly seven hundred square miles, and includes every parish any part of which is within twelve miles of Charing Cross. Within this immense double shell of the Metropolitan Police area and the area under the London County Council lies one square mile closely packed with buildings, which is known as the City.

When we speak of London as a city, we must remember that the word can be used in two senses. Everyone living within the county area is a citizen of London, but there is also *the City* in the centre of London, the seed from which it sprang in all its greatness.

The first men who settled here chose a position on rising ground above the River Thames, with a stream flowing on one side. This was about the place where Cannon Street Station, a railway terminus, now stands. When the Romans came they found a little fort on a hill, and when they departed, four hundred years later, they left behind them a compact and

well-defended city, about a square mile in extent, with a wall all around it and a bridge across the river. Even to this day the line of that wall can be traced. There were gates in it where the principal roads went forth, but it is not believed that the names of existing streets—Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Newgate and Ludgate—correspond to these Roman gates. There are fragments of the wall itself existing—one at St. Giles', Cripplegate, and one at the Tower.

Houses were later built outside the walls, and the borders of the City were extended; so that there are wards Without—that is without the wall—as well as Within. In this way the City reaches westward as far as Temple Bar, though the old Lud Gate was about half way up Ludgate Hill. It is especially necessary to mention this because, when the king comes in state to visit the City, the procession halts at Temple Bar, near the Law Courts, and the Lord Mayor presents him with the Sword of the City. The City is not under the jurisdiction of the County Council; it has its Lord Mayor, its own government, its own courts of law and its own police.

It is a very remarkable thing that there should be two cities so near to each other that they are joined by houses—houses all the way. The other is the City of Westminster. When London proper was but an isolated fort, the district at Westminster was very marshy, and the river spread round an island called the



MCLEISH

THE TOWER OF LONDON, fortress, royal palace, state prison, and now a barracks and museum, is seen here from the Tower Bridge over the Thames. Beyond the Lanthorn Tower and the modern red-brick Guard House is the great White Tower, the oldest part of the fortress. This was built in the time of William the Conqueror. Its walls are fifteen feet thick.



CAMPBELL

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL is so hemmed in by houses on every side, and the streets around it are so narrow, that it is difficult to get a good view of this impressive building from the ground. One needs, indeed, to mount upon a neighboring roof to see it at its best. Here, from near the Old Bailey, we see it across the quiet gardens of sheltered Amen Court.



LIVERPOOL STREET STATION: ONE OF THE TWELVE LONDON TERMINI
 Every morning, between eight and ten, thousands of business men and women pour in a steady stream out of the great railway stations, brought thither by train from their homes in the suburbs. A photograph taken in the evening, between five and seven, would be just the same, only we should then be looking at the backs of all these people returning home.



THE MONUMENT, BUILT TO COMMEMORATE LONDON'S GREATEST FIRE

A visitor to England's capital is certain to see the Monument, a column 202 feet high, near the north end of London Bridge, which marks the place where the Great Fire of London started in 1666. Many people climb the 345 steps of the spiral stairway inside it, for the sake of the wonderful view. The top is meant to resemble or symbolize flames.



FELTON

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE two fountains attract the loiterer with the music of their falling waters, and in the hot days of summer London urchins find them a good substitute for the seaside. We see here the church called St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The nearest fields are now miles away, though once they surrounded the village of Charing, or Cherringe.



MCLEISH

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, London's great church dedicated to St. Peter, is in Westminster, close to the Houses of Parliament—of which we can see the Victoria Tower to the right. We are looking at the Abbey from the west. In it the Kings of England have been crowned for centuries, and it is the chief burial place of Great Britain's famous people.



IN COVENT GARDEN: LONDON'S MARKET FOR FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Billingsgate for fish, Smithfield for meat, Covent Garden for fruit, vegetables and flowers—these are the three great wholesale markets of London. Covent, or Convent, Garden, which was once a real garden belonging to the monks of Westminster, is thronged early every morning by all the florists, greengrocers, costers and flower girls of London.

A LOOK AT LONDON

Isle of Thorney. When a river widens, it almost always becomes shallow, so at this place there was a ford, over which travelers could pass with their pack-horses and goods. They came from the north by way of what is now Edgware Road and Park Lane, which lie over one of the oldest of the British track-ways. The monks founded a church on Thorney Island. This church grew through the ages into the magnificent Abbey of Westminster, which is the scene of the coronation of British kings and the burial place of the great dead.

St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey can peep at each other over the curving reaches of the river, but at one time there seemed little likelihood of their both forming part of the same London, for Westminster and London, as cities, were separated by miles of horribly bad and robber-infested roads. It was much safer to go by river than to run the risk of your horse slipping in the mud, and throwing you down helpless at the mercy of footpads.

St. Paul's Cathedral was burned down in the Great Fire which followed the Great Plague, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. The actual building is not so ancient as that of Westminster. It, too, is a great national church, and has its share of the heroes of the nation resting within its walls.

Could we take an aeroplane view of London, beginning at the east end, the first thing we should notice would be numbers of ships, apparently enclosed by the land, lying in the great docks made in the bends of the river between the Pool of London and Limehouse Reach. Below these docks is Greenwich Hospital, formerly a home for disabled seamen, and the great park with the Royal Observatory. The hospital is on the site of that royal palace where Queen Elizabeth was born. She is said to have preferred this palace to any other. Since 1873 it has served as the home of the Royal Naval College. It was designed and built about the same time as Chelsea Hospital, farther up the river, where military pensioners are housed.



SEEN IN COVENT GARDEN

The porters of Covent Garden, London's great fruit and vegetable market, are proud of their skill in balancing great piles of baskets and boxes upon their heads.

The river near the Tower Bridge is full of traffic. Passenger boats, tramp steamers and long strings of barges are tied up at the wharves, or else are bent on avoiding one another in the fairway. In and out among them, like water-beetles, dart the smart little launches of the River Police or the Customs officers. The Custom House is yonder above the Tower, and the Tower Bridge is one of the sights of London.

The Tower of London is a relic of Norman days. William the Conqueror pulled down an ancient fortress close by, and



IN THE STRAND, towards its eastern end, two churches stand on islands in the middle of the street. St. Mary-le-Strand is the one farther west, the other, which we see here, is St. Clement Danes. It was built in 1681, and its bells, if we are to believe the old nursery rhyme, say "Oranges and Lemons!" Behind the church we can see part of the Law Courts.



NELSON'S COLUMN, in Trafalgar Square, is guarded by four bronze lions modeled by Sir Edwin Landseer. The statue of this celebrated English admiral and hero of Trafalgar, looks small, but is three times life size. As we see it from between pillars of the National Gallery, we can look past it down Whitehall to the clock tower of the Big Ben.



VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, FROM ADELPHI TERRACE TO SOMERSET HOUSE, FROM HUNGERFORD FOOTBRIDGE

Until 1864 the area now occupied by the Victoria Embankment was a mud bank. At high tide the water reached the end of those streets which run south from the Strand and at the end of one, Buckingham Street, there is still stands the York Watergate as evidence. There is now nearly a mile and a half of roadway between Westminster and Blackfriars along which is a double car track forming an important connecting loop with the systems south of the river. The hotels Cecil and Savoy can be seen. Cleopatra's Needle, Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House.



TIMBERED HOUSES OF ELIZABETHAN DAYS IN HIGH HOLBORN

Opposite Gray's Inn Road is Staple Inn, with a fine gabled and timbered façade, restored in 1886. High Holborn escaped the ravages of the Great Fire and still contains a few old buildings. The statue in the road commemorates those of the Royal Fusiliers, the City of London Regiment, who died in the World War. In the distance is Holborn Circus.



OXFORD CIRCUS, THE SHOPPING CENTRE, AND UPPER REGENT STREET

Oxford Circus is formed by the junction of Oxford and Regent streets. One of the fine shops around the Circus is the Louvre, a branch of the Parisian shop. On the left in Upper Regent Street is the Polytechnic, which has about 15,000 members and students. The spire of All Souls' Church rises where Upper Regent Street is continued by Langham Place.



TOWER BRIDGE lies just east of the Tower of London—indeed, we can see on the left some of the guns on Tower Wharf. The curious bridge was built between 1886 and 1894 and spans the part of the Thames known as the Pool of London, above which large vessels

cannot go. When big ships want to pass, the roadway between the great supporting towers of the bridge divides in two and each half is lifted up like the drawbridge across the moat of an ancient castle. Below the bridge are the docks and wharves of the busy Port of London.

FELTON & BROWNE



MCLEISH

THE EMBANKMENT that runs along the left bank of the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars is especially beautiful in the evening light. Here we see, at the western end of this tree-bordered way, a silhouette of the Houses of Parliament and their clock tower, Big Ben. The eagle in the foreground surmounts the Air Force Memorial.



BERKELEY SQUARE THAT HAS HOUSED MANY FAMOUS MEN

One of the most dignified and most aristocratic of London squares, Berkeley Square was laid out in the early eighteenth century on a portion of the gardens of Berkeley House. Nowhere in "town," perhaps, are there more beautiful plane trees to be found than those in the central garden, around which stand fine old houses rich in memories of eminent men.

began to build this palace-prison-fortress as his stronghold. It grew gradually as age succeeded age. There was also a palace at Westminster, where the Houses of Parliament now stand, and the kings of England lived at either. But it is as a prison and not as a palace that the Tower is remembered, and the groans of those who sighed out their lives within four close walls, or went forth only to be beheaded on Tower Hill, are registered in the painfully-cut scrawls on its dark walls.

North and east of this part of the river lies the East End, a strange and squalid district, less known to some Londoners than are many foreign countries. Rows and rows of brown brick houses, with tiny back yards crammed with rubbish, form rows and rows of mean streets. The main thoroughfares, however, are wide and well built.

Sunday mornings are the liveliest times of all in some of these side streets. Middlesex Street, once called Petticoat Lane, and Wentworth Street running from it, are lined with stalls at which are sold all

kinds of things, not only old clothes, but white mice, dogs and birds. Cats' meat and billowy embroidery are side by side; rusty old iron, which looks as if it could be of no use to anyone, lies on a barrow beside another hung with festoons of grapes. The familiar costers of the London streets are seen at their best upon Bank Holidays, but nowadays we rarely see them in their one-time customary gala dress covered with pearl buttons.

The City of London is a great financial centre. Transactions involving millions of pounds go on in its narrow streets and around the open space enclosed by the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House. Near by is the Guildhall, which may be called the Parliament House and Law Courts of the City. Hundreds of banks and insurance offices, and the headquarters of the largest mercantile firms are found here close together. Into this square mile thousands of men and women pour every day from the great railway termini, north and south and east and west. When evening frees



THE CENOTAPH: IN MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS DEAD

Of all the many monuments to be found in London, the Cenotaph is the most dignified and, in its extreme simplicity, the most beautiful. It was erected in memory of those men of the British Empire who died in defense of their country during the World War. It stands in Whitehall, opposite the Colonial Office, which we see on the left.



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HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SEEN FROM ACROSS LONDON'S RIVER

The beautiful building in which Britain's laws are made stands on the left bank of the Thames, in Westminster. The great tower at its southern end is called the Victoria Tower; Big Ben stands at the north. To the right of this photograph we can see a bit of Westminster Bridge; to the left appear the low twin towers of Westminster Abbey.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHERE THE KING LIVES, FROM THE AIR

Buckingham Palace is nearly surrounded by green and open spaces. From the Victoria Memorial, before the palace, the wide Mall, seen on the right, runs for a short way between the Green Park and St. James' Park, a corner of which we see in the right foreground. Separated from the Green Park by Constitution Hill are forty acres of royal garden.

them, back they go again. Then, except for a few cats and pigeons, policemen and night-watchmen, the place seems deserted.

The City, from just west of the Tower to just east of Temple Bar, was swept bare by the Great Fire in 1666, and few relics of earlier times survive. Some fragments are in those churches not wholly pulled down before being rebuilt; and, until recently, there was that priceless gem of medieval architecture Crosby Hall, which was carried off bodily to Chelsea and re-erected there.

London Bridge, with its long low lines, carries no suggestion of that older bridge which once stood here, with houses hanging out over the water, lining it like a continuous street, except for certain spaces here and there, where people could go to escape being run over by the traffic. Only from these could the river be seen. This was for very many years the only bridge.

It is an odd fact that the fashionable quarter has always moved westward. In

Thames Street to-day, the noise of ponderous vans and the hoarse shouts of the draymen echo in the narrow street as in a ravine. Yet this was once the stronghold of the aristocracy. At Billingsgate, now the fish-market, lived the earls of Arundel; near by in the (present) Herald's College dwelt the proud earl of Derby. Where Blackfriars Station stands was Baynard's Castle, many times a royal palace. Hence knights went riding up Knightrider Street.

We pass on to the Strand, now a great business thoroughfare, with shops and the overflow of newspaper offices from Fleet Street, with theatres and hotels, and two dignified churches, St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes. Here we shall find Somerset House, built on the site of the palace erected by the proud Protector Somerset in 1549-52. It is now the General Register Office for the nation, and the Board of Inland Revenue.

York, Durham, Exeter and Northumberland Houses all had here their gardens



UNDER THE TREES OF ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK'S RIDING TRACK

In west London, two great parks are separated only by a low fence. They are Kensington Gardens, the playground of London children, and Hyde Park. Hyde Park is crossed by many carriage drives and wide pathways. There is also here the famous Rotten Row. Its curious name perhaps comes from the French "Route du Roi"—the King's Way.

sloping to the river, and "stairs to take water at." With Charing Cross, technical centre of Greater London, we come into a new atmosphere. Around Whitehall are the Government offices, with the Foreign, Colonial, India and Home offices grouped around one quadrangle. Off Whitehall is Downing Street, in which is the queer, unpretentious home of the Prime Ministers.

Vast Storehouse of Treasures

North of Trafalgar Square, with its towering Nelson Column, its bronze lions and playing fountains, is the National Gallery. Close by is St. Martin's Church, so reminiscently named St.-Martin-in-the-Fields. Farther east, north of the Strand, we find Covent Garden, with its fruit and vegetable and flower market, busy in the early morning while most of us sleep. There is an idea of moving the market northward where it would have more room. The great markets at Smithfield and Billingsgate seem to do well enough away from the centre.

Farther north is the British Museum, a vast storehouse of treasures. The departments of art and science are at South Kensington, but the Museum, with its immense pillared portico, stands as an emblem of true learning. Buckingham Palace, west of Charing Cross, looks out upon the fine memorial to Queen Victoria, and the long vista ending in the Admiralty Arch.

The parks are a great feature in London life. St. James' Park and the Green Park lie outside Buckingham Palace. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are also side by side, and can show their palace, too, in Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria was born and brought up. With these takes rank Regent's Park, about two-thirds the size of both together.

Playgrounds and Pleasaunces

Across the river is Battersea Park, truly democratic, forming the playing fields of hundreds of children. There are also Brockwell and Dulwich and Southwark parks. Farther out westward are Kew and Richmond. Kew is like the pri-

vate garden of a great nobleman, and Richmond, with its coverts and its herds of deer, its long sweeps of undulating green and its glimpses of blue water, is unsurpassed in its wildness and beauty by any public land so near to a great city. In the northeast is Victoria Park; there are open spaces at Stoke Newington and Finsbury, and the heights of Hampstead are a playground known to thousands.

From Hyde Park Corner begins the fashionable residential district of the London of to-day, extending far beyond Chelsea and into Kensington and northward to Bayswater.

The Londoner at Home

The real Londoners, however, are those who live in the city or its inner suburbs all the year round, with a brief holiday in the summer. The crowds which throng the Oval and Lord's at the great county cricket matches are mainly composed of them. They go to see the football matches at Twickenham or Stamford Bridge in their countless thousands. They throng Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, and cram the river steamers to the utmost limit of capacity. On a week-day they struggle for places in crowded omnibuses or Tube trains. They know and love their London. They see the King in his glass coach and royal robes going to open Parliament. They are at the Law Courts when the Lord Chief Justice strides across in full-bottomed wig and robes. How they manage to do it no one knows, for they are a sober, working crowd. But not a street scene is staged in London, from the holding-up of a car to the Lord Mayor's Show, at which crowds of these Londoners do not manage to be present. Besides these rarer sights, they enjoy the sights on view every day, loitering by the magnificent displays in the great shop windows of Oxford or Regent streets; they throng the cheaper seats of theatres and music halls; they crowd into the picture palaces—some lordly buildings, others but gaudy halls—which have sprung up in almost every main street of Central London and its suburbs.

LAND OF THE CYMRY

A Look at Wales and the Welsh

The people known to the English as the Welsh call themselves Cymry, and they are descended from one of the main groups of the Celtic race that inhabited Britain. The Welsh language has been spoken in Great Britain for more than two thousand years, and seven-tenths of the people of Wales speak Welsh. Some of them are unable to understand English. Wales is a very beautiful country, and only in Glamorgan and a small part of Carmarthen shall we find the countryside disfigured by mines, factories and smelting works. The Principality is still quite distinct from England, and in certain districts an Englishman may easily imagine himself in a foreign land.

IN the ancient town of Carnarvon on a certain day more than six centuries ago, according to the accepted story, a new-born baby was placed on a shield and presented by his father, King Edward I, to the assembled Welsh chieftains. The two grandsons of Llewelyn the Great, the overlord of Wales, had recently been killed by the English, and in them had perished the last of the great Welsh princes. The chieftains demanded of the English conqueror a Welsh prince as his representative, and in reply to this demand Edward I presented them with this baby, as "a Prince who was born in Wales and could speak no English."

When that baby, the future Edward II, was nearly seventeen, he was created "Prince of Wales" by his father. Since then the eldest son of the English sovereign has been invested with the title of Prince of Wales. One month after his own coronation, King George V solemnly invested the Prince of Wales with his title, the ceremony, for the first time in history, taking place in Carnarvon Castle in a Welsh assembly. It was a time of great rejoicing, for the Welsh, though they differ very greatly from the people of England, are among the most loyal of the king's subjects.

This difference is due partly to ancestry and partly to the nature of the country, which has enabled the people to develop in their own way. The Welsh are usually spoken of as Celts, but there were people in Wales before the Celts. As, one after another, different tribes poured into Britain, they drove the older inhabitants ever westward. In the wild country of

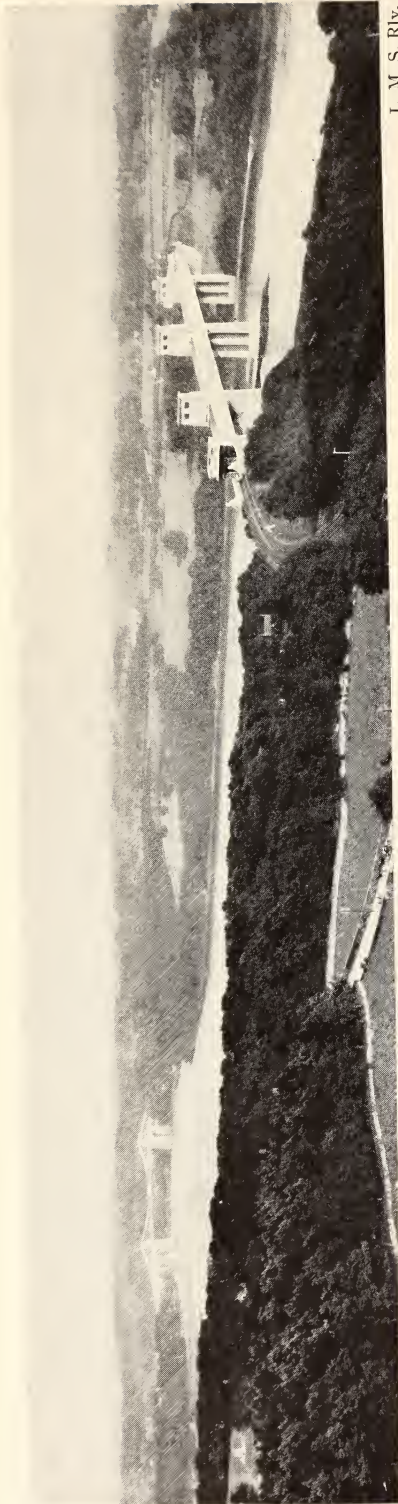
the west, and particularly in the mountain fastnesses of Wales, these remnants of a conquered people found a home.

One of the earliest races was that known as the "Iberian," a people of Southern Europe, dark-haired and small of stature. They used stone weapons, and it is probable that they built the stone circles that we may see on the hills of Wales.

Later, the Celts arrived, and of them there were two distinct types—the Goidels, big and rather fair, and, arriving centuries afterward, the smaller, darker Brythons. The latter settled chiefly in Wales, and from their tongue comes the Welsh language. Since then Wales has had many invaders—Romans, Anglo-Normans, Scandinavians and Irish—but the Welsh of to-day appear to be mainly a mixture of Iberian and Brython—a dark-haired race of medium stature, sturdy, independent and gifted.

They have their own language and literature and are very proud of their beautiful country, for Wales unites the romantic mountain scenery of Scotland with the delightful countryside of England. Snowdon is higher than any English mountain, and the Severn, the largest river in Britain, rises on the slopes of Plynlymmon.

Unfortunately, Welsh literature is not known in England as well as it deserves to be, for the simple reason that it is written in Welsh, which few English ever master. In Wales almost everyone can talk English as well as Welsh, though there are still a few out-of-the-way places where English is not understood.



L. M. S. Rly.

FROM ANGLESEY WE LOOK OVER THE MENAI STRAIT TO THE DIM AND DISTANT RANGES OF CARNARVON

Off the northwest corner of Wales is an island, Anglesey, separated from the mainland by the narrow Strait of Menai, which is crossed by two bridges. On the right is the railway bridge that carries the trains bound for Holyhead; on the left is a suspension road bridge.

The Welsh language looks peculiar to us in that it seems to have so many consonants and so few vowels, especially in place names. For example, Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, and Clwyd are perfectly good Welsh words; and there are many others as strange to those who know only English.

The Brythons used the word "ap," meaning "son of," in their names, and thus we get such Welsh names as "Pryce," which stands for "Ap-Rhys," son of Rhys; sometimes the "p" becomes a "b," which accounts for such names as "Bowen," son of Owen, and "Bevan," son of Evan. When Henry VIII was king he decreed that all Welshmen should take surnames. Each man took his father's name—thus Thomas ap Evan became Thomas Evans, which accounts for so many Welsh surnames being also Christian names.

The Welsh language is very soft and musical, and musical ability seems to be the birthright of the people. Many of them have beautiful voices. A Welsh village on a Sunday morning appears to be deserted, for everyone goes to church or chapel, and everyone sings there. In castle or cottage throughout the Principality we may hear this singing, frequently to the accompaniment of the harp.

Long before the time of Christ, the Welsh had their Druids, who were priests and teachers, and their bards, who were poets and minstrels. At their great national gatherings the two were always present. Druidism was suppressed by the Romans, but officials called Druids, and dressed like the Druids of old in flowing, white garments, preside over the bardic congress known as the Eisteddfod, which is held every year in some part of the country.

The bards are dressed in flowing robes at this festival, which lasts some days, and to it come the people in their thousands from all over Wales, from town and village and mountain farm, to take part in the various musical and literary competitions and to keep alive the national spirit. In bygone days every household of any importance had its own bard, whose songs



L. M. S. Rly.

LOOKING DOWN THE PASS OF LLANBERIS, WILDEST OF DEFILES THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF WILD WALES

Forbidding and impressive is the Pass of Llanberis, in North Wales, which separates the Snowdon range from Glyder Fawr. Black walls of rock rise up on either side, and only in the valley bottom does any grass grow. At this point we are at Pont-y-Gromlech, where the road crosses

the stream and the electric power lines cross both. Just across the bridge is the huge boulder known as Cromlech Stone. It is not really a cromlech, but was deposited in its present position when the glacier that originally carved out the valley disappeared.



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MOST PICTURESQUE CASTLE IN WALES, THE LAND OF CASTLES

The castle that stands at the east end of the old, walled town of Conway in North Wales is not so large or imposing as that of Carnarvon, but it is more romantically situated, on its rock above the river. Like those at Carnarvon, Criccieth, Harlech and Beaumaris, it was built by the order of Edward I. These castles were strong in the Middle Ages.



HISTORIC CASTLE OF THE "MEN OF HARLECH" IN MERIONETH

The first building to be erected on the crag that stands out above the flat marshes of Morfa Harlech was, if we are to believe tradition, the tower of Bronwen, sister of Brân the Blessed, a maiden who dwelt in the first century A.D. The noble fortress of which we see the ruins here dates, however, only from 1285, in the reign of Edward I.



HISTORIC CEREMONY IN THE HISTORIC CASTLE AT CARNARVON

The Eisteddfod, the festival of the bards, dates back many years—certainly to the twelfth century, and, traditionally, to the days of the Druids. It is being held in Carnarvon Castle, “the stronghold in the land over against Mona” and the chief of the six castles built by Edward I to subjugate Wales, which stands at the southern end of the Menai Straits.

and chants served to while away many a long winter evening.

The March of the Men of Harlech was the song used to incite the chiefs to defend Harlech Castle when the Lancastrian Queen Margaret of Anjou, with her young son, took refuge there from the Yorkists after the battle of Northampton. Harlech is one of the six great castles that Edward I built to keep the newly conquered land in order. It is necessary to inspect the massive castle at Carnarvon in order to realize what tremendously strong places these fortresses were; it seems impossible they could ever be stormed. One part of Carnarvon Castle can only be entered by people in single file, and there is a secret way of escape to the waterside.

Flowers on Old Walls

Conway, on the coast farther east, is another of these castles. The town of Conway, which is full of charming houses, is shaped like a harp. It is possible to walk round the city walls, where in summer velvety antirrhinums, of every shade of yellow, red and pink, grow wild in the cracks and crannies, and look out over the blue sea to the Great Orme's Head jutting out northward. Pearl fisheries have been in existence at Conway from the days of the Romans.

Away to the west lies the beautiful island of Anglesey, or Mona. This was the last stronghold in which the Druids held out against the Romans. The Romans built camps and roads, and many Roman coins and ornaments have been dug up in various parts. Copper is found near Amlwch. It is often called affectionately "the mother of Wales," for so fertile is its soil that it used to be said that the island could produce enough corn to provide food for the whole country.

Formerly herds of goats roamed wild in the higher pastures of the Welsh mountains, but these have almost entirely disappeared and have given place to flocks of little, black-faced sheep whose flesh provides the celebrated Welsh mutton. Their wool supplies one of the big industries of Wales and is either knitted by the housewives—for in Wales everyone knits—or

is sent to the factories to be made into the well-known "Welsh flannel." It is said that this flannel industry was introduced by Flemish weavers who settled in Norman times in south Pembroke, and whose descendants form a distinct colony and speak not Welsh, but English.

Attractive Thatched Cottages

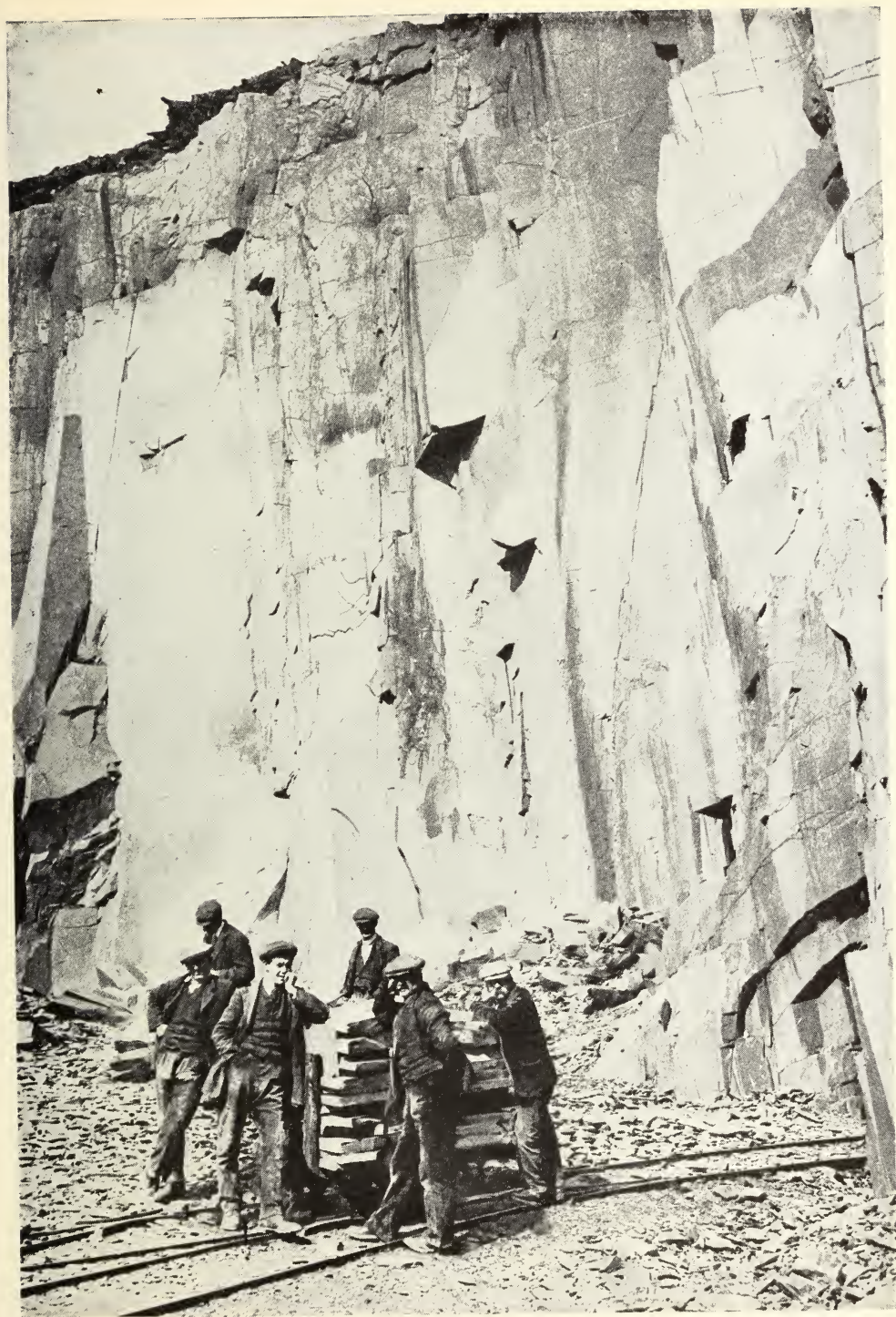
Very pleasing are the little thatched cottages, usually of one story and either white or pink in color, which nestle in the green valleys or in sheltered spots on the hillsides. Often we may see stacks of coal-dust near by, for the thrifty Welsh cottager often makes her own fuel, of coal-dust mixed with clay. The farmhouses, too, with their grandfather clocks and their polished candlesticks gleaming in the bright light of the fire, make a comfortable home when the long day's work is done.

Unfortunately, the national costume is seldom worn except in isolated places or on gala occasions, though the cockle-women of Penclawdd wear it, except for the tall steeple hat, when they bring their cockles to Swansea market. The Welsh hat was a fashion that came originally from England.

Like the national costume, many of the quaint customs of Wales are either passing, or have already passed, away. Formerly it was customary in some districts to "bid" guests to come to a wedding and to bring presents with them. Sometimes a friend of the young couple, who would be known as the "bidder," took charge of this part of the business and delivered the "bidding" by word of mouth to the desired guests. But the bidder has now passed away.

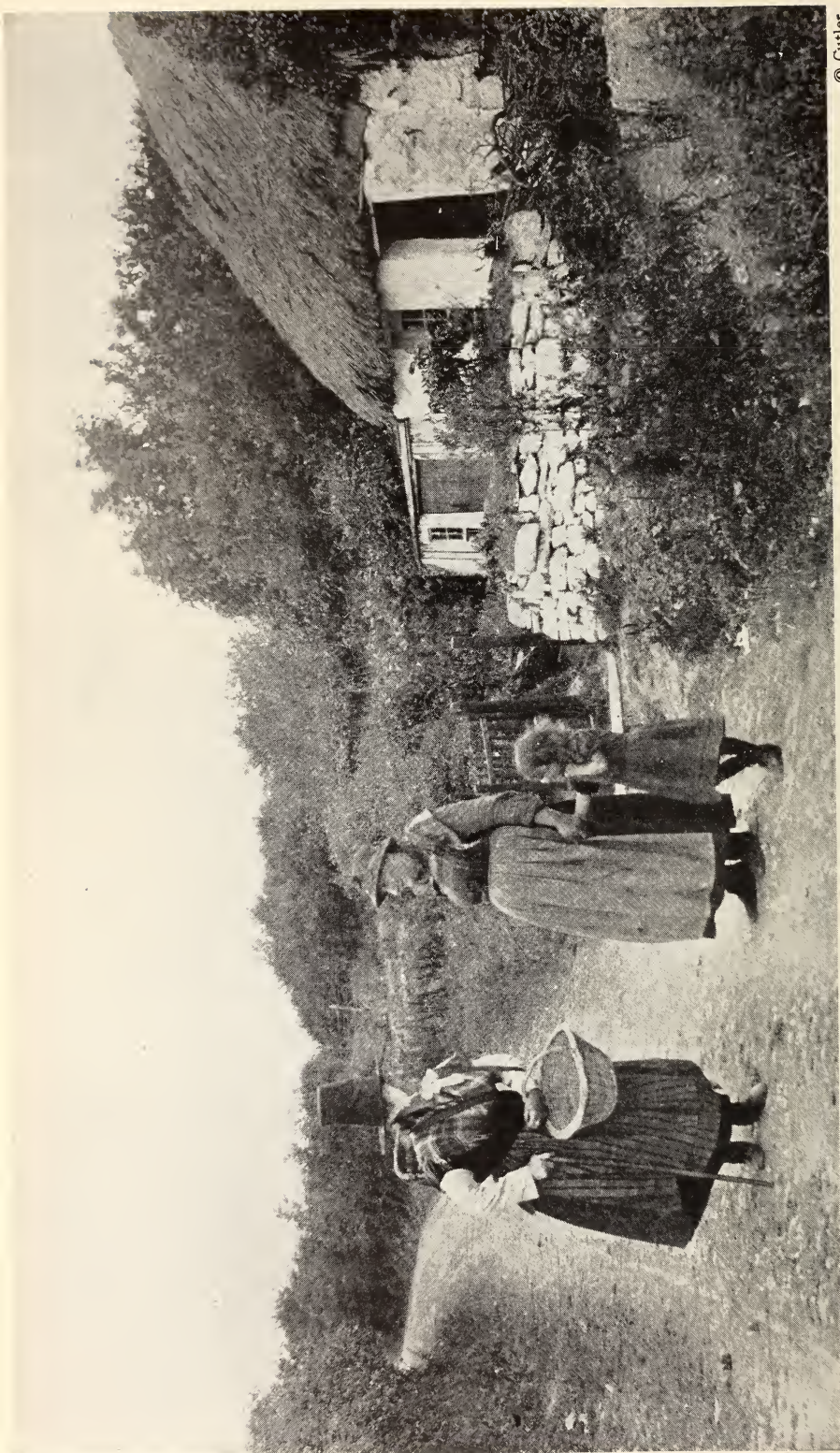
Old Customs Dying Out

So also has the custom by which, on the day of a funeral, the poor of the neighborhood assembled to receive food, which, as the procession left the house, was passed to them over the coffin by the women of the family. Not even in Cardiganshire, where old customs have lingered longest, are such ceremonies still to be witnessed; but it is still the custom in



WORKMEN IN THE DINORWIC SLATE QUARRIES AT LLANBERIS

This is one of the slate quarries that are such a feature of all North Wales. This particular quarry is threatening both the beauty and existence of that lovely lake, Llyn Peris, as the débris slides down into its bed, and in time may fill it entirely. Tier after tier, the quarries rise to the height of nearly two thousand feet up the mountainside.



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THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW MEET IN A WINDING LANE OF RURAL SOUTH WALES

It is not often, nowadays, that we see anyone wearing the Welsh national dress, but now and again, in the quiet, little-visited heart of the country, we may meet an old dame clad, like the one on the left, in a chimney-pot hat and white mutch, a plaid shawl and striped apron. The prosaic

attire of the woman on the right is, unfortunately, more typical of the Wales of to-day. The tiny, whitewashed cottage would be more attractive were the plot before it filled with flowers instead of weeds, but gardens are very rarely to be seen in Wales.



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"FOREIGNERS" WHOSE FORBEARS CAME TO WALES IN NORMAN DAYS

These two fisherwomen of Pembrokeshire are not really Welsh, though it is seven hundred years since their Flemish forefathers settled there. In no country but Wales would this be possible. In Norfolk, for instance, where many Flemings settled about the same time, natives and newcomers soon intermarried and the two races merged into one.

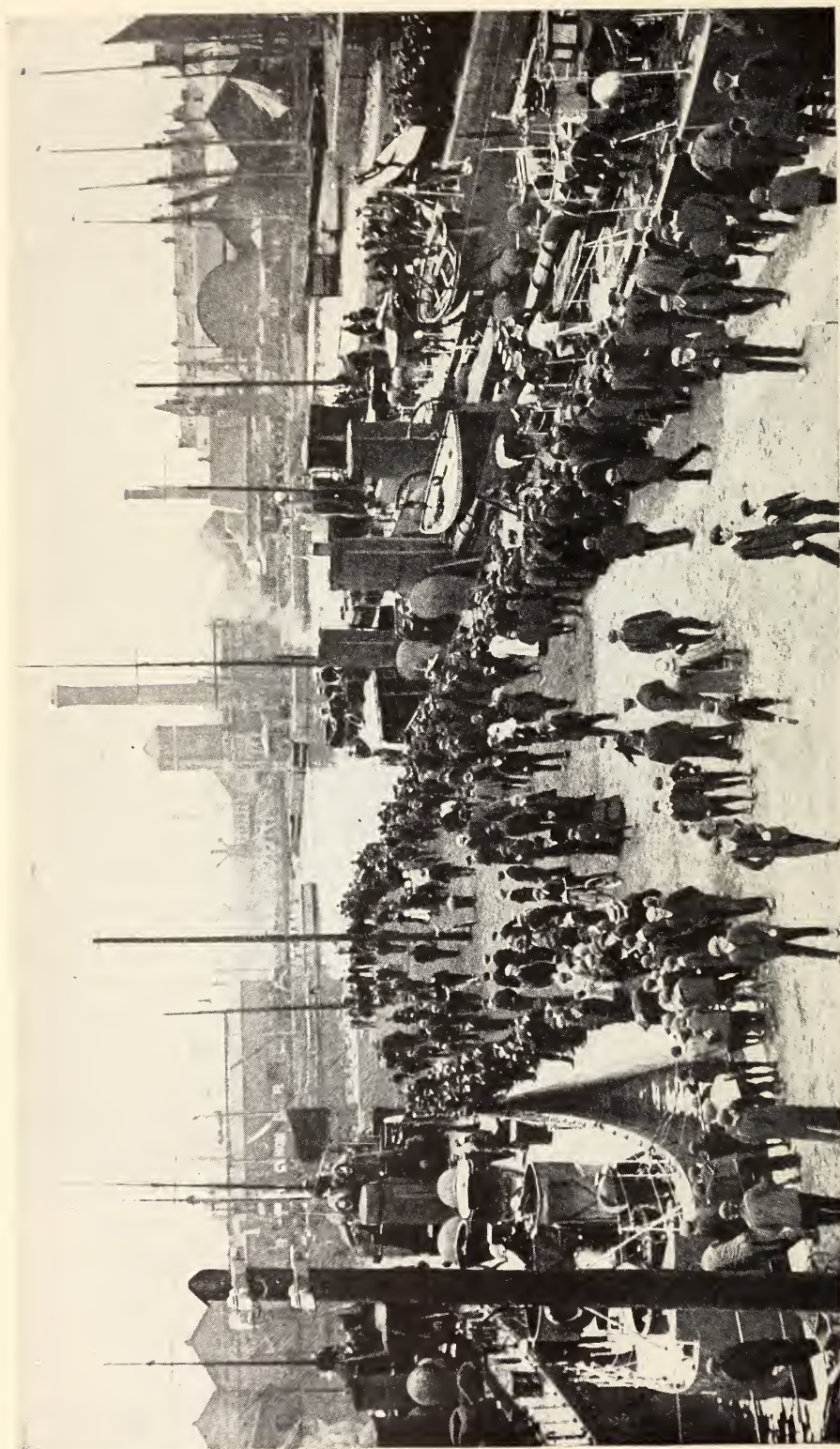
some parts of the country for the coffin to be borne by relays of bearers, who sing hymns as they march.

Another custom, which may still be observed, although it has begun to die out, is the holding of a service known as "Plygain." This is a carol service which takes place on Christmas morning, sometimes as early as five o'clock.

Like most mountainous countries, Wales has its share of minerals. Slate is quarried under the shadow of Snowdon, and gold is found in small quantities; it

is interesting to note that Princess Mary's wedding ring was made of gold from Dolgelley. Copper also is mined, and visitors to Wales cannot fail to notice that some cottages have copper doorsills.

The most important mineral of Wales is coal; the extreme south of the country is virtually one vast coalfield. Some of the valleys in Glamorganshire are occupied by strings of mining villages, for the coal industry of South Wales and Monmouthshire employs more than a quarter of a million men.



WATCHING THE SHIPS IN THE DOCKS OF SWANSEA, THE SECOND OF WELSH INDUSTRIAL CITIES

After Cardiff, Swansea—or Abertawe, as the Welsh call it—is the most important industrial town of Wales. It lies in the vast South Wales coalfield and is one of the world's chief metal-working towns. As we may imagine, it is not a very attractive place, despite its great age, for,

like most manufacturing towns, it is overhung by a pall of smoke from its factory chimneys. It has a large harbor with many docks. This is the South Dock, one of the smaller ones. There are others much larger. One recently opened is said to be the largest in the world.

The scenery of South Wales, except that of the Gower coast, is less imposing than that of North Wales, but here lies the real wealth of the Principality, and Cardiff might well be termed the capital of Wales. In this city are the University, the National Museum of Wales and other institutions which make it the virtual heart of this wonderful land, which is, as yet, without a capital, though there are several aspirants to this honor.

It is coal that has made Cardiff the biggest and most important town and port in Wales. As far back as Edward II's time it was a shipping and trading town, but to-day the ships go out laden with coal and with the produce of those factories that the presence of much coal has made possible. Steel, iron, tin, copper, lead and zinc are all worked in this part of the country.

Disfiguring a Beautiful Countryside

In addition to its many factories, Cardiff, like Merthyr Tydfil, Aberdare, Swansea and many more towns of South Wales, has numerous smelting works. Over some of these industrial towns there hangs always a dense cloud of smoke from the furnaces. A famous traveler, coming by night to a part of this district during the middle of the last century, noticed what appeared to be glowing masses of hot lava on the hillsides. What he saw was really immense quantities of dross—waste from the smelting works—thrown out in disfiguring masses on to this naturally beautiful countryside.

Such drawbacks as these must be accepted for the sake of the prosperity that industrial life brings. Until comparatively recent times the poor, especially those of the countryside, were very poor. Less than a hundred years ago a small farmer might have been found dining on half a salt herring, some potatoes and buttermilk, and a schoolmaster reported that the food which the children brought to school for their midday meal usually consisted of barley bread, buttermilk and a red herring which was shared between two or three of them. Living thus on poor fare and enduring the hard winters of a

mountainous country are, perhaps, the reasons why the Welsh have developed into such an industrious and hardy race. Unfortunately, for several years, conditions in the coal industry have been bad. The price of coal has been low and many pits have closed down, or else the owners have felt that wages must be reduced.

Economic Conditions Improving

Generally, however, compared with earlier days, the standard of living throughout the Principality is very much higher. Coal-mining and other industries mean prosperity. Many of the farmers now own their farms themselves, and are able, by introducing more scientific methods of farming, to get better results from the land.

With this improvement in social conditions have come better education, an increased study and fostering of national literature and, above all, a vigorous growth of the national spirit. At no time in its history has Wales been so conscious of its nationality and so determined to preserve it.

The Patron Saint of Wales

The patron saint of Wales is St. David and the national emblem is the leek. The name "Welsh" is supposed to come from an old Anglo-Saxon word "Waelisc," meaning "foreign," and is the name the Saxons gave to the older inhabitants of Britain as they drove them back to the mountains of the west. In bygone days Wales and the Welsh suffered much from the newcomers, but history shows how they were compensated for the way in which Edward I tricked the Welsh by giving them an English baby for their prince, by the fact that the Welsh, two centuries later, gave England a Welsh king.

Henry VII was the grandson of Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Anglesey. He was born in Pembroke Castle, where he spent the first ten years of his life. When, after his sojourn abroad, he returned to fight Richard III, he landed at Milford Haven, and his victory at Bosworth Field was due in part to the large number of Welsh followers who fought for him.



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FISHERMEN RETURNING HOME TO BANGOR-ON-THE-DEE

These men have been fishing for salmon in the swift waters of the River Dee, and are now paddling their queer craft back to shore. Their boats are coracles, very like the Irish ones shown elsewhere, and, though perhaps better made, are very little different from those of their Celtic ancestors who battled against Julius Cæsar nearly two thousand years ago.

He was the father of Henry VIII, and so the grandfather of Elizabeth. His daughter Margaret married James IV of Scotland, and from her are descended the

Stuart kings, and the present royal house of Great Britain. So you see the Welsh have given a whole line of kings to their larger neighbors.

WALES: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

Forms a peninsula on the west coast of England. It is bounded on the east by England, on the south by the Bristol Channel, on the west by St. George's Channel and on the north by the Irish Sea. The total area, comprising 12 counties, is 7,466 square miles and the population is 2,205,680 (1921).

GOVERNMENT

For purposes of government Wales is associated with England, and is subject in local administration to similar conditions. There are separate organizations to deal with health and education. There are 12 counties and 3 county boroughs.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES

Commercial and industrial activity is located chiefly in South Wales and the district around Wrexham. The shipping industry of Cardiff and Swansea and the anthracite coal deposits in South Wales are the chief sources of wealth. Slate quarries are numerous. Other minerals include limestone, iron, copper, tin and lead. A large portion of Wales is pasture and graz-

ing land. Sheep are by far the most numerous of the livestock, which is among the finest in the world. Deep-sea fisheries are also of considerable importance.

COMMUNICATIONS

Under the Railways Act 1921, the important docks at Cardiff, Barry, Port Talbot and Penarth and the railway companies associated with them were incorporated with the Great Western Railway.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

The Church of England in Wales and Monmouthshire were disestablished in 1920 under the Welsh Church Acts of 1914 and 1919, and Wales was created a separate Archbishopric. Education is compulsory between the ages of 5 and 14 years. In 1903 the University of Wales was founded. It has 4 colleges (at Cardiff, Aberystwyth, Bangor and Swansea).

CHIEF TOWNS

Cardiff, 225,600; Swansea, 162,700; Merthyr Tydfil, 79,700 (these are estimated populations for mid-1927).

BONNIE SCOTLAND

Rich Lowlands and Romantic Highlands

Scotland contains some of the finest scenery in the British Isles. The heather hills of the north are more beautiful in their ever-changing colors than any other mountain scenery in Europe, though lacking the austere grandeur of the Alps. The wild beauty of the Highlands forms a striking contrast to the peaceful charm of quiet lakes and Lowland valleys. The English Lake District can vie with parts of Scotland, but Loch Lomond is unique and the landscape of the famous Trossachs is unsurpassed. The beauty of Scottish scenery is only equaled by the ugliness of many of the small towns and villages; but, in spite of smoky skies, Glasgow is a splendid city, and Edinburgh one of the most delightful in the British Isles.

SCOTLAND is famous for its scenery, its ships and the independent spirit of its people. It is to-day a part of Great Britain, but once it was a separate kingdom and very hostile to England, and still retains some distinctive characteristics. Many tourists come to enjoy the varied charm of its mountains, glens, lakes, rivers, moors and valleys. The picturesque dress and warlike customs of the Highland clans have given the northern section an atmosphere of romance, while the Lowlanders combine sturdy thrift with a sharp sense of humor. The Scots are very industrious; they have made the valley of the Clyde the world's greatest shipbuilding centre, while Scottish homespun tweeds and plaids are known the world over for their durability and beauty. The fisheries of Scotland help to supply the markets of Great Britain, and great quantities of cured fish are exported. Yet for years the country was poor, and hampered by lack of resources. The tenacity, careful ability and hard-working independence of Scotsmen have developed a land where natural advantages are less plentiful than scenic beauty.

Who are the Scots? That is a question which has not been completely answered. In the sixth century invaders from Ireland seized the western Highlands. They were called Scots, and from them the land took its name, but the greater part of the Highlands was already occupied by the Picts, large-boned, red-haired barbarians about whose origin authorities disagree. In the south were yellow-haired Angles, sprung from the

invaders of England, and small dark-skinned Welshmen. Eventually these four peoples merged together and were all called Scots, but the fusion required centuries.

A physical map of Scotland shows the country divided into three sections. Draw a slanting line from Aberdeen in the northeast to the Firth of Clyde on the west, and this will roughly mark off the northern Highlands. Southward toward the English border are the rolling moors or Uplands. Between them and the Highland hills lie the Lowlands, the one fertile stretch of country, for which all the barbaric tribes fought. The Romans had tried to add this rich, low-lying territory to their province of Britain. They built two walls, one of turf and earth across the Lowlands from Firth of Clyde to Firth of Forth, and the other, a splendid piece of engineering, from Solway to Wallsend. When they could not hold the northern rampart, they retreated to the Border wall and from it defended Britain against the raids of the northern barbarians. Between the two walls lay the debatable ground to which, for centuries after the Romans left, Scots and English laid claim.

The kings of England tried time after time to conquer the Scots, and there were years of warfare during which Sir William Wallace, King Robert Bruce, the Douglasses and others strove to make and keep Scotland independent. Still there was constant trouble on the Border, until the two kingdoms were joined under one king, James VI of Scotland, who became



MCLEISH

LOCH LOMOND, its placid surface starred with green islands, is encircled by wild, rugged country and lofty mountains. At one time it would not have been safe for a farmer to allow his black-faced sheep to graze on this sunny hillside near Luss, since round the shores of

the loch and on some of its islands lived unruly Highland chieftains and their robber followers. To-day, however, all is peaceful, and pleasure boats cruise on the clear waters of Loch Lomond, and bring crowds of tourists to the hotels throughout the district.



INGLIS

THE PIPER can always stir the Scottish heart whether he plays a battle song, a dance tune, a lament for the dead or a love song. His kilt, the plaid over his shoulder and the ribbons on his bagpipes are all of the tartan distinguishing his clan or regiment. For every-day wear he may have a different but equally distinctive tartan.



McLeish

MIST-CROWNED BEN VENUE MIRRORED IN LOVELY LOCH ACHRAY

All the lochs of the Trossachs are beautiful, but none can afford a more exquisite picture than this view of Loch Achray, with its calm, silver water and dark, tree-grown island. Beyond it looms the huge, irregular, rocky shape of Ben Venue, which is almost 2,400 feet high, with the mists of early morning writhing about the rugged crags and veiling its summit.



SWORD-DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF BAGPIPES AT ABOYNE

Every September a Highland gathering is held on the village green of Aboyne, and athletes and dancers come from all over Scotland to take part in the competitions. Here we see two Highlanders doing the sword-dance, in which with great skill they avoid treading on the crossed swords and scabbards. Each wears the tartan of his own clan.

James I of England. The son of the Scottish Queen, Mary Stuart, he was a descendant of Henry VII of England. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, he became king of England, after he had been king of Scotland for many years. It was not until the eighteenth century, however, that the two kingdoms were really made one by the Act of Union. Even after that the fierce loyalty of the Scots to the family of the Stuart kings caused terrible bloodshed, for they supported first James, the Old Pretender, and later, Bonnie Prince Charlie, both of whom tried to recover the throne of their ancestors.

The beauty of Scotland lies in its mountains and forests, its wide moors and narrow lakes, the largest of which is Loch Lomond, twenty-two miles in length. It has been said of northwestern Scotland that the "sea is all islands and the land all

lakes," and a map proves the truth of this. The myriad islands off the coast are barren and rocky, but often picturesquely beautiful. Hundreds of people visit Arran for its mountains, Mull for its precipitous cliffs and Skye for its grand scenery. Some go farther out to that great chain of islands, the Outer Hebrides, which lie in the Atlantic like a huge kite with a tail to it, across the rough channel called the Minch.

One island only three miles and a half long claims attention more than all the rest. This is Iona, where Scottish Christianity was born. The great apostle Columba came here from Ireland and made Iona his home. Thence he wandered far and wide over the country to bring the light of the Gospel to the scattered people, who, in those long-ago days were as yet quite wild and barbarous.



NICHOLLS

THE PURPLE HEATHER that covers the hillside with its wealth of blossom grows thickly on the roadsides, the moors and mountains of Scotland, making even the most barren parts of the country beautiful. This country girl hopes to find a sprig of pure white heather, to which superstition attributes the power of bringing good fortune to the finder.



MCLEISH

IN THE TROSSACHS are many wooded glens where all is peaceful in the leafy shade. Ben Venue's barren slopes enhance by contrast the rich loveliness of the glen. The Trossachs district, between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray, is one of the most beautiful in Scotland, and is famous as the scene of Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Lady of the Lake*.

Clansmen of the Hills

The Highlands remained wild and uncivilized longer than any other part of Scotland. The Highlanders lived in tribes, or clans; they spoke only Gaelic, and were different in many ways from the English-speaking Lowlanders. Every clansman was intensely loyal to his chieftain, and ready at a moment's notice to fight for him against anyone. Now that roads and railways make the Highlands accessible, the old dress and customs have largely disappeared. We see very few grown men in kilts to-day, but the costume is still popular with boys. Some Highland regiments even wear trousers of tartan—"trews," as they call them. The bonnet, which we call a tam-o'-shanter, is often worn by old men and also by the gillies, or gamekeepers.

Let us visit a Highland home far back in the hills, or on one of the islands. We shall find it built either of irregular stones or of mud smeared over and whitewashed. It will be thatched, and the walls will be very thick, so that the narrow deep-set windows give little light. These low cottages or shielings are all much on the same pattern, consisting as a rule of two rooms. There is usually a great inglenook like a cavern, where a peat fire is smoldering with a huge iron caldron swinging above it on a chain.

Where English Is a Foreign Tongue

The old lady sitting by her spinning-wheel will wear a frilled cap surrounding her brown, wrinkled face, and she will have a shawl of good homespun across her shoulders, while her skirts will be large and very full. The wool that she is constantly spinning may be used to make knitted garments, or it may be woven into the stout cloths known as tweeds. Scottish tweeds wear practically forever and smell always of peat, amid the smoke of which the wool was spun and carded.

Some of the older people in the Highlands speak nothing but Gaelic, so that although the mistress of the house may say politely "Have you the Gaelic?" she will probably have to wait until the grand-

children come home from school to interpret for her. They speak English very correctly and slowly, like a foreign language carefully learned, which indeed it is.

What the Crofter Has to Eat

Peasants living in these cottages are called "crofters," because they try to get a living from the poor soil by cultivating a small croft or plot of land. Oatmeal, or porridge, used to be the staple fare of Scotland. It is still very important, as white bread is a luxury to those who live in the wild parts. But whereas the necessities of life used to be "peat and porridge," they are now, in many sections, "coal and bacon." Well-to-do people eat a variety of fish, meats and vegetables. The fare of the poorest peasants includes porridge, brose, potatoes, turnips, oatcakes, barley scones, wheaten flour scones, sowans, butter and cheese. Scones are delicious wedge-shaped cakes baked on a griddle. Sowans is made from water in which husks of oats have been soaked; when poured off and boiled, it thickens, as some floury matter has been soaked out from the husks. An Englishman who once saw this done came home to tell of a miracle: "The woman poured some dirty water into a pan and boiled it, and it became a delicious pudding." Brose is made by pouring hot water on raw oatmeal. The crofters lead a hard life, and many of them have emigrated. Others make a living by acting as gamekeepers, or as guides to tourists. Hotels flourish throughout the Highlands, and hunters flock north every season to shoot deer and grouse and to fish for salmon.

But once a year colorful gatherings at Braemar, at Oban or Aboyne renew the spirit of the old days. Then every clansman appears in his tartan, kilt and bonnet. Athletic contests such as shot-putting are held, dancers show their skill in the Highland fling or sword-dance, and the clans march past to the tune of the pipes. Those unaccustomed to the bagpipes are at first startled by the curious skirling wail they produce. The music is fierce and plaintive, like that of no other



Beattie

BRINGING WATER FROM THE SPRING TO A LONELY SHIELING

This shieling, or cottage, is typical of many that we see nestling in glens and at the foot of high, gloomy mountains in the Highlands. It is small and badly lighted, but its owners take pride in keeping the thatch trim and the whitewashed walls spick and span.

Theirs is a lonely life, and but little different from what it was a century ago.

instrument, and whatever else a Scotsman may forget about his native land, the sound of the pipes will take his mind back to the days of his childhood.

In the heart of the Highlands, up near the Moray Firth, is Inverness. Here are sold some of the fine homespun tweeds and woolens. The country around is bleak, good for little besides grazing ground and game preserves. On Culloiden Moor above the town Bonnie Prince Charlie was finally defeated in his attempt to regain the British crown. For weeks afterward he wandered through the wild northern country, sheltered by the loyal Highlanders, until he managed to escape to France. The whole Highland district is cut in two by the Caledonian Canal, which joins three long narrow lochs between Inverness and the west coast. It is sixty miles long and saves fishing vessels a four-hundred-mile journey around the dangerous northern coast. At its western end rises Ben Nevis, the highest mountain

in the British Isles. Its hummocky crest is 4,406 feet above Loch Linnhe. From here the Grampian Mountains stretch away to the east, clear across the country. When the heather is in bloom even the barren hills become lovely. But the most famous beauty spot in the Highlands is the Trossachs country, where three beautiful lakes, Loch Katrine, Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, are joined together by a stream. Between the first two lies a wooded glen called the Trossachs, with the bare mountain of Ben Venue towering above. This region is visited not only for its scenery but because it is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's famous poem, *The Lady of the Lake*.

Aberdeen, standing on the great eastern shoulder of Scotland, is a centre of the fishing industry. It has an ancient cathedral and is built almost entirely of gray granite, quarried in the neighborhood. In the herring season, which is in early summer, hundreds of girls come to the town



NINHO

A COTTAGE HOME in Scotland is usually remarkable for its comfort and neatness. The hard-working, thrifty countryfolk can afford to have good furniture and to keep a big fire burning. Many, like this family of Loch Leven-side in Argyllshire, have spinning-wheels

and chairs that have been handed down from generation to generation. The Scottish peasantry has long been known as the best educated in the world; we may find, in a remote country village, a ploughboy studying to enter the ministry, or a laborer who reads Latin.



IN PEEBLESHERE the steep valley-sides, watered by the many small tributaries of the Tweed, are planted with oats, rye and barley although the stony ground makes hard ploughing. The rolling, grass-covered hills of this Lowland county afford good grazing for sheep.



REID

HIGHLAND CATTLE, which roam among the western mountains, in a half-wild condition, are akin to the wild oxen that used to live in Scotland long ago. They are hardy, fierce-looking little creatures with shaggy red hair, and are much smaller than ordinary bulls and cows.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

from inland and the north, to gut and salt the herrings. The work is hard and anyone not used to it would bungle it sadly ; but the same girls, with shawls thrown over their heads and rough clogs for footwear, go from port to port down the coast, year by year, and reap a rich harvest of wages. The Aberdeen fish market is a sight worth seeing when boats come in from Iceland and the North Sea to land a big catch of halibut or cod on the stone quays. Fishing is the greatest single industry of the Highland coast, where soil and pasturage are poor. Sheep, however, can often graze where crops will not grow, and the black-

faced sheep of the Highlands are very hardy. There is also a special breed of Highland cattle in the west. They are sturdy animals, able to thrive on scant grazing. Aberdeenshire has its polled Angus cattle which are bred for beef and so do not furnish as much milk as the Ayrshire dairy breed.

The importance of stock-raising is apparent when we realize that only one-sixth of Scotland's land surface is arable. The ground which can be cultivated yields a variety of crops: oats, barley, wheat, rye, potatoes, turnips, beans and peas. The majority of the farms are small, cov-



Reid

MERRY ABERDEEN GIRLS IN A FISH MARKET OF SHETLAND

The fish markets of Aberdeen are themselves very large and keep a great number of girls in employment, but good wages entice many Aberdeen lassies to the Shetland Islands every year for the herring fishing season. With great dexterity they split, clean and sort the fish, which are covered with salt and packed into barrels for export.

ering less than fifty acres. Sheep farms, of course, require more room. There are also great estates, especially in the Highlands. Many of the small farmers, throughout the country, are tenants working soil belonging to large land-owners. The farmhouses are usually white, and look very attractive with the green of the fields around them.

Lowland Cottage Homes

Lowland villages are likely to be drab; some are picturesque. The houses are often whitewashed, but are sometimes of slaty-looking stones. The cottages stand right on the edge of the roadway and usually there is room for a tuft of sweet william, a few marigolds or some wall-flower among the stones by the door.

The Southern Uplands have many sheep, grown for their wool; whereas the Highland sheep are bred for mutton. The shepherds who tend the sheep in the famous borderland on the green hills of Cheviot are a hardy, upright set of men. They walk miles every day in charge of their flocks, with their plaids thrown across one shoulder. The plaid is a long woolen wrap of a checked or dark colored design. If the wearer is caught by wild weather it serves as a cloak, or may be used as a blanket at night. With the plaid is worn the bonnet. In winter these shepherds have little to do but go back and forth over the track between the cottage and the sheep pens, to feed and tend the flock.

Sheep-dogs of the Cheviots

They do not live entirely alone in the winter months, as they always have the companionship of a dog, and a more loyal, intelligent race of dogs than the Scotch collies does not exist. They understand what their masters want, without a word being spoken. One of the chief diversions at fairs is the sheep-dog trials, when a collie will unerringly pick out a certain number of sheep from a flock and either pen them, or run them up as directed.

In some of the sheep-rearing districts the wise collie dogs come to church with their masters and slink under the pews,

lying as still as mice until the end of the service. The churches are very simple, bare and unadorned. The Scots bring their religion into their daily lives, and to many people who live in remote parts the long walk to the "kirk," as they call the church, is the chief pleasure of the week. They will listen to sermons of a length that would make most congregations fidget. They have a deep interest in religious matters, and in years past their ancestors endured much persecution for the sake of their beliefs.

A Sturdy Independent Folk

Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet, has drawn the character of his people better than anyone else. He shows us God-fearing, shrewd, hard-working folk, economical and frugal and most independent. The Scots have often been called mean, but in reality there are no people more generous. They will give a wayfarer food, or shelter a wandering stranger, with the greatest courtesy and kindness. But they are not extravagant in their expressions of joy or affection, and many have been called "dour" merely because they are shy and reserved.

Scottish people are exceedingly intellectual. They love learning for its own sake, and even the farm laborers are often able to discuss books and philosophy. Children frequently walk many miles to get to school, and carry with them a "piece" for the day. A "piece" is a piece of bread and butter. A "jam piece" is a treat. Young men whose parents could not afford to send them to the university used to work in the fields all the summer to earn enough to keep them frugally through the winter session. Now many students receive aid from a fund which Andrew Carnegie gave to the universities in 1901. Women may attend as freely as men.

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews are the university towns of Scotland. St. Andrews is very old; its university was founded over five hundred years ago. The city is also known for its splendid golf links, which attract many visitors. Golf has been played in Scot-



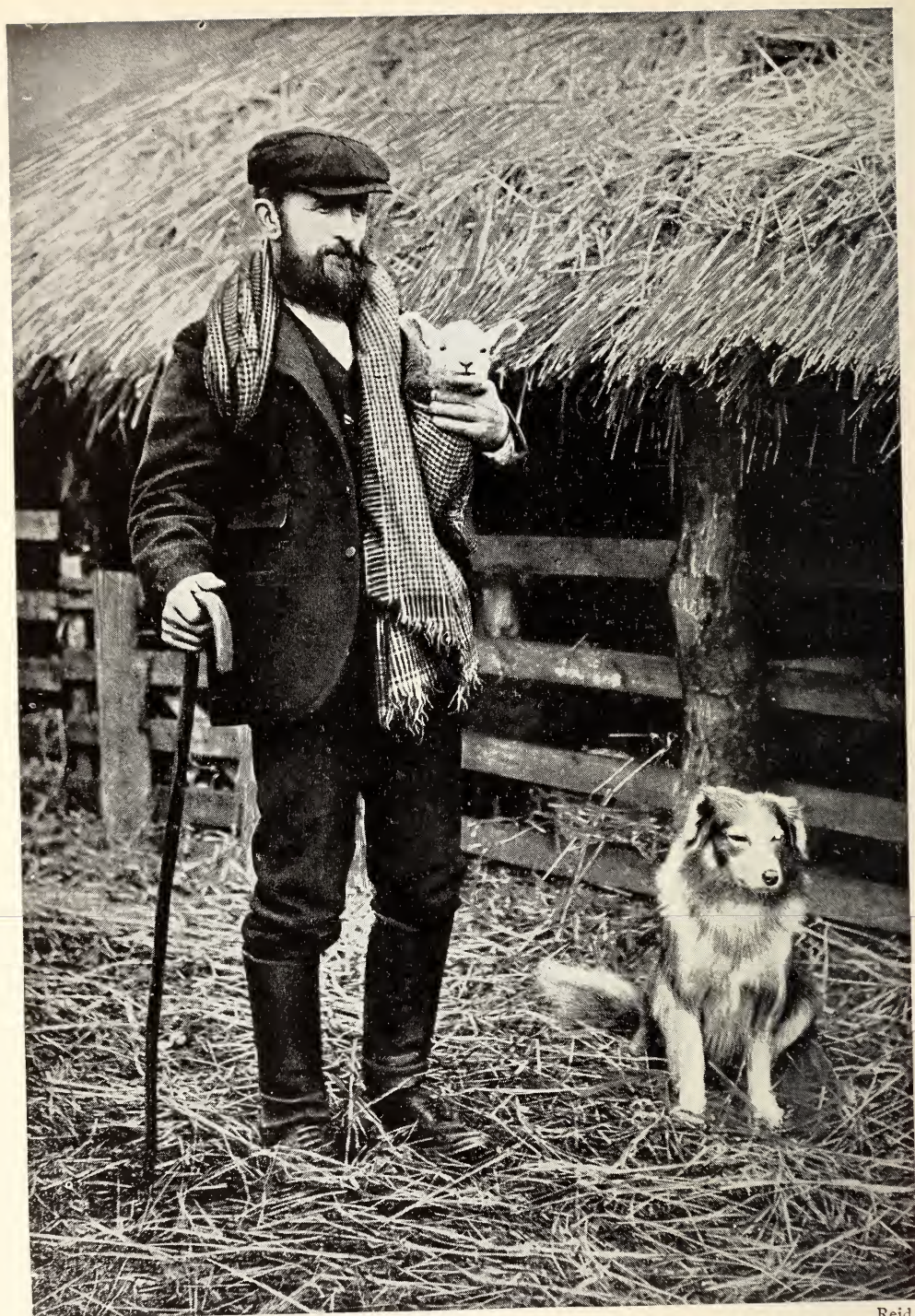
MCLEISH

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY has a beautiful situation on a tree-covered hill overlooking the River Kelvin. Although the handsome buildings are modern, the University, founded in 1451, is the second oldest in Scotland. Many distinguished Scotsmen, such as Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, have been connected with it.



MCLEISH

THE MOUND, on which is the long, flat building of the National Art Gallery of Scotland, is a raised causeway running across the valley that divides the old and new towns of Edinburgh. From the Scott Monument, with its gargoyles and statues, we have here a fine view across the Mound to the strong old castle of Edinburgh, perched high on its steep rock.



Reid

SHEPHERD CARRYING A WEAKLING OF HIS FLOCK TO SHELTER

Sheep-rearing is an important industry in all the bleak, upland districts of Scotland, since the flocks thrive on land that is unsuitable for cultivation. This man is bringing home in his plaid a sick lamb which needs warm milk and special care. The collie dogs are the shepherd's inevitable companions; without their intelligent help many sheep would be lost.

land for several centuries, and is truly the national game.

The University of Edinburgh is an important educational centre. Its position in the capital of Scotland gives it prominence, and it has the right to send one member to the British Parliament. This privilege it shares with St. Andrews. The University's medical school has long had a high reputation; Charles Darwin studied there, and the great Lord Lister was for seventeen years professor of surgery. Lister's research on infection in wounds made safe operations possible.

Edinburgh is much the finest city in Scotland. It has a beautiful situation on the Firth of Forth. Trains coming in from Perth or Dundee cross the Forth on the great steel cantilever bridge which is over a mile long and stands one hundred and fifty feet above the water. The trains come into the heart of the city. Here Princes Street with its magnificent shops lies open on one side to gardens, where, among the flower-beds, rise statues of eminent men. The pinnacle of the Scott Monument towers over the greatest figure of all, that of Sir Walter Scott. Midway is the Mound, a low causeway on which stands the handsome Art Gallery. From the gardens we can look across to what is called the Old Town and see the Castle at the top of a long ridge of rock which slopes down to the Palace of Holyrood.

Where History Was Made

Almost the whole of Scottish history could be written from the annals of the Castle and the Palace. Mary Queen of Scots lived at Holyrood during part of her unhappy career, and it was the scene of more than one tragic event. Other historic buildings are St. Giles' Cathedral, the Tolbooth prison and the house of John Knox. Knox was the great Scottish religious reformer; he used to preach fiery sermons from his window to crowds gathered in the street beneath. The Canon-gate is not a gate at all, but the most celebrated street in the Old Town. Edinburgh is a queer mixture of wealth and poverty, grandeur and misery. On the one side are fine shops, on the other tene-

ment-houses called "lands," which used to be the fine houses of the rich.

There are factories as well. The manufacture of books and fine paper is perhaps the most important industry. Edinburgh printers and publishers have had a high reputation ever since the early days of printing. They turn out very fine work, and one specialty is the production of low-priced books.

The World's Greatest Shipyards

The true industrial centre of Scotland, however, is Glasgow. It is the second city in Great Britain, with a population of over one million; this represents about one-fourth of the people of Scotland. Glasgow owes much of its prosperity to the coal found almost at its gates and to the indispensable waterway which it has in the Clyde. Originally a shallow little stream, the river was deepened and widened until it could accommodate the largest vessels. Even so, very large ships have to be launched at an angle, or they will hit the opposite bank. The Clyde is lined with enormous slips and dry docks where boats of all kinds are built and repaired. The clang of thousands of hammers striking on rivets makes a deafening racket in the ears of those who pass in the pleasure steamers from the quays at the Broomielaw. Many a huge liner now plying the Atlantic was first launched on the Clyde. Glasgow has blast furnaces within its boundaries, and great forges, boiler works, machine shops and locomotive works. It also has cotton and linen mills whose products have gained a reputation. The chemicals so necessary in many manufacturing processes are made here too; dyes and bleaching powders were early developed for the textile industries. As a port it is easily the largest in Scotland.

Wealth and Poverty of a Metropolis

The great commercial city displays signs of its wealth in many fine buildings, but large sections are given over to tenements and flats. The great numbers of people employed in factories and foundries do not have very good living conditions, and the dampness of the climate

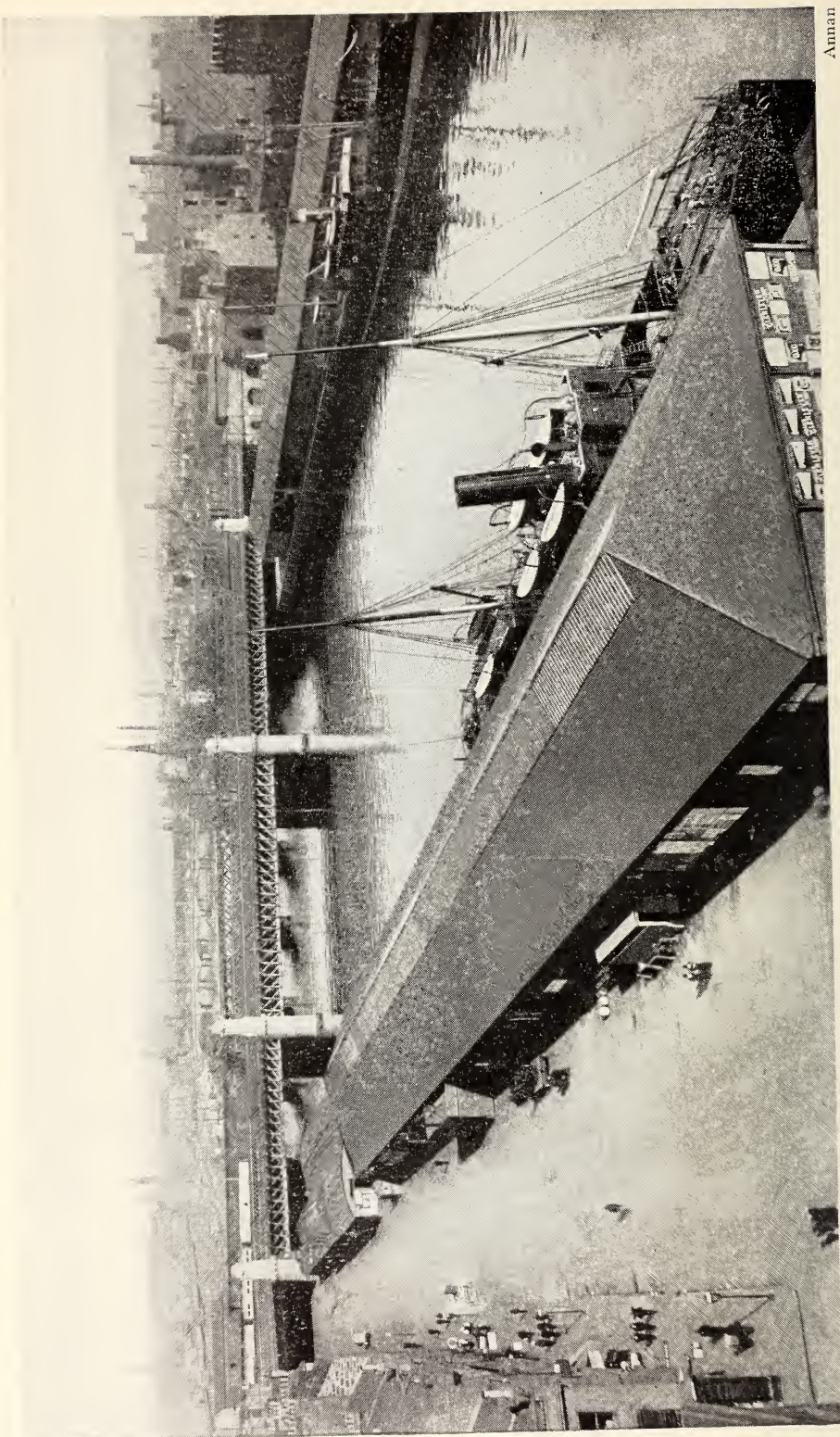


H. L. LEISH

THE TOLBOOTH, with its conical turrets and projecting clock, stands in the Canongate in the old town of Edinburgh. It is all that remains to-day of the medieval prison described by Sir Walter Scott in *The Heart of Midlothian*. The jail, however, occupied only the ground floor; upstairs was the court-room, which also served as the city council chamber.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, here seen from the old town, occupies a very important place in Scottish history. In the buildings on the immediate left of the rounded battery is the hall in which, long ago, the Scots Parliament used to assemble. Here, too, are the rooms in which Queen Mary lived and here was born her son, James VI of Scotland, and James I of England



Annan

THE BROODIELAW, ONE OF THE BUSIEST QUAYS IN THE RICH COMMERCIAL CITY OF GLASGOW

is often called the industrial capital of Scotland. It stands on the River Clyde, which has been deepened so that large liners and cargo ships may come right up to the city. The Clyde is lined by docks, quays, shipbuilding yards and factories from its firth to Glasgow.

The quay nearest to us in this photograph is known as the Broomielaw, since here was once a peaceful hillside covered with golden broom. To-day this stretch of river bank is a busy, noisy part of the great port of Glasgow, which is an extremely important trading centre and



McLeish

EDINBURGH'S MAGNIFICENT THOROUGHFARE, PRINCES STREET, WITH ITS GARDENS AND MONUMENTS

from them we have wonderful views of distant hills across the Firth of Forth. On the south side are pleasant gardens, and monuments commemorating great Scotsmen; we see here the lofty spire erected in memory of Sir Walter Scott. Beyond on the hill is the famous old Castle.

In striking contrast to the drabness of Glasgow is the noble beauty of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. Perhaps the best idea of the charm of this historic city is to be obtained from Princes Street, a broad thoroughfare nearly a mile long. Buildings occupy its north side, and



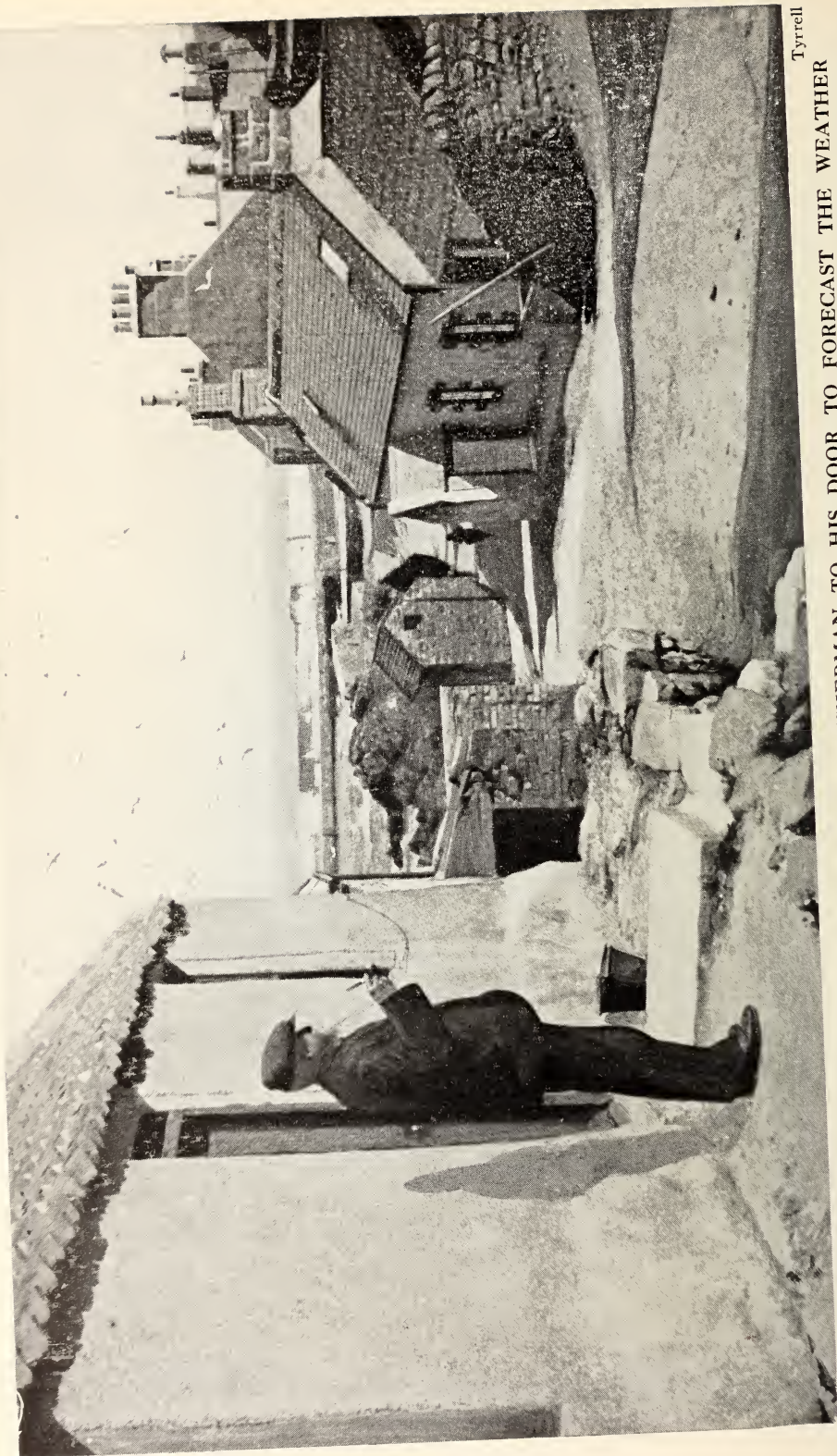
MCLEISH

HOLYROOD PALACE, in Edinburgh, was a residence of the Scottish kings before James VI became King of Great Britain in 1603, and members of the present royal family still live in it when they visit the northern capital. The palace is chiefly associated, however, with

Mary, Queen of Scots, whose rooms were in the tower on the left of the canopied main entrance. It is recorded that she loved Holyrood, the ruined Chapel and many relics of her stay are preserved. The ruins of the ancient Abbey of Holyrood.



OLD STIRLING BRIDGE, over the Forth, was called in medieval days the "gateway of the Highlands," and was carefully guarded against the Highlanders who adventured south in quest of plunder. When the English were trying to conquer Scotland, they captured Stirling Castle, and two miles away, at Bannockburn, they were finally defeated by King Robert Bruce.



Tyrrell

MORNING IN A MORAY VILLAGE BRINGS AN OLD FISHERMAN TO HIS DOOR TO FORECAST THE WEATHER

Long experience of the Moray Firth and the North Sea has made this old, wind-tanned fisherman weather-wise, and every morning he inspects the sea and sky, which tell him whether the day will be calm or stormy, hot or cold. Most of the inhabitants of the villages that fringe the Moray Firth are engaged in the fishing industry. The men go out to sea in their fishing-smacks, while the women are kept busy all day packing and preserving the catches and baiting hooks. Haddocks smoked by the method used in these Moray villages are a great delicacy.

increases the misery of life in the crowded sections.

Only twenty-five or thirty miles north of Glasgow are the wild Highlands, and the city water supply comes from Loch Katrine in the Trossachs. But south of the city and immediately around it are manufacturing towns, many of them well known. There is Paisley, once famous for its bright woven shawls, and now a centre of the cotton thread industry. The ship-yards extend to Dumbarton and Greenock. Coal and iron are mined throughout Lanarkshire and other Lowland counties.

Modern Industry in Ancient Towns

Linen-making is a long-established industry, carried on in several counties. The finer grades are made at Dunfermline, a town which figures in Scottish history and is mentioned in one of the old ballads. In its ancient abbey King Robert Bruce lies buried. Dundee, on the Firth of Tay, makes coarser grades of linen but its staple industry is the manufacture of jute. Jute is an important plant fibre from which ropes, sackings, carpets and many different fabrics are made. Dundee ships bring the fibre directly from India to the docks on the Tay. The city is also known for a different and very toothsome product—marmalade.

Tartans and carpets are made at Kilmarnock and at Stirling. Stirling is a beautiful old town on the River Forth. Its strong fortress once guarded the Lowlands against the Highlands raiders, and it was called the gateway of the Highlands. A short distance from Stirling one comes to the beautiful country of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond.

Weaving the Fine Tweeds of Scotland

Tweeds are manufactured in many parts of Scotland besides the Highlands. The sheep country of the south is a centre of the industry. Dumfries, near the Border, is one place where tweeds are made, but it is more renowned because Robert Burns spent the latter part of his life there. Fine woolens are made by hand in the outlying islands, and of late years

these cottage industries have been much encouraged.

The great island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides has no very high land and hardly a tree except near the one town, Stornoway. Harris, which is joined to Lewis by a tiny isthmus, was for years mainly a deer preserve. There is plenty of grass here and high hills with valleys between, in which feed droves of the tawny Highland cattle, with their wide-spreading horns a yard long. Harris tweeds are especially famous. The women spin, dye and weave the wool entirely by hand. Most of the men are fishermen. The children of the islands are thin, brown-skinned little people. They do not get enough milk, and live largely on oatmeal and potatoes.

Lonely Islets of the Atlantic

These islanders are close to civilization when compared to the seventy people who live on St. Kilda. This is a rocky islet only three miles across, which lies forty miles out to sea and is often cut off by storms for long intervals. The islanders catch sea birds in nooses and use them for food, but years of this practice have thinned down the birds considerably. All the outer islands are the homes of sea birds of many kinds, such as gulls and gannets, puffins and auks and petrels.

Off the extreme north coast of Scotland are the Orkney and Shetland Islands. The climate of these distant places is never very cold, but raging gales are common. Visitors who come in the summer hear the lark singing at midnight, for it is far enough north to be light practically all night long. Larks, indeed, are almost the only inland birds, for there are so few trees that nesting places are scarce.

Every man on the Orkneys is a fisherman, and in many of the houses big, dried fish hang from the smoky rafters overhead as if they were pieces of bacon. The people grow oats, barley and turnips on the long undulating stretches of open country. Peat is the sole fuel; we may see the women drawing home the "turfs" in wheelbarrows, or in queer boxes made of packing-cases and pulled by ropes.



REID

SHETLAND WOMEN do not waste a minute of the day; these two are busy knitting even while they are walking to the market at Lerwick, the capital of the far Shetland Islands that lie to the north of Scotland. The farm produce that they mean to sell is packed into

panniers carried by two shaggy little ponies. The raising of these ponies is an important industry in the islands. Sheep are also reared in great numbers, and from their wool the islanders make the beautifully knitted garments that one may buy in shops all over the world.



HARDIE

GRINDING GRAIN in a stone handmill, laboriously turned by the long shaft that the woman holds, is very slow work. This rough and primitive method of preparing flour is still popular in Skye, the second largest island of the Inner Hebrides. The islanders are distrustful of modern changes and cling to old customs and old-fashioned implements.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

On the main island there are many curious old monuments called "Picts' houses" and "standing stones," relics of a by-gone people. The chief town, Kirkwall, has a beautiful old cathedral. Kirkwall stands on the great bay or harbor of Scapa Flow, which is protected on all sides by other islands. In the World War the British Fleet used Scapa Flow as its main base.

The Shetlands are somewhat different from the Orkneys. Instead of being gathered together in a round compact group, their conformation is long and pointed, and their shores are carved and cut up by the sea into weird shapes. As in the other islands, fishing is the foremost occupation. Flocks of sheep are pastured wherever there is any chance of their getting food, even on high islands whose precipitous sides rise from the sea and form a smooth tableland. The sheep are taken over by boat and carried or swung up laboriously one by one. Shetland sheep are plucked, not sheared; the peasants believe that the wool which grows after this

process is finer than that which grows after shearing. Shetland shawls are known to most people and they are made from this fine soft wool. These, with the little, rough-coated Shetland ponies, are the best-known products of the islands.

The Shetlands and the Orkneys seem very far north and remote. Yet all of Scotland lies within the latitudes which include Labrador. Even in Edinburgh the summer nights last but four or five hours. The country would be as cold as Labrador if the warm waters of the Gulf Stream did not temper the climate. The air is damp and cool, and rain comes often. When we think of Scotland, however, we do not think only of grayness and rain and bleak hills. We call to mind also the purple of the heather, the green of the wooded glens, the reds and greens and yellows of Highland tartans. We remember the bustle and activity of Glasgow, the charm of Edinburgh, and like Scotland all the more because it combines the romance of history and the romance of modern industry.

SCOTLAND: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

Occupies the northern portion of the island of Great Britain, with the Atlantic Ocean on the west and north, the North Sea on the east and England on the south. Total area, including adjacent islands (186 in number), 30,405 square miles; population, 4,888,700 (estimated 1928). The islands belonging to Scotland are the Orkneys and the Shetlands on the north; the Hebrides along the west coast; those on the estuary of the Clyde—Bute, Arran and some smaller ones. The Hebrides are divided into Inner and Outer Hebrides.

GOVERNMENT

As a part of the United Kingdom, general laws are made by the British Parliament in London, in both houses of which Scotland is represented, but for matters which concern the country alone there is a Secretary for Scotland. All matters conducive to health are under charge of the Scottish Board of Health. The country is divided into 33 civil counties, each with a county council.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES

There are valuable coal and iron fields. The existence of coal and iron deposits near the Clyde have encouraged industrial activity around Glasgow. Shipbuilding, ironworks, the manufacture of chemicals and machinery are

carried on. Stirling has iron foundries. Dundee is the centre for jute, linen and hemp manufacture and marmalade, and linoleum is made at Kirkcaldy. Other manufactures are tweed cloth, carpets, shawls, silks and hosiery and paper. Fishing and stock-raising are important industries. Scotland is the original home of famous breeds of sheep and cattle.

COMMUNICATIONS

Railway mileage is included with that of England. There are 184 miles of canal including the Caledonian Canal (60½ miles).

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

The established church is Presbyterian, which is under the government of a general assembly consisting of over 750 ministers. Education is compulsory up to 15 years of age, but with certain exemptions, children may leave school at 13. Aside from the regular primary and secondary education, there are continuation schools for defectives, schools for blind, deaf, reformatory and industrial schools. There are four universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh.

CHIEF TOWNS

Glasgow, population (estimated 1928), 1,060,500; Edinburgh, 426,300; Dundee, 174,800; Aberdeen, 158,500; Paisley, 87,900.

IRELAND NORTH AND SOUTH

The Land and Its People

The moist green island fronting the Atlantic that lies just west of Wales, England and Scotland has been, since 1922, divided into Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State (Saorstát Éireann), containing the old provinces of Leinster, Munster and Connaught and part of Ulster. Many of the people of Ulster are descended from Scotch or English immigrants. In the Free State, which comprises nearly three-quarters of the population, lives a people whose origin is Celtic with a little Nordic stock. Their history has been a troubled one practically ever since the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169. To-day the countryside consists largely of small farms on which cattle and other stock are raised for export.

IRELAND (Eire in Gaelic) is a grassy plateau rimmed about with jagged low mountains along the coast. The shores are washed by the Gulf Stream, and the climate is tempered by warm winds laden with moisture. These so favor the growth of vegetation that the country has long been poetically called the Emerald Isle and its haunting charm has often been told in prose and verse.

Ireland has long been divided into four provinces, Ulster, Leinster, Connaught and Munster, and these in turn into thirty-three counties. Six counties of Ulster make up Northern Ireland, while the three remaining counties of Ulster and the other three provinces with their twenty-four counties make up the territory of the Irish Free State.

The earliest history of Ireland is legendary. We are told that the country was split up into a number of small kingdoms until the third century A.D., when Cormac mac Art made himself "ard-ri," which meant head king. His palace was at Tara, not far from Dublin, in County Meath. Tara was for centuries a place where warriors awaited the orders of the ard-ri and bards played their harps and chanted the praises of kings and heroes. To-day the site of Tara is a grassy mound.

The first great figure in Irish history is that of its patron saint, St. Patrick. Born about the year 389 in North Britain (though some say in Gaul), he was carried off as a slave by a band of Irish marauders. After six years of bondage, he escaped, reached Gaul, and entered the Church. He was ordained a missionary bishop and re-

turned to Ireland where there were only a few scattered Christians. St. Patrick carried Christianity to every part of the island and the introduction of Latin as the language of the Church brought the people in contact with the learning of Europe. Schools and monasteries were founded, and flourished to such an extent that, for several centuries, they were the centres of learning and religion for all Western Europe. Missionaries were sent out not only to England (which had again become pagan after the Anglo-Saxon invasion), but also to Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, France, and even to Italy.

During the ninth and tenth centuries the country suffered from invasion by pagan Norwegians and Danes. Monasteries and colleges were burned, books destroyed and scholars dispersed. The Danes did, however, found the cities of Cork, Dublin, Waterford, Limerick and several others as forts and trading centres. Brian Boroihme, or Boru, or Boruma, King of Munster, broke the Scandinavian power at the battle of Clontarf, 1014 A.D., though he himself was killed.

In the reign of the English king, Henry II, Diarmid, King of Leinster, who had a grievance against the ard-ri, sought help from England, and Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, took over an army to his assistance. Two years later Henry II went over to establish the English claim to all Ireland, and during Elizabeth's reign the conquest was achieved, though with much difficulty.

Under James I, the English land system was substituted for the old Irish customs



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NEAR KILLARNEY this old bridge spans the Long Range, a stream that connects the Upper and Middle Lakes. In this wooded country, red deer come to its banks to drink, and until a few years ago, eagles nested on a precipice above. Its entire course is navigable and the round trip of five miles down its length and back is well worth taking.



NICHOLLS

THE IRISH COLLEEN gains a sturdy constitution from hard work. Her charm has been celebrated in song and story. The Irish stock adds an important racial element to the United States of America and to many other countries to which the Irish have gone during the last hundred years. Irishwomen are found in many unusual occupations.

IRELAND NORTH AND SOUTH

and the great nobles of Ulster revolted. When resistance was overcome, their lands were forfeited and for the most part assigned to English and Scottish Protestants. This was the real beginning of the division between the two sections of Ireland. Many of the colonists devoted themselves to industry and the woolen and linen manufactures began to flourish.

Because James I was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, the Irish had hoped for tolerance of their religion, but were disappointed. Both Catholics and dissenters were harshly treated, and conditions were little better under Charles I. When Parliament rose against the king in England, Oliver Cromwell was sent to subdue Ireland and accomplished the task with ruthless severity. More privileges were given to the Catholics under Charles II, and under James II they were favored. Naturally they received him gladly when he was driven from England, but the Irish forces were defeated by William III at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690.

During the next hundred years life in Ireland was unhappy. English commercial jealousy discouraged manufactures and trade for all, and the Irish Parliament, composed entirely of Protestants, passed severe penal laws against the Catholics. Thousands of the best of Ireland left home, the Catholics to go to the Continent, the Protestants to America. The latter—the so-called Scotch-Irish—made ideal pioneers and many were prominent in the Revolution. Andrew Jackson, for example, was of this blood. In 1798, there was another uprising and when it was crushed, the Act of Union abolished the Irish Parliament, and gave Ire-

land representation in the Parliament at Westminster after January 1, 1801.

For almost 125 years afterward the story of Ireland was in large measure that of a continuous struggle for civil and religious freedom, and for separation from Great Britain. The ruling and property-owning classes differed in race, religion and language from the great mass of the people. The landlord was hated, the tenant was exploited, and there was little peace in the land. It is not surprising that poverty was almost universal. Hundreds of thousands of Irish men and women, in despair, left their homes for America, Canada, Australia, and other parts of the world where they or their children often achieved prominence in many fields.

A volume could hardly tell the long



IRELAND: THE FREE STATE AND ULSTER



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PILLARS ERECTED BY NATURE MAKE THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Once upon a time, a fairy tale relates, a giant traveling to Scotland used this so-called Giant's Causeway. It is located on the north coast of County Antrim, on St. Patrick's Channel, near Bengore Head, and consists of thousands of basalt columns. These were formed in the distant past by the cooling of lava from a volcano long since extinct.

story of the struggle. It is sufficient to say that finally, after the attempt to establish an Irish Republic, a settlement was effected in 1920 and 1922. Northern Ireland, with a population largely Protestant of English and Scottish descent, received a large measure of home rule, but chose to remain a part of the United Kingdom, and continues to send members to the British Parliament in London, though there is a local parliament in Belfast. Southern Ireland, Celtic and Cath-

olic in the main, assumed Dominion status with a government similar to that of Canada or Australia. The parliament (Oireachtas) meets in Dublin to legislate for the Free State, and diplomatic representatives have been appointed to various countries. The Free State is a member of the League of Nations.

To-day the green, white and orange flag of Saorstát Éireann (The Irish Free State) waves over Dublin Castle, the names of all the towns have been Gaelic-



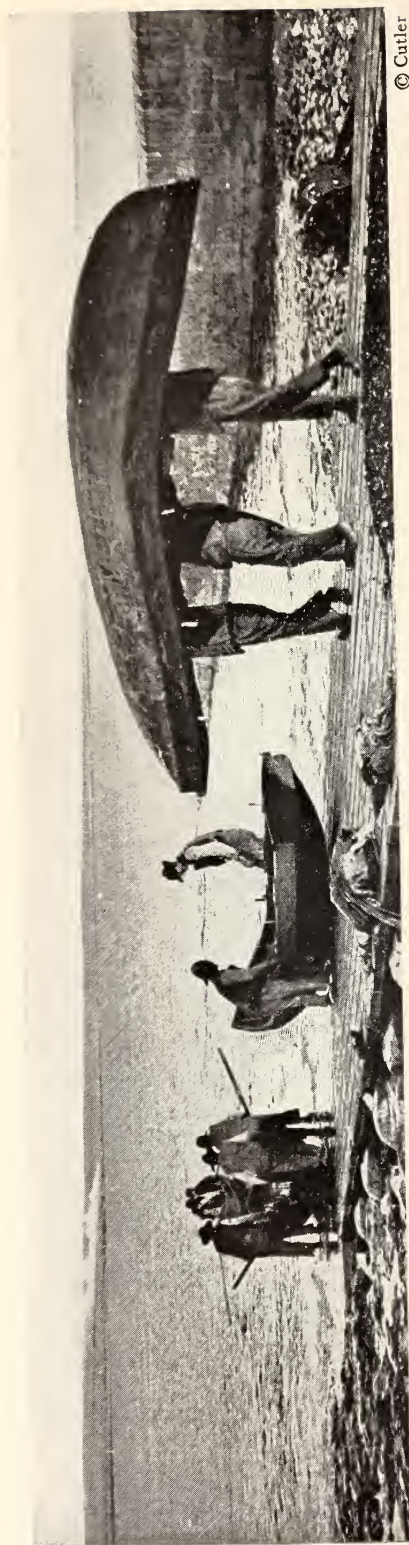
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ST. LAWRENCE GATE is a twelfth-century relic of Drogheda. That Leinster seaport once had walls defended by ten gates with round towers. The one above is practically all that remains of the ancient fortifications. The town was defended against O'Neill in 1641-2, stormed by Cromwell and its garrison massacred in 1649, and surrendered to William III in 1690.



LAWRENCE

THE RUINS of the cathedral on the Rock of Cashel in Tipperary are joined to a twelfth-century round tower built of different stone. Much of the carving and the sculptures in the cathedral is interesting and beautiful. Cormac's Chapel, also on the Rock, said to have been erected by Cormac McCarthy, is richly decorated. The Cathedral was burned in 1495.



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INISHMAAN FISHERMEN AND THEIR LIGHT AND WELL-NIGH STORM-PROOF CURRAGHS

The Gaelic word "curragh" is akin to the English word coracle, meaning canvas stretched over wooden frames have been used by the Aran Islanders for hundreds of years on the fishing-grounds of the coast. a boat-frame covered with hide; and currachs made of thick tarred



© Cutler

ARAN ISLANDERS FEEDING THE GREAT BONFIRES IN WHICH DRIED SEAWEED IS TURNED INTO KELP

The shore yields a crop of its own, for seaweed (*Fucus* and *Laminaria*) as kelp, are obtained the soda-salts used in the manufacture of soap and iodine. Twenty tons of seaweed must be burned to get a ton of kelp. is collected, dried in the sun and burned. From its ash, which is known



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DIFFICULT ANGLING FROM THE STEEP CLIFFS OF INISHMORE

Ireland lies on the westernmost rim of the European continental shelf, and the waters immediately offshore are deep and full of fish. Although the ocean here, off the largest of the Aran Islands, is eighty feet below the cliff-top, these anglers have stout tackle and will bring up pollack or rock-bream. Fish is an important food of the islanders.

cized, and street signs appear in both Gaelic and English. Gaelic is the national language and is taught in the schools but English is also official. One obstacle to the revival of the old language is the difficulty of securing a sufficient number of properly qualified teachers.

Traveling inland by one of the winding roads, between stone walls covered with creepers, one finds small fields in which graze cattle, sheep and goats, horses and

donkeys. Here and there the ruins of some ancient castle speak hauntingly of the past. Farms are generally small—more than half are under thirty acres—and in some of the "congested districts" there are many holdings of less than an acre. The typical farmhouse is a white-washed cottage of plastered stone with straw-thatched roof, and a patch of cabbages and another of potatoes near by. Always there is the smell of peat smoke,



LAWRENCE

DUNLUCE CASTLE, one of the most impregnable castles in all Ireland, was built by the MacHugolins (McQuillans), Norman settlers, on a basalt peninsula that juts out from the rugged coast of County Antrim, just west of the Giant's Causeway. See the limestone narrow arch built over a chasm to replace the ancient drawbridge forms the approach to the ruins. Held by the followers of Sorley Boy MacDonnell, who was one of Queen Elizabeth's toughest opponents, the castle was captured by Sir John Perrott in 1584.



VALENTINE

BLARNEY CASTLE was built in County Cork in 1446 by Cormac McCarthy. The walls are in part eighteen feet thick, and the castle played a rôle in the War of the Great Rebellion. The Blarney Stone, the kissing of which is alleged to confer upon one the gift of persuasive eloquence is beneath a high window, and people must be lowered by their feet to reach it.

IRELAND NORTH AND SOUTH

for the peat bogs furnish the fuel in general use, as Ireland has little coal, and wood only in limited quantities.

Ireland is well-watered, having many lakes and rivers. These lakes, called "loughs" (pronounced "lochs"), are chiefly in the central plain and in Connaught, which is sown with lakes. Lough Neagh in the north is the largest lake in the British Isles, and there are others of considerable size. Many of these lakes

have low shores and the waters are stained with peat, but others among the mountains and hills are surpassingly beautiful. The Lakes of Killarney are the best known.

The Shannon, the longest river in the British Isles, is about 250 miles long, and is navigable for steamers for more than half its course. It is connected with Dublin by canals. The Free State government began, in 1925, to develop the enormous water power of the river at



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ACHILL ISLANDERS AT WORK ON THEIR SIMPLE FLOUR MILL

Achill Island, off the Atlantic shore, is a barren land and its inhabitants are unskilled in modern methods. They grind their grain in the mode of primitive man, in a handmill made of two flat stones like those in the photograph. Their thatch roofs they weight against the wrench of the winds off the Atlantic with stones hung from the eaves on ropes.



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DWELLERS BY THE STORM-BEATEN SHORES OF ACHILL ISLAND

In many places in Western Ireland, such as Achill Island, off Mayo, the people rear pigs, cattle and poultry and cultivate small patches of oats, rye and potatoes; but famine is a constant menace. In the villages, so poor are the people that we find them sharing a sheltering roof with their donkeys and other livestock.

great expense. When the whole scheme is completed, it is believed that cheap electricity can be supplied to the Free State.

Owing to the warm, wet winds from the Atlantic, the land produces luxuriant grass. It is this rich mantle that has made green the national color. The national emblem, the shamrock, which Irishmen wear in their buttonholes on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, is a small plant of the clover family with a three-lobed leaf, and St. Patrick is supposed to have used it as an illustration of the Trinity.

Dublin, now the capital of the Free State and formerly capital of all Ireland, is a spacious city. Once a stronghold of the Scandinavian invaders, it later became the centre of the Anglo-Norman colony. Both peoples have left many traces of their settlements in surnames prevailing in different parts of the country. De Lacy is an Anglo-Norman name, Doyle is Gaelic for Dane, and Swayne is a Norwegian surname. Dublin has two Protestant cathedrals (Catholic up to the time of Henry VIII) and a pro-cathedral



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COTTAGES OF DONEGAL have their thatched roofs held firmly in position by a netting of stout ropes, which protects them against the strong Atlantic gales. A hole in the roof is all that permits the escape of the peat smoke. Donegal is a mountainous county. Sheep-rearing

is an important industry among the hills. From the wool a rough, durable homespun used for sports wear is woven; and many a housewife occupies her leisure hours at that homely craft with just such an old-fashioned spinning-wheel as we see before the door.



VALENTINE

A HOLY WELL at Ardferit. Strong religious faith and firm belief in the power of prayer are characteristic of the people of Ireland. These women of Kerry are kneeling piously at a well which is a centre of devotion to one of Ireland's saints. Simple offerings in memory of the saint are placed

at the well and his intercession is besought in matters spiritual. There are several of these wells in Ireland. At Downpatrick, a well is dedicated to St. Patrick. One to St. Columb lies hidden among the stones at Glencolumbkille away in almost the westernmost tip of County Donegal.

which is Catholic. The two Protestant cathedrals are Christchurch and St. Patrick's. The former was founded by the Danes and rebuilt by Strongbow, who is buried there. Here, too, in 1487, the child-impostor, Lambert Simnel, was crowned king, afterward serving as a scullion in Henry VIII's kitchens. St. Patrick's was founded in 1190. In this cathedral, of which he was Dean, lies Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, and here the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, was installed as a Knight of St. Patrick.

Trinity's Ancient Manuscripts

The University of Dublin, better known as Trinity College, Dublin, is a Protestant institution, and dates from Queen Elizabeth's time. In the library of Trinity are many valuable manuscripts, including the Book of Kells. This is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, the work of an eighth-century scribe. For elaborate ornamentation and workmanship it has no rival. Here also is "Brian Boru's harp," which may have belonged to some bard of Brian Boru's court, for it is reputed to be more than nine hundred years old. The National University of Ireland, attended chiefly by Catholics, dates only from 1909, but its constituent colleges at Dublin, Cork and Galway are older.

Dublin has long been a centre of culture and learning. From the days of Dean Swift the city has never been without important literary figures. Around the beginning of the present century, an unusual amount of literary talent appeared in and around Dublin, and more has developed since. Of the distinguished group, George Moore, G. W. Russell (*Æ*), W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, James Joyce, Lady Gregory and Lord Dunsany are the best known, though there were and are others almost or quite as important. All these wrote in English, but the city is also the centre for those interested in the revival of Irish as a living tongue. There is an old saying that the "most beautiful English spoken anywhere is spoken in Dublin." The Abbey Theatre, one of the first experimental theatres, is famous.

Ulster and Its Manufactures

Ulster, the northernmost of the four old provinces of Ireland, differs in almost every way from the remainder of the island. We have already said that under James I many Scotch and English settlers were introduced with the hope of making the whole of Ireland a loyal and Protestant country. This hope was not realized, but the settlements flourished and important manufactures of wool and linen sprang up. When the British Parliament forbade exports from Ireland manufactures decayed, and thousands of Ulstermen—often incorrectly called Scotch-Irish—migrated to America.

At a later day the oppressive laws which hindered manufacturing were repealed and now one-third of the world's production of linen is woven in Ulster. Shipyards were also established and are now exceedingly important. The Titanic, the Olympic and other large ships were built here. There are also such other manufactures as rope, tobacco, machinery and distilling. Belfast has the longest rope walk in the world.

Six of the nine counties of Ulster make up the division known as Northern Ireland with Belfast as the capital. Manufacturing is the chief occupation, but agriculture and stock-raising are also important. Hay and oats are the principal crops, and more than three-fourths of the land under cultivation is devoted to these two. Some flax is raised, though more is imported from Belgium and Holland.

Linen Towns of Ulster

Belfast, the centre of the linen trade, was chartered by King James I in 1613, but for many years was only a fortress and a fishing village. In 1926 the population was over 415,000. Queen's University, of Belfast, has been an independent university since 1909. Londonderry is the city next in importance. Armagh, another of the linen towns of Ulster, is built picturesquely on the side of a steep hill. One of St. Patrick's first churches is believed to have been here.

The city of Cork, the third city of Ire-



© Cutler

STACKING PEAT SODS FROM A MOUNTAIN BOG TO DRY

This is peat, of which there are fully three million acres in the boglands of Ireland. It is cut with sharp spades and transported, when dried, either on back-packs or as shown above, on donkeys. These brown lumps look much like dried turf, although they feel heavier. They are burned instead of coal in nearly every cabin in the Emerald Isle.

land, has many manufactures and also a famous butter market. About ten miles southeast, on an island in the harbor, is Cobh, a regular port of call for trans-Atlantic steamers. This town, first known as the Cove of Cork, was called Queens-town after a visit from Queen Victoria in 1849, but the name has again been changed. The harbor is so extensive that as many as six hundred merchant vessels have been counted in it at one time. A Ford automobile factory has lately been established here.

Various cottage industries are carried on wherever the population is scattered. In many of the cottages in Donegal and Connaught woolen goods, cloth and carpets are made, and the whole family takes part in the work, the men doing the weaving, the women the spinning and dyeing. Irish homespun are famous. Many of

the women also are engaged in embroidering and lace-making.

Along the coasts and rivers there are important fisheries, but in the interior, the people for the most part raise cattle, horses and poultry. Many fine hunters are bred to sell abroad. Irish bacon is famous and new laws require the strict grading of eggs and dairy products for export. Pigs and potatoes are raised all over Ireland. Raleigh introduced the potato to Ireland in 1584, and it grew so easily that it became to the Irish what rice is to the Eastern world and wheat to the Western, a staple food. On the rare occasions when the potato crop has failed, Ireland has starved. Between 1845 and 1847 there occurred a terrible potato famine; numbers of people died; then from the harbor of Cork started a stream of emigrants to America and Australia. To-



LAWRENCE

CLIFFS OF DOON by Ballybunion have been sculptured and cut into caves by countless tides. Bally (baile) is a word meaning town which appears in many Irish place-names. From here one may look across an arm of the sea to the estuary of the River Shannon and the hills beyond. A combination of mountain, sea and plain stamps the scenery of County Kerry.



LAWRENCE

CARRICK-A-REDE in County Antrim is interesting to the geologist, as well as attractive to the tourist. This swinging bridge over a chasm eighty feet deep connects a rock used as a fishing station with the mainland. The Giant's Causeway, shown in one of our black and white illustrations, is not far away, and the ruins of Dunluce Castle are also close by.



© Cutler

OLD-TIME COSTUME THAT IS BUT SELDOM SEEN TO-DAY

As in other countries, national customs are fast disappearing in Ireland. The jaunting-car and the donkey-cart are giving way to the motor car, and farmers are joining co-operative societies. The knee-breeches and tail-coat, which were once so commonly seen in Ireland, are now only occasionally worn, and then by conservative old men.



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AT A COTTAGE DOOR IN A CONNEMARA VILLAGE

According to a strange fashion which still survives in Connemara, a district of Galway, one of the women above wears a red flannel petticoat over her head and shoulders instead of a shawl. Much of the coarse flannel and homespun worn is woven from the wool of Connemara sheep. In many of the cottages are spinning-wheels and looms.

day Ireland has little more than half the population it had in 1845.

The land abounds in romantic castles, monasteries, ruined abbeys, round towers and other relics of the past. The round towers are usually found near churches. They were built, in the ninth century and later, as a defense against the invading Scandinavians. A watcher on one of these high towers could see the foe advancing and give the alarm which would bring the people hurrying to the tower for safety. The High Crosses which we find standing alone in various parts of Ireland serve as memorials or mark the boundary of some sanctuary.

Across Munster, from Tipperary through Limerick and Kerry to the At-

lantic, runs a fertile tract known as the Golden Vale, which is given up to agriculture and dairy farming. Tipperary has always been famous for its butter and bacon. The song, *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary*, was written about 1912; it became a barrack-room song, and during the World War it was the favorite marching tune of the English-speaking troops.

The most Irish part of Ireland is Connaught, where towns are few and factories almost unknown. During the Middle Ages, when Galway city did a big trade with Spain, certain Spanish merchants settled here and intermarried with the Irish. Some of their descendants in Galway to-day are very dark and have a

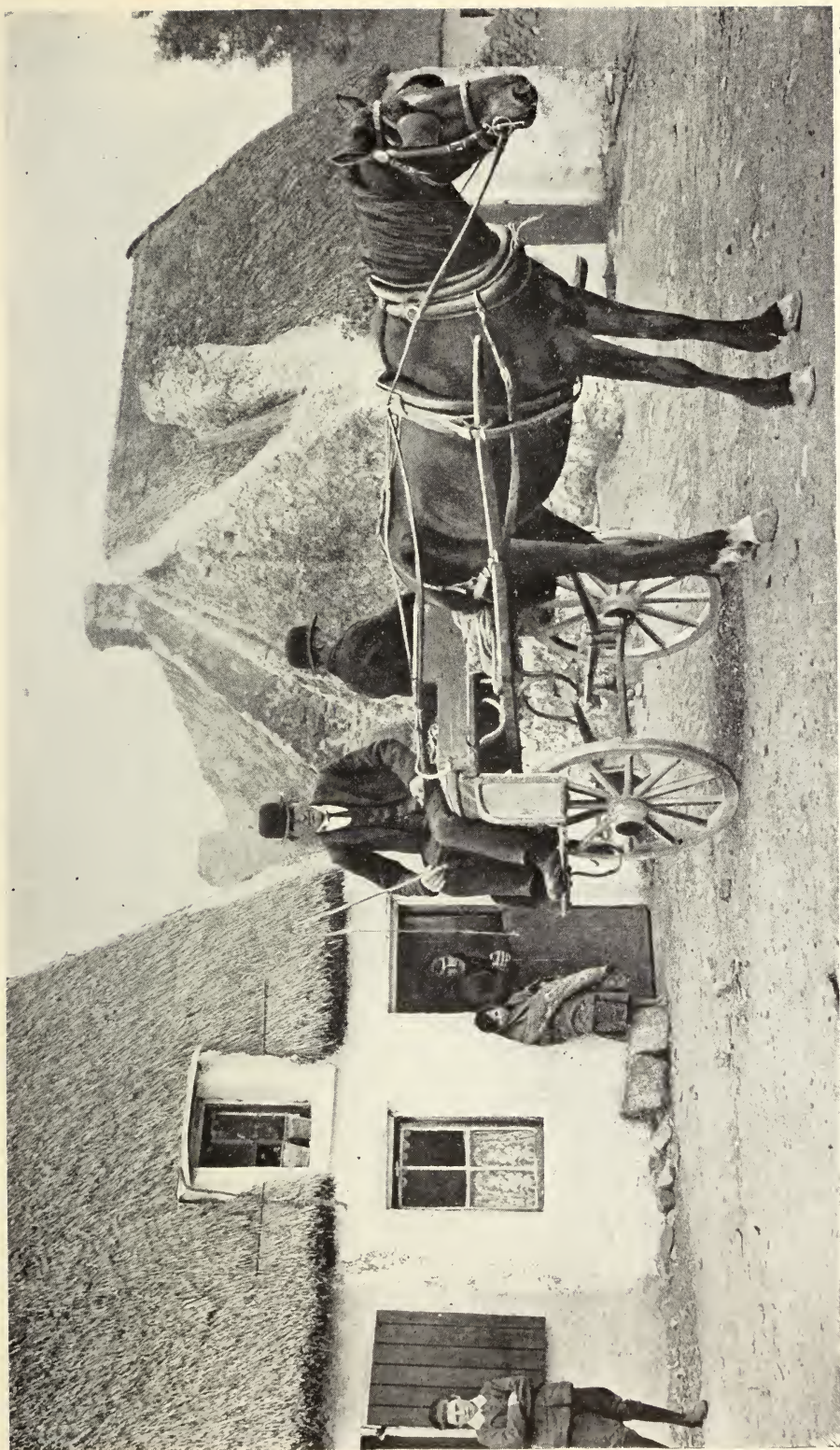


Lawrence

WILD LOVELINESS OF NATURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND LAKES OF KILLARNEY IN COUNTY KERRY

The Lakes of Killarney lie dreaming between the rugged hills and woodlands of that picturesque portion of Ireland, County Kerry, in the extreme southwest. The lower lake is four miles long and beneath its waters, according to legend, lies the magic City of Perpetual Youth.

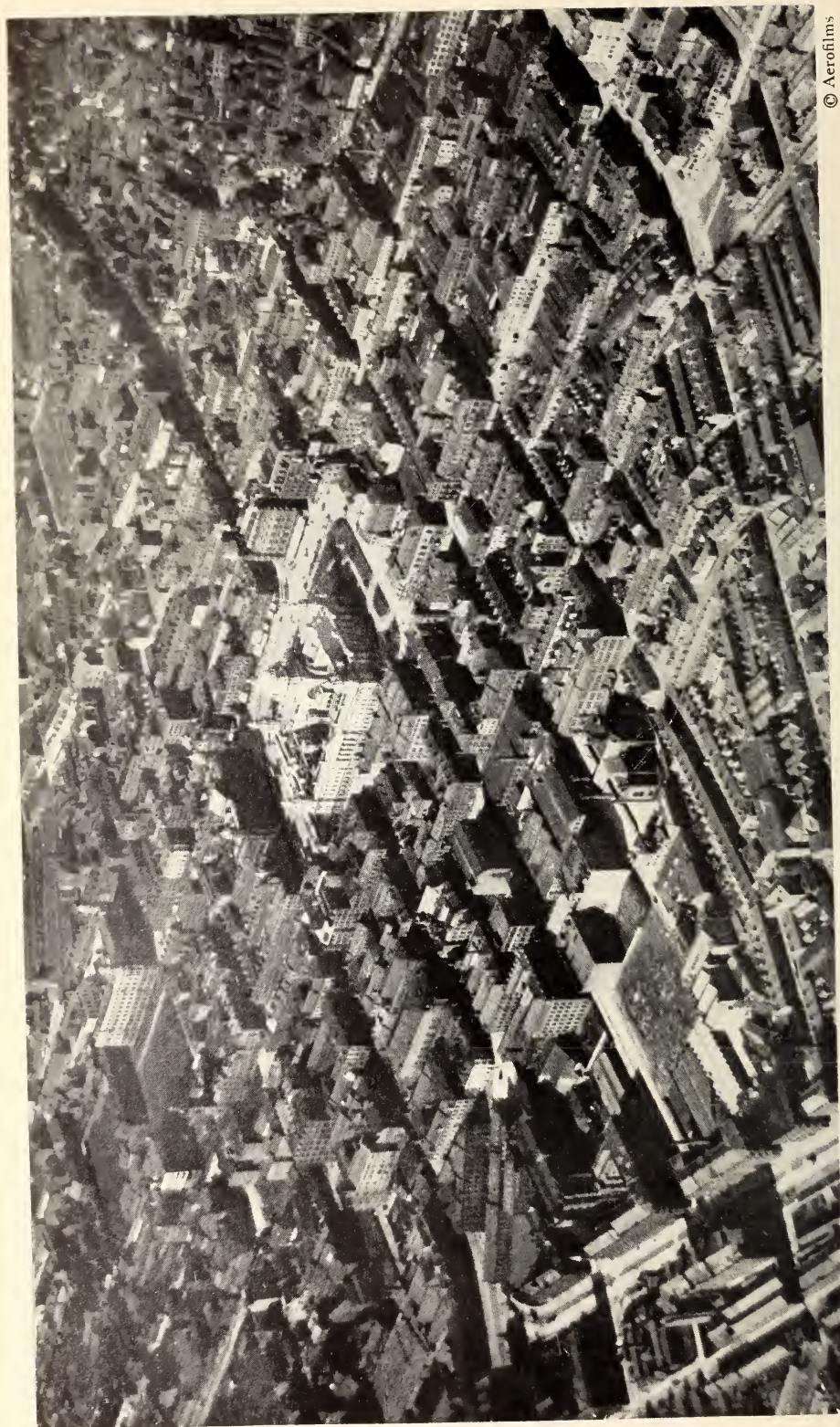
Ireland is everywhere rich in lakes. She has four hundred square miles of them, every one a lure to the salmon and trout fisherman. In Ulster lies the largest, Lough Neagh. As for waterways, the Shannon is the longest river. Traffic is also carried on the Grand and Royal canals.



© Cutler

JAUNTING-CAR WHOSE HINGED FOOTBOARD MUST BE RAISED IN THE NARROW ROADS OF GALWAY

The jaunting-car shown above is from the Claddagh in Galway and can carry four passengers and light luggage as well as the driver, who usually sits directly behind his horse. The footboards have been hinged so that they can be folded up over the seats at times to enable the vehicle to themselves strictly aloof from their neighbors; but this is not true now.



© Aerofilms

AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF BELFAST, INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL OF NORTHERN IRELAND

centre of the above photograph. Belfast owes her industrial prosperity chiefly to the linen industry, which was established in the seventeenth century and now employs over a hundred thousand women. The city is also important as a shipbuilding centre. The view shows its layout.

Belfast is the capital of Protestant Northern Ireland. A city that dates from 1613, its streets are for the most part narrow, its slums extensive and its buildings seldom higher than four stories. There is, however, an imposing new City Hall, the dome of which may be seen rising in the



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SHEETS OF LINEN IN A BLEACHING FIELD NEAR BELFAST

When fresh from the looms, linen cloth is of a dirty yellow color. Before it becomes pure white it undergoes several bleaching processes, including that of being exposed to sunlight in the open air like the sheets seen in the background. Some of the flax is grown in Ireland, but more is imported from Belgium and Holland.

foreign look. The surname Costello found here is evidence of Spanish origin. It is also said that the people of the Claddagh, a district in Galway, are descendants of survivors from part of the Armada which was wrecked on the coast. They spoke Irish only, made their own laws and obeyed a ruler elected by themselves. They kept the feast of St. John (Midsummer Eve) with processions and fires.

The women dressed in blue mantles, red bodices and petticoats, and tied a kerchief over the head. They had a special wedding-ring of pure gold, hand-carved, in the form of two hands holding a heart. Today the midsummer festival has become a game for the children, who light bonfires in the streets, and the picturesque dress is worn only on saints' days.

Pilgrimages are annually made to the peak of Croagh Patrick, a 2,500-foot mountain in County Mayo, to pray at the spot where, according to tradition, St. Patrick prayed that snakes should never infest the country.

Though customs, habits and dress are changing, in Connemara we may still see the women in red petticoats and the men in white flannel jackets and tam-o'-shanters. Some of the Aran Islanders wear curious calfskin shoes, known as "pampooties." A piece is cut from the skin of a recently killed calf and while it is still supple is fitted around the foot. As it hardens and dries it takes the shape of the foot. It is secured by thongs of skin passed around the ankle.

All over Ireland are scattered white-washed, thatched cottages, often with only two rooms, and sometimes only one. Here the fire is still kindled on an open hearth. Over it, suspended from a hook, hangs an iron cooking-pot, or an iron kettle for boiling water to make the tea dear to the Irishwoman's heart; she calls it her cup of "tay"—as all our ancestors did not so many years ago. A favorite way of cooking meat is to put it in a closed pot on the hearth, cover it completely with burning peat sods and leave it for hours. Peat, cut



Lawrence

CORK, ON THE PLEASANT WATERS OF THE LEE

Situated eleven miles above the river's entrance into Cork Harbor, the city is important because of its export trade and because the National University of Ireland has a college here named for Cork. The picture shows a section of the water-front. There are four miles of quays, above which fly the flags chiefly of Great Britain and the Irish Free State.

and dried, takes the place of coal; this peat is obtained from the bogs, and as the bogs cover one-seventh of the surface of the country there is no scarcity of fuel.

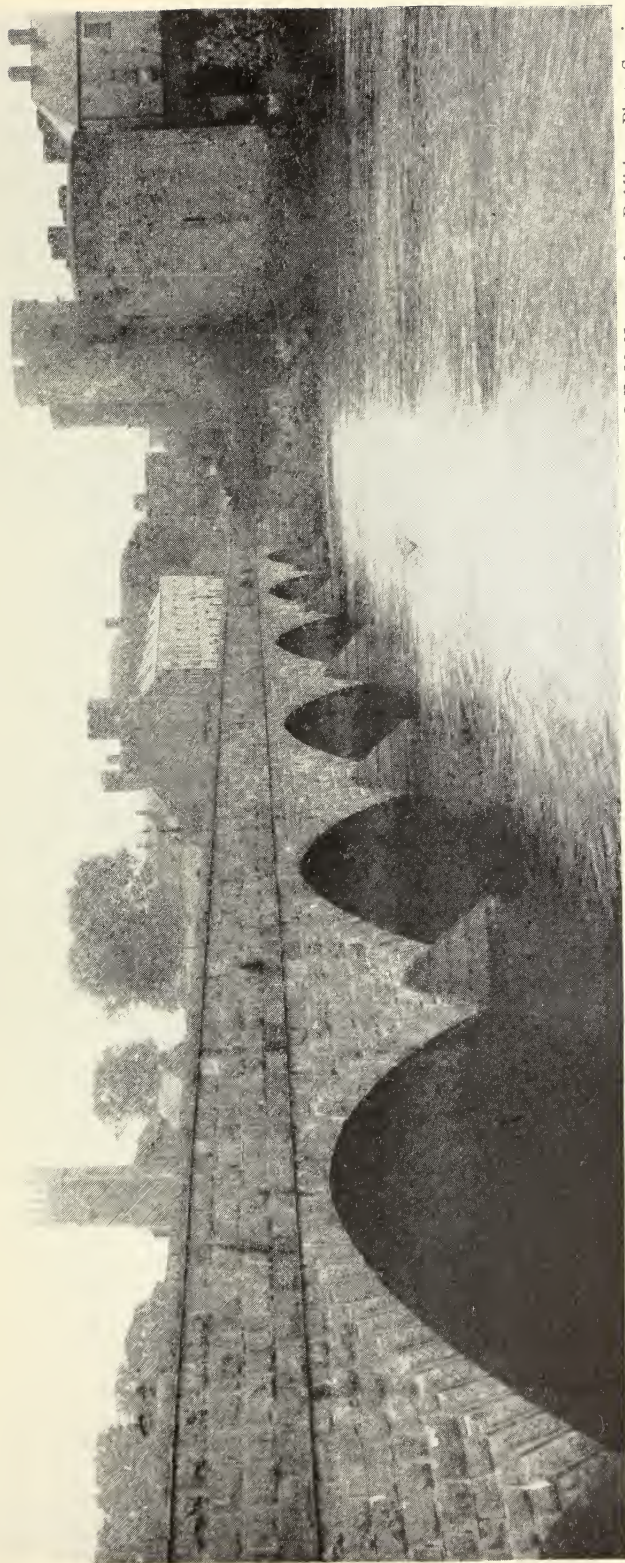
Fairs are an essential part of Irish life. Ireland breeds fine horses, and horse fairs are held in February and September. Once a year, when the little pigs are old enough to leave their mothers, they are packed into curiously shaped carts called creels, and taken to the pig fair to be sold. Everybody goes to these fairs, for, in addition to the business of buying and selling, there are jugglers and fortune-tellers, ballad singers, fiddlers and various other attractions. Hurling, which is something like hockey, and Gaelic football are the national games, while steeplechasing may be said to be the national sport. Ireland is a good hunting country. The Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show is the social event of the year.

Formerly the dancing of jigs and reels was part of the education of every boy and girl. A dancing master would go the round of the countryside during the winter months, the boys and girls meeting each night in one house or another. Each pupil was supposed to bring a candle to the les-

son, that the hostess should be spared the expense of lights. In similar fashion, until quite lately, it was customary for school children to take with them contributions of peat to keep the school fires burning.

It comes rather as a surprise to learn that in Ireland, especially in the country parts, marriages are often arranged for young people. The girl is supposed to have a dowry. When the young people have been married a month they pay their first visit to the bride's father and mother, but it is considered unlucky for a bride to enter her parents' house before the month is up.

There is a great belief in good and ill luck in Ireland. It is unlucky for a red-headed person to be the first to enter the house on New Year's Day; also to meet a red-headed woman when starting on a journey or any special enterprise is unlucky. If a stranger enters a dairy when butter is being churned he must lend a hand at churning or the butter will not "come," i.e., the cream will not turn into butter. When this happens for no apparent reason it is said that the fairies or "good little people" have stolen the butter, for in spite of education



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THOMOND BRIDGE AND CASTLE BARRACKS AT LIMERICK

Limerick, the chief town of the county of the same name, is situated on both banks of the Shannon, and upon an island between. King John's castle, on the island, commands Thomond Bridge and was at one time considered one of the strongest fortresses in all Ireland. Later it was

used as barracks. The Shannon here is a broad stream and large steamers can reach the city. The lowlands include some of the most fertile soil in Ireland. Limerick was often besieged and its successful resistance to the forces of William III, in 1690, is world-famous.



Lawrence

THRONGED SHIPPING AND THE BUSTLE OF LOADING AND UNLOADING AT THE QUAYSIDE IN DUBLIN

Dublin, now the capital of the Irish Free State (Saorstát Éireann), is loads its casks on its own fleet of steamers. Dublin has ever been the focus of Irish national feeling and a centre of Irish culture. It is interesting to know that since Gaelic has become a required study in the schools of the Free State, over six thousand instructors are teaching it.

an important trading centre by reason of its excellent harbor and its modern docks and quays. Here steamers for Liverpool take on their cargoes of beef cattle. Here, too, a brewery that covers fifty acres

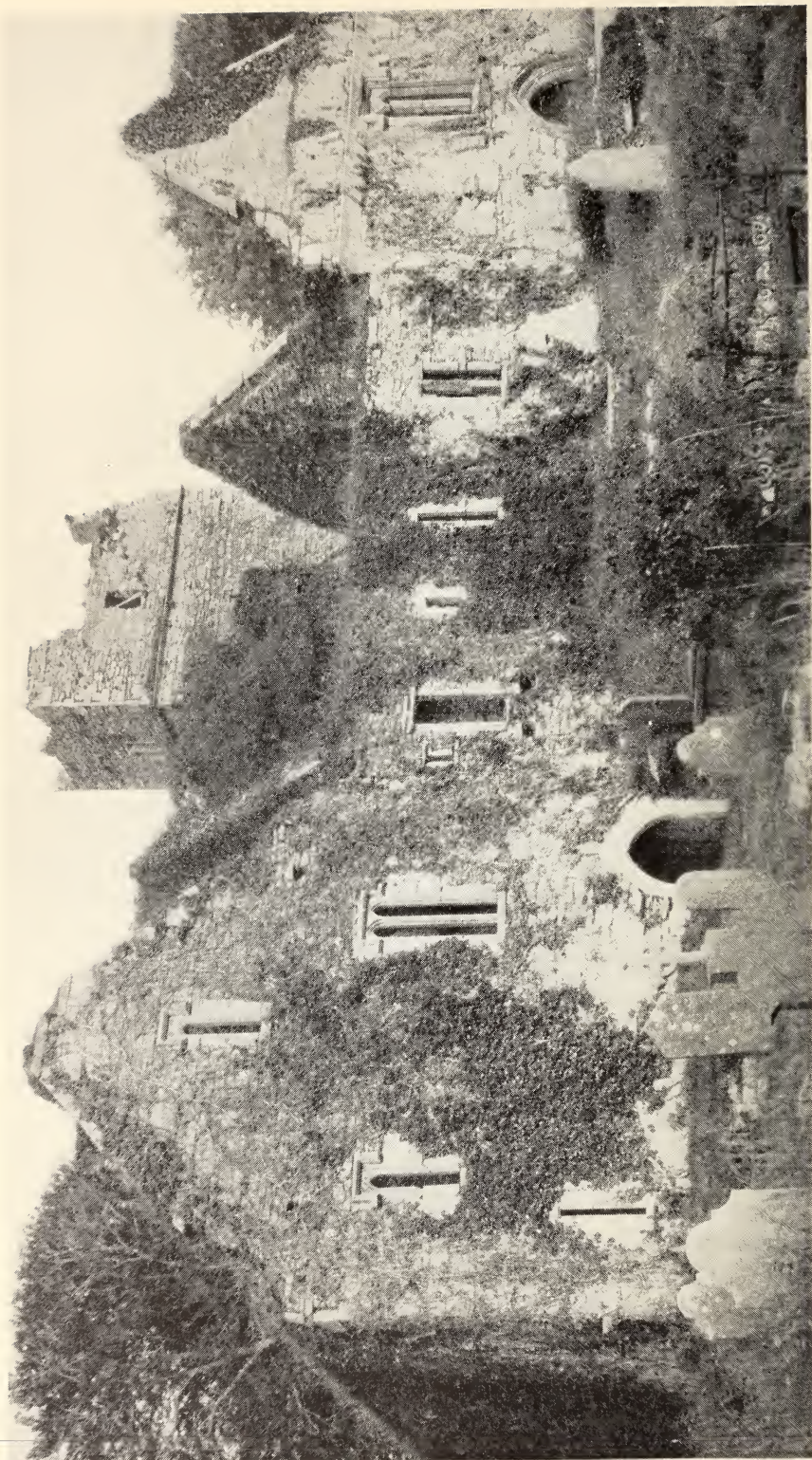


By Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

O'CONNELL STREET, ONE OF DUBLIN'S IMPORTANT BUSINESS THOROUGHFARES

Dublin presents a stirring scene of business activity here in O'Connell Street, with O'Connell Bridge across the Liffey River. The car, you will notice in the picture, bears the sign "Ballsbridge," and if you were a passenger, when you reached that destination you would probably find

there a most interesting and varied assemblage of people from all parts of the world, gathered to view the races at one of the famous Dublin Horse and Agricultural Shows. There too you would see booths with exhibitions from foreign lands—a sort of fair or bazaar of nations.

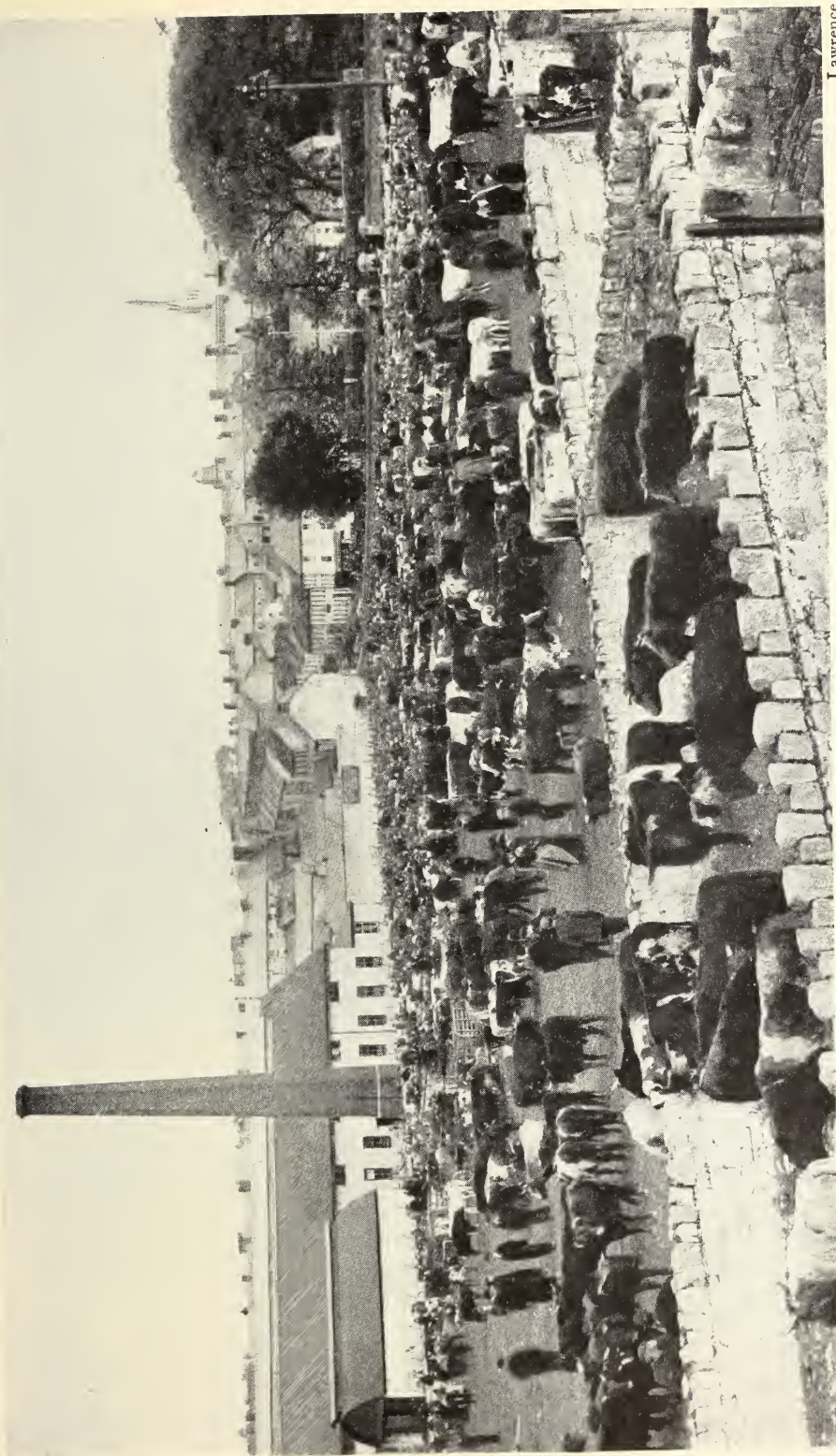


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REMAINS OF MUCKROSS ABBEY, NEAR KILLARNEY

County Kerry contains many reminders of the past glories of Ireland, some of which are shown in other pictures, but none is more interesting than Muckross Abbey, beautiful even in ruins. This ancient monastic establishment was built about 1440 by Franciscan friars, and stands

between two of the lakes of Killarney, the lower and the middle, or Jorc Lake. The celebrated ruins of Innisfallen are not far away and there are ruins of other monastic establishments, and of fine churches in Kerry, which some consider the most beautiful county in Ireland.



Lawrence

CATTLE MARKET AT TIPPERARY, THE TOWN THAT A MARCHING SONG HAS MADE FAMOUS

The celebrated Tipperary is the capital of a grassy country the inhabitants of which depend almost entirely on cattle-rearing as a means of livelihood. In the south of Ireland its butter market is second only to that of Cork, and it has a factory for condensing milk. The gateway of a monastery, founded in the reign of Henry III for the Augustinians shows that Tipperary was old even in the reign of King John, who built a castle there. The spire of St. Michael's church is at the right. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," was sung by soldiers of the World War

IRELAND NORTH AND SOUTH

the belief in fairies dies hard. Not everyone could see them, but many were quite sure they had seen them dancing in the moonlight. One of these fairies was called the Leprechaun, a little elf who was said to sit by the wayside dressed in a green coat and red knee breeches, bending his brown face over a shoe which he was always trying to repair. But there was one sad fairy in Ireland, the Banshee, whose duty it was to give warning of death by wailing in the night.

A custom known as "wakeing" the dead was once common. Friends and relations would watch the coffin all night, while at intervals refreshments were passed around and women mourners would raise a wail known as keening. This custom has almost died out.

The festival of All Hallows' Eve, October 31, is observed in most parts of Ireland, where it goes by the name of Holly

Eve. Parties are given at which a kind of gruel is served in Northern Ireland and "barnbrack," a kind of dough cake, in some parts.

It used to be a common belief that the fairies were very busy on All Hallows' Eve, and no Irish child would touch a blackberry after that date, from the belief that the fairies in the course of their All Hallows' Eve wanderings had cast a blight on the fruit.

Of all the Irish customs the most beautiful is one connected with Christmas. During this time Christmas candles, as long as a human arm and nearly as thick, are on sale in the shops. In every Catholic household one of these candles is lighted on Christmas Eve and left to burn all night. In the country parts, in addition to the burning candle, the house door is left open to signify a welcome to the infant Christ.

IRELAND: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE WHOLE ISLAND

Island in the Atlantic, west of Great Britain, from which it is separated by North Channel, the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel. Territorially it has long been divided into four provinces: Ulster with 9 counties; Leinster with 12; Connaught with 5; and Munster with 6. Politically it has been divided since 1921 into Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. Total area, 31,830 square miles; total population, 4,228,553.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Comprising 6 of the 9 counties of Ulster is a part of the United Kingdom, but with a considerable measure of self-government. Representatives are sent to the British Parliament, but the local parliament of two houses meets in Belfast. The Cabinet is responsible to Parliament, and the King of Great Britain is represented by a Governor. Area, 5,237 square miles; population (1926), 1,256,561. Capital and chief city, Belfast, 415,151. Agriculture is important and oats, flax, hay and potatoes are raised, besides considerable livestock, but the principal industries are the manufacture of linen, shipbuilding, engineering, rope-making and distilling. There are 1,100 miles of railway. There is no established church, but the majority is Protestant. Queen's University is at Belfast, and there are secondary, technical and elementary schools with over 235,000 students.

IRISH FREE STATE (*Saorstát Éireann*)

Includes Leinster, Munster, Connaught and 3 counties of Ulster. Area, 26,592; population (1926), 2,971,992. The treaty of December, 1921, with the British Government declared the Irish Free State to be a co-equal member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The government is composed of Governor-General representing the King, a Senate (*Seanad Éireann*), a Lower House (*Dail Éireann*) and an Executive Council responsible to the Dail. Each of the 27 administrative counties and the 4 county boroughs has a County Council for local government. Agriculture and stock-raising are the principal occupations. The chief crops are hay, potatoes and other root crops, oats and barley. The exports are live cattle and other livestock, wool, meat, butter and eggs. There is a large brewing industry. Railway mileage, 2,674; telegraph line, 22,983; telephone wire, 60,551; inland waterways, 650 miles. Nearly 90% of the population is Catholic, but the constitution guarantees freedom of conscience. Public education is provided in elementary and technical schools. Most secondary schools are under private control. There are two universities, the University of Dublin (Trinity College) and the National University of Ireland, with constituent colleges at Dublin, Cork and Galway. There are 5 teachers' colleges. The principal cities are: Dublin, 316,693; Cork, 78,490; Limerick, 39,448; Waterford, 26,647.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

Specks of Land Amid Watery Wastes

There are many thousands of islands of varying size in the great Atlantic Ocean, but so vast is this area of water that on the map most of them look little more than mere dots. When we remember that this, the second largest of our oceans, is over twenty-five million square miles in extent, we can understand how ships might sail across it in all directions without ever sighting one of these islands. Some of the islands have much significance as coaling, cable and naval stations. Because they are so isolated, the scientific problems of their origin and relations assume important proportions.

THE dominant feature of the Atlantic basin is the presence of a submarine ridge running from the vicinity of Iceland to about 53 degrees south with a distinct interruption at the Equator. This ridge is almost exactly in the centre of the ocean and follows the S-shape of the coast. It is called the Dolphin Rise in the North Atlantic and the Challenger Ridge in the South Atlantic. The average depth over this ridge is about 1,700 fathoms, but much greater depths are found on each side. Northward the ridge widens and comes nearer the surface, joining a submarine plateau which extends across the North Atlantic. The main basin of the Atlantic is thus cut off from the Arctic basin.

Near its northern end, the rise bears the Azores Archipelago, and south of the Equator, Ascension, Tristan da Cunha and Gough Island. All of these consist of volcanic rocks.

Because the Atlantic is so far-reaching—it touches the Polar regions north and south, and the Equator is a little below its centre—we find its clusters of islands both in cool and in warm waters. There is naturally a great variation in their form and appearance. Very many are volcanic in origin—that is, they have been thrown up from the ocean depths by some convulsion of Nature in past ages—and others are made of coral. Some of the islands are well covered with vegetation and are fertile and beautiful; others are nothing but bare rock, and it is difficult to see what attraction they have for those people who dwell upon them.

With some of the larger islands, such

as Iceland, Newfoundland, the Bahamas and others of the West Indian group, it is not our intention to deal, since they are described in other pages. We will confine ourselves to the less known but interesting islands which are scattered over the waters, from the Azores in the north to South Georgia at the opposite extreme. If we follow in the wake of some of the old sea-rovers who, centuries ago made daring voyages from Europe in their small vessels, we shall reach all the islands, for they were discovered during the early attempts to reach India. If we sail due westward from Portugal, we shall find the Azores lying directly in our track. This group of islands was given its name by the Portuguese seamen who discovered it in the fifteenth century. The word "azores," which means "hawks," was applied to the flocks of buzzards that were found there. The archipelago, as it is styled, really consists of the summits of a chain of submarine volcanoes. They are not generally active, fortunately for the inhabitants, only about three of them having been disturbed by eruptions or earthquakes within historical times. At one period, according to scientists, the islands were widely covered by forests, but now there are large areas of open land under cultivation on St. Michael's, the largest of the group, and on Terceira, Pico and Fayal, which are next in importance.

An interesting fact in connection with the Azores is that they play an important part as a meteorological station. They would seem to have been placed out in the Atlantic to serve as a sentinel for the



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JAGGED SUMMIT OF A GREAT VOLCANO IN THE AZORES

The Gran Pico, a huge, volcanic mountain 7,612 feet high, dominates the rich, fruit-producing island of Pico in the Azores. A kind of hammock, such as we see here, slung on a stout pole carried by two men, is one of the few means of transport possible over the rough and rocky paths that cross the wild country in the interior of the island.



ARABLE LAND ARTIFICIALLY FORMED ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

The soil of Madeira is fertile, but suffers from lack of water, and cultivation entails expenditure of time and labor. It is naturally most productive on the lower levels, where it is chiefly in the hands of proprietors who employ hired labor. Small holdings on higher ground usually comprise artificially formed terraces supported by stone walls.

purpose of warning Europe of storms that are brewing in the ocean. There are observatories at Ponta Delgada in St. Michael's, on the island of Flores, and at Horta, in Fayal, all under the supervision of the Portuguese government.

One of the ocean phenomena for which the observers at these stations are on the watch is the "houle." This is the name given to a remarkable wave that rises out of the sea, apparently without cause, somewhere between the Azores and Iceland. It gathers strength as it goes, and sweeps, at a speed that varies from four to twenty miles an hour, upon some coast hundreds of miles distant.

The houle does not always announce its coming by a storm or similar sign. It will arise suddenly on a calm day, when the sky is cloudless, and ships riding at anchor in open roadsteads may be flung high up on the beach and wrecked. When the warning of this treacherous wave is given, vessels at sea in the vicinity of the Azores have several good harbors in the islands to which they can flee for safety.

From 1580 to 1640 the Azores, as a part of the Portuguese kingdom, were subject to Spain. At that time the islands were a favorite stopping place for ships on their way home from the Indies, and it was off the island of Flores that the battle took place between the English ship *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, and a fleet of fifty-three Spanish vessels. Tennyson has celebrated this daring escapade in his ballad, *The Revenge*.

Supposing that we were not venturesome enough to sail so far into mid-ocean, but were content to make a shorter voyage from the Spanish or Portuguese coast, we might turn our vessel's head in the direction of Madeira. This beautiful, well-wooded island is one of a group of five islands, of which only two are inhabited. It is a Portuguese possession, but a curious story is told in an old chronicle which attributes its discovery to an Englishman. According to this account, a certain Robert Machin, in the year 1370, fled from England in a small boat, taking



R. M. S. P. Co.

ITS WHITE BUILDINGS SET IN TROPICAL GREENERY—FUNCHAL, THE LOVELY CAPITAL OF MADEIRA

Funchal, its buildings agleam in the tropical sunlight, lies on a tree-covered slope above the calm, intensely blue waters of a beautiful bay. The streets of the city, which is important on account of its exports of fruit and wine, and as a health resort for Europeans and a port of call

for ships voyaging between Europe and Africa, are steep and narrow, and sledges of various kinds are largely used instead of wheeled vehicles for carrying passengers and freight downhill. Behind Funchal loom cloud-capped peaks that add greatly to the beauty of the city.



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SAVAGE GRANDEUR AMONG THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF MADEIRA

In the centre of the Portuguese island of Madeira, which lies off the northwest coast of Africa, is a great tableland of rock, whose sides, rising to lofty, precipitous peaks, form deep gorges. The little white patches in the bottom right-hand corner are the buildings of one of the villages that nestle among these glorious mountains.

a lady. He intended to sail for France, but instead, he was blown out of his course and came to Madeira. Here the lady died and was buried, and Machin erected a cross to her memory. In 1420 the island was re-discovered by the Portuguese.

To most people Madeira is familiar as a popular health resort. It is a warm and sunny island which has much to at-

tract the visitor. The loftiness of the mountains, often snow-covered, the sharpness of the ravines, the pleasing contours of the coast and the proximity of the sea afford many scenes of glorious beauty. In addition to the picturesqueness of its gorges and woods, its caves and bubbling springs, the island possesses a very fertile soil, on which coffee and tobacco flourish amid an abundance of



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BY A SPRING NEAR LAS PALMAS IN BEAUTIFUL GRAND CANARY

The Canary Islands, a province of Spain, get their name, as we explain in this article, from a species of big dog that used to live there. On Grand Canary we find this pretty spring at which the peasant women are filling their pitchers. The most delicious oranges in the world are grown here, but they are so thin-skinned they cannot be exported.

fruit and flowers and tropical ferns. For centuries the vine has been grown on the island and Madeira wine has been famous. Sugar-cane growing has been attempted, but with limited success.

The chief town of Madeira is Funchal, and here there takes place annually a very curious celebration. On the last day of the year, shortly before midnight, the whole of the valley in which the capital lies seems to burst into flame. It is a magnificent firework display, in which the entire population joins. Colored lights gleam on all sides, rockets, Roman candles and fountains of fire flash into brilliance here and there, while an added effect is given by the illuminated boats which dart about the harbor. No one who has seen Funchal thus lit up can forget the sight.

Very near to Madeira, to the southward, are the Canary Islands, which were known to the Romans. One was called "Insula Canaria"—the isle of dogs—

after a species of dog supposed to have been found there. Thus the group got its name. From the Canaries first came the little yellow bird which has been given the name of the country in which it dwelt. In its native home the canary is colored like a greenfinch.

Known to the Romans also as the "Fortunate Isles," the Canaries have had a stirring history. They have been fought for by French, Spanish, Portuguese and English. Over a hundred years ago they were created a province of Spain; later their ports were declared free; and in 1883-84 the laying of the submarine cable linked up these ocean islands with the rest of the world.

The Canaries are of volcanic origin, like the Azores and most of the other Atlantic islands. The famous peak of Teneriffe, which rises from the centre of that island, is still an active volcano. During the more recent disturbances several outlets were made some distance below the



PROLIFIC SPECIES OF THE FICUS FAMILY ON TENERIFFE ISLAND

The tropics and the temperate zone are both represented in the Canary Archipelago, and the flora comprises the date and banana palm, sugar-cane, coffee and orange tree, the agave and cactus, the laurel pine, heather, broom and lichen. The fig, though a specialty of Hierro, grows on the other islands. Clusters of fruit spring from the bare trunk.



© Photochrom

WHERE PEOPLE LIVE IN HOMES CREATED BY EXTINCT VOLCANOES

The Canary Islands are all volcanic, and the lava that covers many of the steep hillsides is studded with caves. At Atalaya in Grand Canary the peasants, who are so poor that they must make the best of what Nature offers, have made use of these lava caves for homes. By cutting terraces in the hillside they have made fields for their crops.

crater itself, and from these there often come little puffs of smoke and steam, which are lively evidence of its hidden fires.

If the Canaries were of old the "Fortunate Islands," they might very properly now be called the "Fruit Islands," for from them comes a great banana supply. The islands are also rich in other fruits, and, as in Madeira, the grapevine has been grown for centuries.

One notable feature of these islands is the large herds of goats to be seen there, and we may sometimes see an extraordinarily athletic feat performed by the men who look after them. In the gorge known as the Great Caldera of La Palma, for instance, where the rocks are very steep and dangerous, the goat-herd will jump after a troublesome goat that has got away to some crag many feet below. As he descends he will strike at the animal with his "lanza," a long wooden pole, but even then will be able to break his fall

by sliding down the "lanza" the moment it touches the ground. It is said that these men are so expert in pole-jumping that they can even spring from the top of a house into the street without injuring themselves.

A strange custom among the people of the neighboring island of Gomera is that of signaling by means of whistling. Indeed, the peasants are such extraordinary whistlers, that they can make themselves heard at a distance of three or four miles, and they have developed a whistling language so that conversation can be carried on.

Let us sail still farther south, where the Atlantic makes a sweep round the coast of Morocco, until we come to Cape Verde, in Senegambia. Off this part of West Africa, three hundred miles out at sea, lie the islands named after the cape. They are fourteen in number. Being of the same volcanic character as the Canaries, the islands present a bare and un-



E. N. A.

ST. HELENA, THE BRITISH ISLAND WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED IN EXILE

Jamestown on St. Helena is built in a narrow ravine between two high hills. St. Helena is 800 miles from Ascension, which is the nearest island, and 1,200 miles from Africa, the nearest mainland. It was once covered with forests, but these have been destroyed, and now, especially round the coast, the soil is wretchedly poor, and nothing of value can be grown.



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QUIET STREET IN JAMESTOWN, WHERE HALF THE PEOPLE OF ST. HELENA LIVE

Jamestown is not only the capital of St. Helena, it is also the only town on the island, and houses about half of the population. In 1658 the East India Company, soon after it had acquired the island, erected a fort here that was called James, after the Duke of York, and around that fort Jamestown was built. It has a very good harbor, and at one time was an important port of call for Eastern trading vessels. Since the Suez Canal was opened, however, the port has lost its importance, and is now a very quiet and sleepy place, as this photograph suggests.



LONGWOOD: ISLAND HOME OF AN IMPERIAL EXILE

In this unpretentious dwelling in St. Helena, Napoleon I passed the years of his exile until his death in May, 1821. The house is situated three miles and a half southeast of Jamestown. It derives its name from the Longwood Plains in the northeast of the island. The house was presented by Queen Victoria in 1858 to the Emperor Napoleon III.

inviting appearance as viewed from the sea. This is deceptive; on landing, we find that the valleys of the interior are green and fertile. The Portuguese have introduced eucalyptus, baobab and dragon trees to replace the trees cut down for timber. A volcano, Pico do Cano, is still active on the island of Fogo (fire). Its crater, which stands within an older crater, is three miles in circumference and may be seen from a hundred miles at sea. Coffee is largely grown here; the biggest Cape Verde island, Saint Jago, has a good export trade in this berry.

Far more interesting to us, however, is the island of Ascension, that lonely rock which rises steeply from the South Atlantic, about half-way between the continents of Africa and South America. This island, so scientists say, is probably only the summit of a huge volcanic mass, and whatever animals or plants it may have possessed at one time have been completely exterminated by the lava from eruptions.

In history, Ascension has a particular

connection with Napoleon. When, after Waterloo, the fallen French emperor was sent in exile to St. Helena, over eight hundred miles away to the southeast, it was feared that Ascension might be used by his friends with a view to effecting his rescue. So Great Britain occupied the island, and since then it has been one of her Atlantic possessions. Before that date, 1815, Ascension had remained uninhabited, except for a short period when Dampier, the buccaneer, and his crew lived upon it after they were shipwrecked. But the most picturesque feature of this ocean rock is the fact that for a long time it was under the control of the Admiralty. It actually figured in official books as a ship—H.M.S. Ascension—lying at anchor, so to speak, in latitude $7^{\circ} 57' S.$, longitude $14^{\circ} 22' W.$ Its commander was a naval captain, appointed by the governor of Gibraltar, and under him was a ship's company. This peculiar state of affairs came to an end in 1922, when the Admiralty handed over Ascension Island to the Colonial Office.



GREEN ISLETS FRINGE THE CHARMING ISLES OF BERMUDA

The reefs and islets that lie off the coasts of the Bermuda Islands are very beautiful, for, like the mainland, they are fresh and green. However, they make it dangerous for ships to approach the shore except through a few channels. Indeed, the first three people to land on the Bermudas—a Spaniard and two Englishmen—did so because they were shipwrecked there. The



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OUR HOLIDAY LANDS WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER

islands receive their name from their discoverer, the Spaniard, Juan Bermudez. Sir George Somers took possession of them for England. They are to Canada and the United States very much what the Channel Islands and Scilly Isles are to England, for they send to their markets spring flowers and vegetables long before they are ready farther north.



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ISLAND ROAD BETWEEN WALLS OF CORAL

The Bermuda Islands have been built up on submerged rock by myriads upon myriads of tiny organisms that are known as coral polyps. They construct a hard covering for themselves out of the lime in the sea.

It is a lonely rock; the population consists of the officials of the cable station and a hundred or so colored people from the Guinea coast. The naval garrison which used to be stationed here has been withdrawn. About thirty-four square miles in extent, the island has little vegetation, save grass and shrubs which have been planted by colonists. Around the coast there is enough to support a few thousand sheep. Were it not for the turtles which frequent its shores the inhabitants might fare badly. These creatures find their way to Ascension to lay their eggs, and enough are killed to keep the islanders in turtle meat.

The islands in the Gulf of Guinea, to the northeast of Ascension Island, are surprisingly different. The Portuguese possessions of Saint Thomas and Principe, touching the Equator, and the Spanish island of Fernando Po are covered with luxuriant vegetation. Fernando Po was christened Formosa, "the beautiful,"

by the Portuguese explorer who discovered it, and whose name it now bears. From a distance it appears to be a single mountain rising from the sea, so narrow is its coastal plain and so lush is the vegetation which covers its volcanic slopes. Torrential streams have cut deep beds down the mountainsides, forming many beautiful waterfalls and ravines. Oil-palms, tree ferns, African oak, mahogany trees and a variety of fruit trees grow in abundance. Cocoa is an important export from the island of St. Thomas; to-day the population is largely composed of descendants of the slaves who were brought from Africa to work on the cocoa plantations in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The descendants of the original settlers control about one-eighth of the land.

St. Helena, the island which we are next visiting, is another of the extinct volcano type. It

is simply a point of rock rising straight from the depths of the ocean. As it is approached there is no sign of a sloping beach or shore, and it presents, indeed, a gloomy and forbidding appearance in the outlines of its coast. Nor does a closer examination do much to dispel this impression. There is very little soil on St. Helena that is suitable for growing flowers or vegetables. Only here and there, in some of the valleys between the great chasms in the rock, can any earth be found.

In the olden days, when the East India Company's ships used to pass that way, they called at the island to obtain fresh water. Nowadays its chief point of interest is its association with Napoleon, who was kept a prisoner here from 1815 until his death six years later. "Longwood," the house which he occupied, is now visited every year by numbers of the emperor's admirers, mostly French people, of course. The house and



A QUIET STREET IN PONTA DELGADA



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THE LANDING PLACE ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON

Ponta Delgada is the chief port of St. Michael's island in the Azores. Since the construction of a 2,800-foot breakwater, the harbor has admitted large steamers. Pottery, cotton goods, straw hats and baskets are made and exported here. The city contains many interesting churches and monasteries; the sidewalks are of mosaic, usually of black and white.



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THE LUSCIOUS GRAPES OF MADEIRA ARE PRESSED IN THE SHADE THROWN BY BROAD VINE LEAVES

Autumn, when the wine for which Madeira is celebrated is made, is a busy season for the countryfolk. The men, in their linen shirts and breeches, and the women, with their capes of blue or scarlet, make a pleasing picture as they move about their work among the baskets

loaded with black and white grapes, or turn the screw of the winepress by means of a long lever, as these men are doing. The vine, which is now largely grown in Madeira, was first introduced into the island in the fifteenth century by the Portuguese Prince, Henry the Navigator.



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LADY OF THE FAIR AZORES DRESSED FOR A RIDE

The ample cloak and hood of this lady form part of the riding-habit fashionable among the natives of St. Michael's in the Azores, ten small islands in mid-Atlantic that belong to Portugal. The people of the Azores are very energetic and enterprising, and make the most of the rich soil of their islands, keeping herds of cattle and growing much fruit.

grounds, with the tomb in which he was first buried, have been transferred to the keeping of France, so that that country holds a piece of territory in St. Helena.

Many hundreds of miles south of St. Helena are three islands, Nightingale, Inaccessible and Tristan which form the British province of Tristan da Cunha. Many desultory attempts at colonization have been made; at times the inhabitants have found seal fishing very profitable, but the islands are bleak and cold, and the penguins continue to outnumber the colonists many times. Gough Island, two hundred and twenty miles to the south-east, is much like Tristan da Cunha; the differences are caused by a greater amount of rainfall. It has no permanent population and except for an occasional fishing vessel, it is devoted entirely to the use of seals and sea birds.

For our next Atlantic islands let us sail up into the warmer region above the West Indies. Here lie the Bermudas, of whose "still vexed" waters Shakespeare wrote in *The Tempest*. Even so far back as the poet's day these islands had an unenviable reputation for storms.

It was during one of these hurricanes, in 1609, that Admiral Sir George Somers was shipwrecked there while on his way to Virginia. This disaster led to the settlement of the group and a Bermuda Company was formed three years later to send out colonists. On some old maps we find the name of the islands given as Somers; their more general title of Bermudas serves as a reminder of the Spanish seaman Juan Bermudez who first visited their shores early in the sixteenth century.

The Bermudas are coral islands, thus they are distinct from the others with which we are dealing. They are some three hundred and fifty in number, but the total area does not exceed twenty square miles. All round them are reefs, to a distance of thirty miles from the main group.

It is a remarkable fact that such coral-built islands should exist so far from the Equator, surrounded by living coral reefs, but they are right in the track of the Gulf Stream and so the surrounding waters are warm. The Bermudas are unique, further, in that no native people



ON VOLCANIC ST. THOMAS, AN ISLAND THAT TOUCHES THE EQUATOR

A hundred and seventy miles from western Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea, lies the mountainous little island of St. Thomas, or São Thomé, a Portuguese possession. It is very hot and wet; coffee bushes, cocoa and rubber trees thrive. Here we see a "drying floor," where the beans out of the great cocoa pods dry in the sun.



STANLEY, SOLE TOWN OF THE BLEAK, TREELESS FALKLAND ISLANDS

Far away in the South Atlantic, about three hundred miles east of America's southernmost point, are the bleak and uninviting Falkland Islands, a British Crown Colony. Although it has only one town, it boasts a cathedral, Christchurch. There are no trees on these islands (nothing much grows except grass) and they are continuously swept by winds and rain.



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TRISTAN DA CUNHA, A LONELY OUTPOST OF GREAT BRITAIN

The group of three small islands known as Tristan da Cunha is two thousand miles from South Africa, and twice that distance from South America. The only inhabited one has a population of about a hundred people, all of whom live in Edinburgh, the settlement we show here. The island is named after the Portuguese sailor who discovered it.

or traces of them were found upon the islands.

Vegetation is very rapid and the islands are almost perpetually clad in green; the shores are fringed with mangrove; prickly pear grows in the most barren spots and sage bushes spring up wherever they are allowed. Citron, sour orange, lemon and lime trees grow wild. There are no streams or springs and the inhabitants are entirely dependent upon rain water which they catch and store in cisterns. Although a considerable share of its foodstuffs is imported, Bermuda supplies New York with onions, early potatoes, tomatoes and a variety of flowers. All of us are familiar with the "Bermuda" potato and "Bermuda" onion.

The charm of these islands is fully appreciated by the people of north-eastern United States who use them for a resort during the winter months.

Passing the little, isolated islands of Martin Vaz and Trinidad, in the South

Atlantic, we will just take a peep at the Falklands, which lie off Patagonia, the southern extremity of South America. The principal islands are the East and West, but there are hundreds of smaller ones clustering in the straits between these two. Their treeless slopes are swept continuously by winds from the west, southwest and south; the sky is almost always overcast and rain falls, either in a drizzle or showers, on about two hundred and fifty days out of the year. Nevertheless, the islands are well adapted for grazing and many cattle and sheep are bred here.

Farther south, nearing the Antarctic, are South Georgia and the bare, wind-swept islands of the South Shetlands and South Orkneys. All are attached to the Crown Colony of the Falkland Islands. On the first named, it will be remembered, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, died on his voyage to the South Pole and here he was buried.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE AZORES (*Western Islands*)

An archipelago in the North Atlantic Ocean, 830 miles off the coast of Portugal; divided into 3 groups; administered as an integral part of the Republic of Portugal; 8 members

in the Portuguese Parliament. Total area, 922 square miles; population (1920), 232,012. Population of chief towns: Ponta Delgada, 14,904; Angra, 10,057. Chief exports: fruit, wine and mineral waters.

LONELY ISLANDS OF THE ATLANTIC

MADEIRA

A group of islands in the North Atlantic about 360 miles from the coast of Africa. Administered as an integral part of the Republic of Portugal; representation in Portuguese Parliament. Total area, 314 square miles; population (1920), 179,002. Chief exports: wine, sugar, embroidery and fruits. Population of Funchal, chief town (1920), 24,238.

CAPE VERDE ISLANDS

An archipelago belonging to Portugal about 300 miles off the west coast of Africa in the North Atlantic Ocean; administered by a Governor. Total area, 1,475 square miles; population (1926), 131,147. Chief products are sisal, castor-oil, coffee, mustard and brandy. 146 primary schools. Praia is the capital.

S. THOMÉ AND PRINCIPE

Two islands in the Gulf of Guinea about 125 miles off the west coast of Africa. Portuguese province administered by a Governor. Total area, 320 square miles; population (1921), 59,055. Chief products are cacao and coffee.

BERMUDA

British colony in the North Atlantic Ocean about 580 miles east of the United States. Administered by a Governor assisted by an Executive Council, an appointed Legislative Council and an elected House of Assembly. Consists of 20 inhabited islands and numerous uninhabited islets; area, 20 square miles; estimated population (1927), 30,814. Chief products are fruits and vegetables. Excellent

telephone and telegraph communication. Education government-aided. Population of Hamilton, chief town, 3,000.

FALKLAND ISLANDS AND DEPENDENCIES

British Crown Colony in South Atlantic 200 miles east of Magellan Straits. Area of Falkland Islands, 4,618 square miles; population, 2,271 (estimated 1926). Dependencies are South Georgia, South Shetlands, South Orkneys, Sandwich Group and Graham's Land. Sheep-farming and whaling are carried on.

British possessions in the South Atlantic include the island of St. Helena, 1,200 miles off the west coast of Africa (area, 47 square miles; population, about 3,754); Ascension island, 760 miles northwest of St. Helena; Tristan da Cunha, a small group of islands halfway between the Cape of Good Hope and South America.

CANARY ISLANDS

An archipelago in the Atlantic Ocean about 60 miles west of the African coast. Considered as part of Spain for administrative purposes. Total area, 2,807 square miles; population estimate in 1927, 531,533. Bananas, tomatoes, potatoes, sugar and wine are exported. Schools are numerous. Population of Santa Cruz, capital (1927 estimate), 54,504.

FERNANDO PO

Spanish island in the Gulf of Guinea about 20 miles from African coast. Under a Governor-General. Total area, 870 square miles; population, 20,873. Santa Isabel, capital, has a population of 8,345.



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MYRIAD SEABIRDS ON WHAT WAS ONCE H.M.S. ASCENSION

Ascension Island, whose total area is only thirty-eight square miles, lies in the South Atlantic, and has been a British possession since 1815. It abounds in wild life—rabbits, wild goats and birds. Those that we see here are known as "wideawakes," a sea bird which frequents the island in great numbers. The eggs of this bird are collected and eaten.

FOLK OF A WATER-LOGGED COUNTRY

The Netherlands and Its Fight with the Sea

Rightly called the Netherlands, a name which means "low country," this country has been the scene, throughout its history, of a never-ceasing struggle with the North Sea. More than a third of the land is below sea level, and only by building and constantly repairing great barriers against the ocean can its people keep the waters out. In this chapter we shall read of these grim struggles and how they have made the Dutch a hardy and sturdy folk with a great love of cleanliness and order.

"GOD made the sea; we made the shore," runs an old Dutch proverb, and it is at least more applicable to the Netherlands than to any other country in the world. For it is certain that were it not for the dykes on the seaboard and along the banks of rivers there would be very little of the country left to-day. The sea would have found an easy prey in a land that lies actually below its level; and the rivers, whose beds are continually being raised by the deposits of mud, would quickly complete the ruin made by the sea if there were not the wonderful system of canals.

Dykes and canals, windmills and "polders,"—on these four man-made devices largely depend the safety and prosperity of the country. There are hundreds of miles of dykes and canals, and thousands of acres of polders and myriads of windmills.

We cannot set foot in the Netherlands without at once becoming aware of the dykes. Approaching the island of Walcheren by sea, we see one of the finest of these embankments, Westkapelle, stretching along the west coast of the island. This dyke rises nearly 25 feet above the sea level and is over two miles in length—shorter than the famous Helder dyke near Alkmaar, but its rival in strength, massiveness and age, for it dates back to the fifteenth century.

There are dozens of similar, though smaller, dykes. They are all made of mud and sand, strengthened by wooden pillars driven many feet into the soil and "reinforced" in a variety of ways. In some cases huge blocks of granite are embedded between the lines of supports.

On many dykes trees have been planted at the summit or on the sloping sides, and their roots, gradually spreading and intertwining with each other, have formed a wooden network that helps to keep the soil together. Often the surface is protected by twigs of willow interwoven and filled in with layers of clay so as to form a complete and solid carpet; or else the seed of wild grasses has been sown, or ordinary turf laid with the same object. Dutchmen may have made the dykes, but there is nothing more remarkable than the ingenuity with which they have used the growths of Nature to make them firm.

Though the main duty of the dykes is to defend the land against invasion or violent assault by sea and river, they serve other useful purposes. Highways are sometimes laid along them, and houses are built upon them. They provide good foundations for the houses, and that is an important consideration in a country where, owing to the marshy soil, it is difficult to dig deep enough to make sure of a solid foundation.

The Dutch canals are broader than those of most countries, though they vary a good deal in this respect. While they act as drains for removing water and are used as enclosures for property, much as fences and walls and hedges are employed elsewhere, their main use is as highways for traffic. There are canals running through practically every town and village in the north and west of the country. Their banks are usually lined with shady and pleasant trees. Their only drawbacks are the mosquitoes that they attract in hot weather, and their tendency to smell rather unpleasantly.



MCLEISH

THE HARBOR OF URK, one of the small islands in the centre of the Zuider Zee, is used by few vessels except fishing boats, for nearly all of the men who live there are fishermen, seeking herrings, eels and anchovies, oysters, shrimps and mussels in the shallow,

inland sea. The men nearly always wear the caps of lambskin that were once worn by all Dutch fishermen, and their breeches are extremely baggy. It is the queer custom for a woman to embroider her initials and those of her sweetheart on her colored vest.



NICHOLLS

DUTCH FISHERMEN, like those of other countries, spend much time loitering about the piers and jetties, gossiping, looking at the boats and gazing into the water. But we must not, therefore, think them lazy, because these same men who stand here looking so idle, though pic-

turesque, may be at work in their fishing smacks all through the night. Sailing boats can only leave harbor when the wind is in the right direction and when the tide has risen. This is especially true of the boats of Volendam, for their fishing ground is in the shallow Zuider Zee.



CANALS AND RIVERS IN HOLLAND'S WATER-BOUND PLAIN

The third notable feature of Holland is the polders. The term is derived from "poel," a word meaning pool, and signifies either a morass or an actual lake which has been reclaimed by draining. The making of polders was naturally begun after the dykes had been constructed; the Hollander having made his territory safe against the sea, proceeded to convert the water-logged parts into cultivable land. It was necessary to pump out the water by mechanical means, and, having done so, to transfer it to the nearest main canal that could carry it to the coast. Windmills supplied the power for pumping.

The windmill has always been a distinctive feature of the Dutch landscape, and to-day thousands of them are still performing useful duties in the agricultural industries. They saw wood, help to make paper and chop tobacco, but they are no longer used for grinding corn or for the making of polders.

In this drainage work, the first thing that the old-time Dutch engineer had to consider, before beginning to get the water out, was the problem of preventing new water from coming in and so spoiling his labors or making them more difficult. So he built a dyke around the selected polder.

FOLK OF A WATER-LOGGED COUNTRY

The present way of making low-level polders, like the well known Schermer polder in North Holland, is to construct not one dyke round the enclosure, but a series, each on a different level, one within

the other. On the outer side of each dyke is a canal dividing it from the next. These canals form an ascending series of levels, into the lowest of which is pumped the water from the polder, whence it is gradu-



McLeish

QUAINT OLD DRAWBRIDGE INTO AMSTERDAM'S JEWISH QUARTER

Amsterdam, the largest city of the Netherlands, is often called a "Venice of the North," for it is cut up into ninety islands connected with each other by over 300 bridges. In olden times, some of these canals were part of the fortifications, as this one may have been. In the house shown on the extreme right lived the famous painter, Rembrandt.



NICHOLLS

UNDER THE CAPSTAN in this fishing village, situated on the Zuider Zee, is an old seat, on which, on a sunny afternoon, it is pleasant to linger for a chat. When a Dutch girl becomes engaged she wears a plain gold ring on the third finger of her left hand and when she marries the same ring is her wedding ring, but she changes it to her right hand.



MCLEISH

THE TOY BOAT that this boy so proudly shows to his grandfather is a model of his father's fishing smack, a boat such as he himself hopes one day to own and sail over the Zuider Zee. A lambskin cap, like that worn by the old man, a short, double-breasted coat, well-patched trousers and wooden shoes make up the usual costume of the Dutch fisherman.

ally transferred to the highest level of all. This last canal conducts it into a main channel, which carries it away. Although the canals are separate, there is communication between them by means of which water can, when necessary, be discharged to a lower canal for irrigation or other purposes.

Steam and electricity have long since taken the place of the windmill in supplying power for pumping. At its best the windmill was a slow and somewhat uncertain machine.

When the North Sea Broke Through

By the polder system the Dutch have reclaimed thousands of acres of land that would otherwise have been not merely useless but unsanitary, and have added enormously to the country's powers of production and, incidentally, to the space near the towns available for houses. Indeed, some polders have been so completely built upon that the stranger would not guess that there had been a polder there at all. Reclamation still goes on; it is said that the people will never be contented until they have won back the biggest of all their polders, the Zuider Zee. Two of our illustrations show men at work on a dyke which forms part of the scheme by which it is hoped to reclaim a large portion of this shallow sea.

Until the thirteenth century what is now the Zuider Zee was more or less dry land joining up North Holland on the west with Friesland on the east, and extending northward from Amsterdam to the fringe of islands north of those provinces. In a series of mighty storms the North Sea broke through the outer barrier, bringing destruction and death to countless homesteads and transforming a flourishing countryside into a salt-water lake from which the fishermen are the only ones to profit.

Over the greater part of the Netherlands the soil is peat, and this fact adds enormously to the difficulties of house building. Amsterdam itself, the most important of the cities, stands on the site of a treacherous morass, and is entirely built upon piles.

Continuous Repairs Necessary

Amsterdam also illustrates the manner in which the canal system is constantly changing. In recent years some of its waterways have silted up and even dried up. Dredgers are always at work and the engineers always on duty to meet this or that difficulty as it arises. Indeed, we might almost say that the construction and repairing of dykes and canals and the making of polders are the staple industries of the Netherlands. In no other country is the engineering profession more important, and the high reputation of the Dutch engineers is known all over the world.

We think of the Netherlands as a rather depressingly flat country. Certainly North Holland, Friesland and Groningen answer to this description, as the only breaks in the monotonous landscape are the extensive sand dunes thrown up by the sea and wind, and the dykes that have been built. But north of Arnhem, in the southeast province of Gelderland, there is a "Dutch Switzerland" that has quite big hills. There are no great snow-capped mountains, but modest heights, with their sides covered by woods, and wide heaths where there are springs and cascades. Still, most of the country is low-lying and flat.

The unceasing struggle on the part of its inhabitants against the forces of Nature has produced a courageous and, in some ways, an amazingly interesting race. But whence came these Dutchmen?

The Early Inhabitants

Prehistoric remains in Friesland and Drenthe show that the early inhabitants were apparently akin to the early inhabitants of Gaul and Britain, and that they were there when the earliest Germanic settlers arrived. Dutch history begins, however, with the invasion of the north by the Frisians and the forming of a Frieslander state that at one time spread as far south as the Belgian town of Bruges. Among the islanders of Urk and Marken we still find types that suggest the ancient race that was in the Netherlands when the first invaders came.



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PREPARING TO TURN A SEA INTO FRUITFUL FARMING LAND

The fishermen of Volendam and Marken and Urk and all the other villages on the shores of the Zuider Zee will soon have nowhere to fish, for it was decided a few years ago to drain that shallow inland sea. This is to be done by means of a great dyke stretching from the north of North Holland to the island of Wieringen, and to Friesland on the mainland.



© E. N. A.

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF A DYKE NINETEEN MILES LONG

This great dam will turn 523,000 acres of water into fertile ground and will add about one-sixteenth to the present size of the Netherlands. It was begun in 1924, but it will probably be many years before it is finished. The foundation is made of brushwood, which we see in the upper photograph being tied into bundles, and in the lower being laid down.



DUTCH HOMES have been made known to us by the beautiful pictures of the old Dutch painters. Patterned tiles in blue and white, dishes of delftware on shelves around the walls, highly polished copper and brass, straight-backed chairs and a flagged floor with a rush mat or two—we expect to see all these in a Dutch living-room, and we are rarely disappointed.



MCLEISH

WOMEN OF VOLENDAM are as proud of their costume as they are of their spotlessly clean homes. They wear "winged" lace caps indoors and out, but their wooden shoes, or "klompen," are left outside. Volendam is one of the few places left where one may see these quaint costumes, for in most parts the young people are discarding them for European clothes.



© Ewing Galloway

IN THE MARKET PLACE OF ALKMAAR ROUND DUTCH CHEESES LIE IN HEAPS LIKE GREAT RED CANNON BALLS

On the North Holland Canal, 20 miles by railway northwest of Amsterdam, lies Alkmaar, the chief market for cheese in North Holland. On market days many tons of cheeses are laid out in piles in the square before the town Weigh House, while the adjoining streets are full of the wagons of the neighboring peasantry who sell their produce to commission merchants and retailers. The greater portion of the milk in North Holland is reserved for the making of butter and cheese. The home industry, however, has declined and much cheese is now factory made.

Under Spanish Rule

The Frisians were quite a separate race and resisted the Romans, but finally were subdued by Charlemagne, the great king of the Franks. In the Middle Ages we find the territory now comprising Holland and Belgium divided into feudal states, a considerable number of which passed in the fifteenth century into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy. Inter-marriage between the Burgundy family and the Austrian and Spanish royal families brought these three countries under the rule of one monarch, who afterward became the Emperor, Charles V.

The Netherlands did not suffer terribly under Charles V, but during the reign of his son, Philip II, the country passed through the worst period of its history. Because the people offered armed resistance to his demand for heavy taxes, and because their Protestant religion was objectionable to his zealous Catholicism, Philip II established the terrible Inquisition. Many of the inhabitants were sentenced to death and it is said that there was not a family that did not suffer the loss of one or more of its members. Although many attempts were made to resist the Spaniards it was not until 1581, under the leadership of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, that they were able to renounce the Spanish authority and to declare their independence.

The "Golden Age" of the Netherlands

The people were now free to turn their attention to other things than fighting and so their brave seamen were sent out to establish colonies in all parts of the world. As a commercial and colonizing power the Dutch had no rival at this time and, indeed, this period might well be termed the "Golden Age" for this little land became famous also for its literature, art and science.

There followed, however, wars with the English, their rivals on the sea, and with Austria. Then came Napoleon, who made the Netherlands a French province. His defeat at Waterloo and the subsequent Congress of Vienna resulted in all

the Netherlands becoming one state. This did not at all suit the southern provinces, so in 1852 they revolted and became a separate state that took the name of Belgium. The Dutch have since then been building up their little country most successfully and improving it in all ways. They were set back commercially during the World War, despite the fact that they remained neutral.

Characteristics of the People

We generally think of the modern Dutch folk as being somewhat dull and silent, slow to make up their minds, but amazingly obstinate when they have done so, and rather inclined in business to give too little and ask too much. These characteristics, however, are to be found chiefly in the north of the Netherlands, though even here the silent, contemplative Dutchman with his pipe and his glass of "schnapps" is not so common as he was. The native of Brabant in the south is a much more hasty and talkative person. So far as shrewdness in business is concerned, we are reminded of an old story that is worth retelling because it illustrates what is still the Dutch point of view. It concerns a British monarch, George II. He was staying in the town of Helvoet, and one day he stopped a pretty Dutch dairymaid and asked her what she had in her basket. "Eggs, mynheer," said she. "And what is the price?" "A ducat apiece, mynheer." The king exclaimed: "Are eggs so scarce then in Holland?" "No, mynheer," was the answer, "but kings are."

The young lady was probably a good deal smarter in her speech than most of the menfolk. The moral of the story is, however, that in business dealings the Dutch are specially inclined to take advantage of any chance that may help them to drive a good bargain. The reason is fairly obvious. They have had to fight so hard and to use their wits so strenuously for the preservation of their land and the bare necessities of existence, that the habit of looking after their own interests to an exceptional extent has gradually become part of their nature.



MCLEISH

VOLENDAM, a dyke-protected town, lies on the western shores of the Zuider Zee, actually below the level of the sea. Though only a little fishing village, it is much visited by artists and holiday-makers from other lands, for it is one of the few places in which we can still see the quaint Dutch costumes that our picture-books have made so familiar to us.



MCLEISH

WINDMILLS are to be seen all over the Netherlands, for their sails once worked the pumps that help the dykes and dunes to keep the waters of the sea, canals and rivers from overflowing and flooding the land. If it had not been for them over a third of the country would have been under water at high tide. This windmill stands on the dykes near Flushing.

Importance of Dutch Women

As regards the Dutch woman, she has always taken a very important place in Dutch national life. A visitor to the Netherlands wrote: "To be master of his own house is an idea which seems never to have occurred to the mind of a genuine Dutchman; nor did he ever commence any undertaking, whether public or private, without first consulting the partner of his cares."

The shipping trade is the backbone of the two chief commercial cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and agriculture and fishing are the main occupations of the rest of the country.

The black and white cows of Friesland are famous, and the trade in cheese, of which Alkmaar and Edam are the great centres, is world-wide. One of our illustrations is a picture of the Weigh House and cheese mart at Alkmaar, which is held every Friday in the season. A day or two before, countless cheeses are brought to Alkmaar by rail, road and canal, and stacked, covered by tarpaulins, in the huge open space until the opening of the market. This takes place at 10 o'clock on Friday morning, and all day long stolid-looking Dutchmen stand about the piles of cheeses, tasting with a scoop, bargaining about the price and watching while the purchases are duly weighed. There are dozens of Weigh Houses in Holland, many of which are very old. But to-day none does harder work than that of Alkmaar.

Acres and Acres of Tulips

Almost as well known an industry as cheese-making is the growing of tulips and hyacinths. This is centred around Haarlem, where a "Tulip Sunday" is observed—about the third week in April—when as many people as can get there journey to the famous old town.

Anybody traveling by the railway from Leiden to Haarlem can get an excellent view of the acres upon acres of rectangular beds covered with gorgeous blossoms, and can smell the delicious scent they give to the air. The Dutchman, how-

ever, does not grow flowers chiefly because he enjoys their beauty or scent, but as a hard, though fairly profitable business.

The towns and villages around the Zuider Zee and in Zeeland are still dependent on the fisheries, and their boats venture far into the North Sea and as near to the English coasts as international regulations permit. In the inland towns the distilleries for the production of gin and similar spirits form a thriving industry. Amsterdam boasts its own particular industry—diamond-cutting. One district in the city, close to the Jewish quarter, is entirely devoted to this trade.

Arnhem, the Gay City

There are not many "idle rich" in the Netherlands. Neither the large, busy cities nor the villages provide them with the kind of amusement for which they are supposed to live. If anywhere, they are to be found at The Hague, which, besides being the official Dutch capital, is also the least Dutch of the Dutch towns, or at Arnhem, which has maintained its medieval reputation as the gayest of the cities of Gelderland.

Your real Dutchman is orderly in all things. In planning his house or his garden he prefers straight lines to curved ones. That may be a fault in him; and the strictly practical outlook of the modern Dutchman has often been contrasted with the artistic spirit that made the Netherlands in the seventeenth century famous among the cultured nations. Many of the modern Dutch artists, however, have worthily continued the country's artistic traditions, and there is no real evidence that the average Dutchman is more lacking in good taste than a member of any other race.

Whatever defects he may have in this respect are largely compensated by his passion for cleanliness, which is famous throughout the world. The Dutch towns, especially the smaller ones, are kept spotlessly clean.

The village of Broek, in the Waterland of North Holland, has long been supposed to lead all the others in this matter. At one time it was said that in Broek men



ARNHEM, IN GELDERLAND, lies in a wooded and slightly hilly country, the beauty of which has attracted many wealthy people. This avenue of lofty beeches leads to one of the many fine mansions in the neighborhood. About the people of this province there runs an old proverb, "Great in courage, poor in goods, sword in hand, such is the motto of Gelderland."



McLeish

ZEALAND MILKMAID GOES HER MORNING ROUNDS

Dogs are not kept simply as pets by Dutch tradespeople. They must work for their keep between the shafts of their master's cart delivering tradesmen's goods from house to house or bringing in the vegetables from the market gardens to the groceries. In Belgium and France as well dogs are employed where in this country horses or automobiles would be used.

were forbidden to smoke except with a covered pipe bowl, so that the ash might not be scattered; and that cows were not allowed to pass through the village, but had to be conducted round the outskirts. Boys were paid, so runs the legend, to blow the dust out of cracks in the pavement four times an hour, and it was an unwritten law that if a villager, from his window, saw a leaf fall, he should come out, pick it up and drop it into the canal.

Yet whatever may have been the special virtues of Broek, that very pleasant little village is to-day no more spick-and-span than many dozens of similar ones. It does indeed struggle hard to maintain its position. At one of its farms we may still see the cows' tails tied up to a beam in the stable roof, so that the animals may not soil the glossiness of their flanks by swishing them! Whether the cows like it does not seem to matter. But plenty of other places have their own customs of cleanliness. The solitary spot in the country where this truly Dutch tradition is not observed is the foreign quarter of Amsterdam, where there is a complete indifference to soap and water.

It has been said that a Dutch housewife's idea of happiness in a future world is to have a dwelling on the Dutch model, in which she may rub and scrub and polish throughout eternity. Even in the barges on the canals the same passion prevails. A detachable washing tray can be seen on every bulwark. It would be strange perhaps if this were not so, for the barge is as important to Dutch national life as the house itself, and the woman whose home it is, is as anxious to keep it beautifully clean and tidy as if it were a palace.

Dutch churches are swept and cleaned with quite as much care as Dutch homes. In other respects, perhaps, the majority of these churches are a little dull and disappointing to the visitor. What strikes us most is their bare expanse of white-washed wall and the absence of decorations or paintings of the sort to which the traveler is accustomed in other parts of Europe. The Netherlands is essentially a stronghold of the Protestant religion and the thoroughness with which its inhabitants did away with every sign of Papal rule can easily be explained.

The southern provinces of Brabant and

FOLK OF A WATER-LOGGED COUNTRY

Limburg have large numbers of Roman Catholics, but otherwise the only notable exception to the Protestant communities of the country is the fishing village of Volendam. Several of the older churches elsewhere still contain carvings and tombs of historical interest; but the typical

Dutch church is the small, unpretentious building of brick and stone, with its white-washed walls, plain pulpit and plainer pews.

It is in the Dutch houses that we see the Dutchman's effort to make up for the natural dullness of the country. In this



Nicholls

OLD PEASANT COUPLE FROM OUDE BEIJERLAND, SOUTH HOLLAND

Much of South Holland is "polder" land, or land reclaimed from the sea by dykes, or often a series of them. On its fertile soil cereals, flax and beetroot are grown. South of the island of Beijerland, in the north of which dwells this homely but good-hearted couple, is the Hollandsch Diep, an arm of the sea formed during a great flood in 1421.



© EWING GALLOWAY

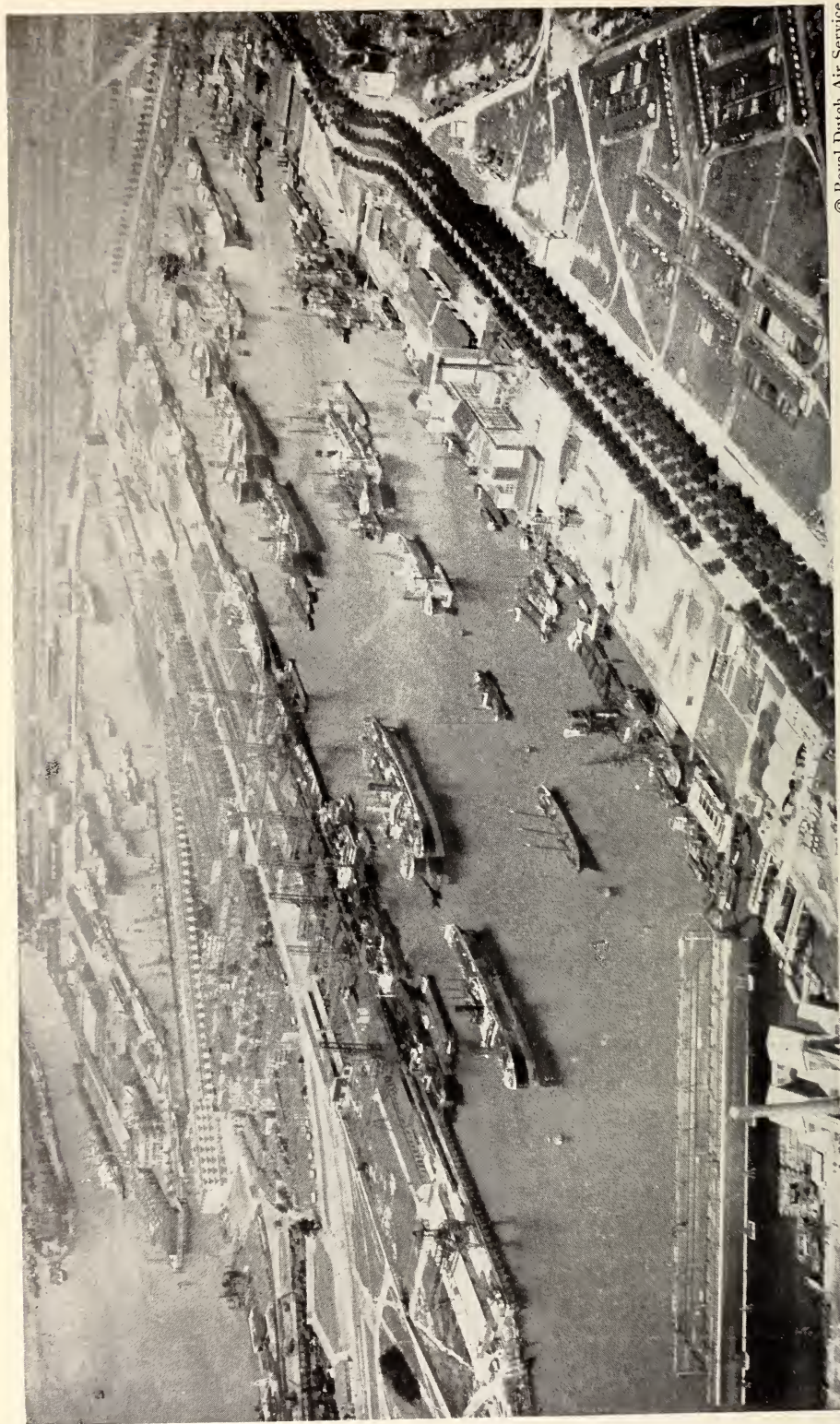
GREAT SAND DUNES are Zoutlande's only protection against the North Sea, for this little Zealand village on the island of Walcheren lies below sea level. Fortunately the dunes here are natural, but, needless to say, the people who live behind them quickly repair them if storm or

strong wind lessen their height. The coarse marram grass that grows upon the dunes is the Zoutlander's friend, too, for it binds together the loose, shifting sand. The starched caps worn by Dutch women vary greatly in shape in different districts, as we can see in the various photographs.



MCLEISH

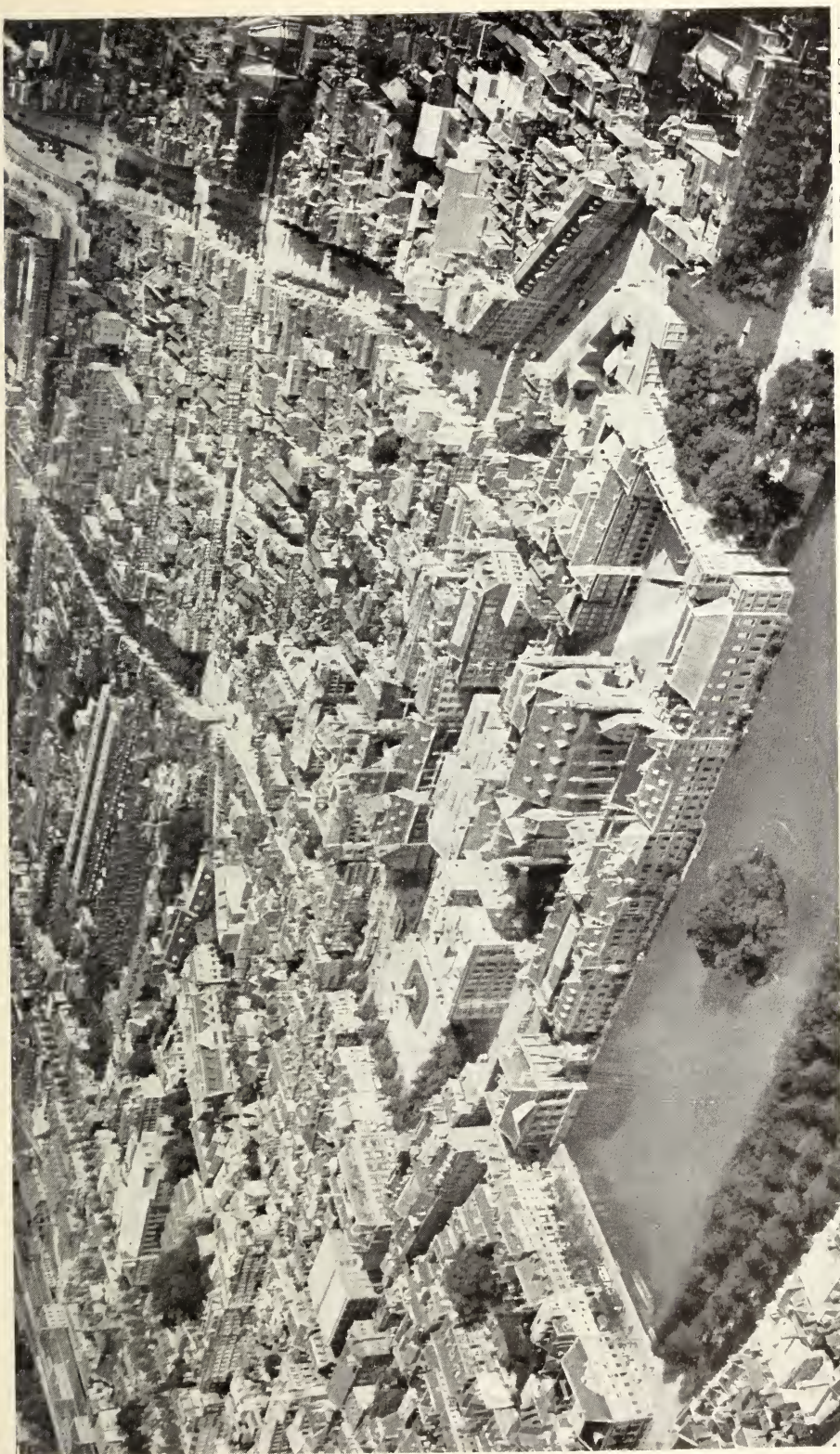
MIDDELBURG, the capital of Zeeland, always a pleasant spot, is at its best on fair days and market days, for then the country people from all the islands of Zeeland flock to the town in their varied costumes. In Middelburg itself, as in Flushing, the Dutch dress is not much worn, though occasionally we may see it in such quaint streets as this.



© Royal Dutch Air Service

LOOKING DOWN ON THE THRONGED HARBOR OF ROTTERDAM, THE BUSIEST SEAPORT OF THE NETHERLANDS

Rotterdam is now the second largest town in the Netherlands, but only within the last hundred years has it become very important. It stands on both banks of the River Maas—the old town on the right bank and the chief harbor works on the left. In the middle of the river is the island of Noordereiland. We can just see an end of it in the top left-hand corner of this photograph. The large sheet of water we see is the Maashaven, which covers 140 acres and is used by great ocean liners. Behind it is the Rynhaven, which is just about half this size



© Royal Dutch Air Service

THE HAGUE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CITY WHERE THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND LIVES AND HAS HER GOVERNMENT

The handsome, spacious city of The Hague was once the hunting resort of the Counts of Holland, and is therefore still called in Dutch 's Graven Hage, which means "The Count's Enclosure." Although it became a large place and the political capital at the end of the sixteenth century, it was not given the privileges of a town until the nineteenth century, and so for a long time it was called "the largest village in Europe." Across the ornamental water in the foreground of this photograph is the Binnenhof, the building in which the Dutch parliament meets.



MCLEISH

UTRECHT is an old and interesting town that dates back to Roman times. In the thirteenth century its cathedral was built on the site of a church founded in 720 by St. Willibrord, Utrecht's first bishop. The graceful tower that we see here is separated from the rest of the cathedral, since the nave, which collapsed in 1674, has never been rebuilt.



© E. N. A.

AT HAARLEM all that remains of the many gates which pierced the protecting walls that once surrounded the town is the dignified and many towered Spaarnewouder or Amsterdam Gate shown here. Haarlem is one of the most attractive towns in the Netherlands for in the spring it is encircled by fields of hyacinths, tulips and narcissi which it cultivates.

FOLK OF A WATER-LOGGED COUNTRY

land of monotonously low horizons the houses, which, in the towns at any rate, are high and narrow, are built with steep gables, straight or stepped, that break the sky line. To compensate for the gray skies that brood over the Netherlands, these houses are painted in bright colors.

In Broek, the little dwellings show an amazing variety of paint, greens and reds predominating, and the painted wooden houses of the isle of Marken, with their red tile roofs, are similarly attractive. Colored glass is often used for the windows, and even the plain glass windows are kept so carefully polished that their gleaming brightness is a feature of the house. Nor must we forget the charming effect of the shutters checkered in blue and yellow, or in red and black or white.

The interiors of the houses vary with individual tastes, but there is generally plenty of color in them. Modern Delft

ware is inferior to the older product, but it retains all its popularity in the Dutch household, whether for tiles or china. Brass and copper utensils made in the country not only appeal to the housewife's fondness for rubbing and polishing, but, properly burnished, they help to make a room sparkle with light and warmth.

Many picturesque national costumes survive. The style of dress that travelers talked about as a curiosity more than a century ago is still worn in Volendam. Women with embroidered bodices and huge, mitre-like caps, and men in their less colorful but distinctive short jackets with two rows of buttons and enormously wide trousers, are still to be seen about the Volendam quays. Other Dutch fishermen also wear the capacious trousers fastened by a band round the waist, and the use of wooden clogs for shoes is common among country and sea-faring folk.

THE NETHERLANDS: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

The Netherlands (generally called Holland), in northwestern Europe, is bounded on the south by Belgium, east by Germany and north and west by the North Sea. The area, excluding water is 12,602 square miles; including interior waters, 13,220 square miles; population is 7,625,938.

GOVERNMENT AND CONSTITUTION

Monarchy, hereditary and constitutional. Executive power vested in Sovereign; legislative authority rests conjointly in Sovereign and parliament (called States-General) consisting of 2 chambers; Upper or First Chamber composed of 50 members elected by provincial states; members of the Second Chamber, numbering 100, are elected directly by universal suffrage. The Sovereign exercises executive authority through a Council of Ministers. There is also a State Council of 14 members, named by the Sovereign who acts as president, which is consulted on all legislative and some executive matters. Provinces (11), each with own representative body, divided into 1,079 communes which have separate Corporations.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Agriculture and animal husbandry are highly intensive. Large estates prevail in provinces of Zealand, South Holland, Groningen and North Holland; small estates in North Brabant, Guelders, Limburg and Overijssel. Principal crops are rye, oats, wheat, potatoes, sugar, beets, vegetables, fruits and bulbous plants. There is a large milk output. Coal is the only important mineral. Herring and

oyster-fishing important. Shipbuilding is carried on; manufacturing industries include diamond-cutting, distilling, sugar-refining, beet-sugar factories, salt works, breweries and tobacco factories. Chief exports are fish, cheese, butter, eggs, sugar, vegetable oils and chemicals. Imports are corn, spice, coffee, manufactured goods, mineral oils, raw cotton, machinery, iron and steel.

COMMUNICATIONS

The total length of canals is about 2,000 miles; railway, 2,284 miles. Telegraph lines, mostly state-owned, have a wire mileage of 29,236 miles; telephone wire mileage, 470,000 miles. There is regular international aeroplane service.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

Entire freedom of religion. The royal family and a great part of the inhabitants belong to the Reformed Church. State budget contains allowances for different churches. Education compulsory between the ages of 7 and 13. Religious and sectarian instruction are separate. There are many private schools largely supported by the state; numerous technical schools, 4 famous public universities at Leiden, Utrecht, Groningen and Amsterdam, 1 technical university, 1 agricultural university and 2 private universities.

CHIEF TOWNS

Amsterdam, population, 734,884; Rotterdam, 571,842; The Hague, 416,170; Utrecht, 151,660; Haarlem, 113,304; Groningen, 101,310; Nieuwegein, 77,580; Arnhem, 76,619.

LITTLE BELGIUM'S TWO STURDY RACES

Thrifty People Who Have Made Their Country Rich

The historic and beautiful places in the land of the Belgians are well known to the reading and traveling public, but less well known are its inhabitants, who are of two distinct races—the Flemings and the Walloons—speaking totally different languages, Flemish and French. Physically and mentally, the members of these two races have nothing in common, and yet the Belgian nation is a very united one, as was proved by its heroic struggles during the World War and by its rapid industrial recovery after 1918. Belgium is one of the most densely populated areas in the world, and its inhabitants are thrifty and hard-working. In this chapter we shall visit such charming medieval cities as Bruges and Ghent, as well as the squalid mining districts of the province of Hainault—the Belgian “Black Country.”

THE little country of Belgium is one of the best known and most interesting of the European countries. Even those of us who have not been able to travel know that its people played a heroic part in the World War and that the land was sadly devastated during the years of German occupation. To travelers, however, its chief interest lies in the many wonderful and beautiful medieval cities, the fine buildings and art treasures.

Although people may know the cities and buildings of Belgium very well, it is not easy to understand or to get to know the Belgians as a people. This is because the Belgians do not make friends easily; they are a quiet and reserved race. Before a Belgian will tell you about himself with freedom, it is necessary to win his confidence and to appeal to his heart, and that is not easy when one is only staying a short time in the country.

It is because of their reserved natures that the Belgians are very often misunderstood. Until the World War they were treated by other nations with a certain amount of disdain. The war brought a great change, for it was then that the Belgians showed themselves to be a nation of heroes.

The Belgian nation is made up of two distinct races, the Flemings and the Walloons. The Flemings are very like the Dutch, and belong to the same Teutonic stock as the Anglo-Saxons. The Walloons, on the other hand, are much more like their neighbors, the French. The

Flemings are fair and rosy-faced and inclined to be a little fat; the Walloons are dark and pale and of finer physique. Although they are, perhaps, not so hard-working, they are more clever.

Both the Walloons and the Flemings, however, are much the same in general character, because they have never fought with one another during the many centuries they have been united. They both have the same religious faith—they are Roman Catholics. Strangely enough, however, they speak entirely different languages—the one similar to the French language, from which it is derived, and the other more like the language of the Germans.

The Belgian peasants are extremely hard-working and lead simple lives. Seldom are they ill, and we may see peasants of a great age still working and taking a prominent place in the life of their village. Although they work from daybreak to sunset and have few pleasures, on Sunday they put on their best clothes and go out to amuse themselves. They love to sit in a café drinking coffee or light beer or in the public gardens, where often a band may be playing.

It is entirely due to the superlative industry of the people that Belgium is one of the most, if not the most, intensively cultivated country in the world. Some of the land is fertile, especially near the rivers where the rich sediment has been deposited, but much of it, like that in Holland, has been reclaimed by building sand dunes, polders and canals. How de-



JOEL

WATERWAYS OF BRUGES are like mirrors, reflecting most delightfully the old houses that frame them. We stand on the Quai du Rosaire, almost in the centre of the town, for this view, and over the housetops we see the spires and turrets of the town hall, a Gothic building built about 1376. Bruges is in west Belgium, not far from the Dutch frontier.



NICHOLLS

“A CITY OF BRIDGES” that is Bruges, for it has so many of them. Its name—in Flemish “Brugge”—means bridges. This is the Pont du Cheval, or Bridge of the Horse, seen from the Quai Vert. Over the houses and trees towers the famous belfry. This waterway is the River Reye, that winds across the town. Two canals connect Bruges with the North Sea.

LITTLE BELGIUM'S TWO STURDY RACES



Onslow

FRENCH-SPEAKING WOMAN OF BELGIUM

The Walloons, who live in the southern part of Belgium, are allied to the French both in appearance and in language. Here is one sturdy member of the race who, you will notice, carries her sleeping baby in a basket fastened on her back.

lightful it is to drive through the countryside on the straight well-paved roads, lined with trees, and to see the small farms looking for all the world like model gardens. This is especially true in the central part and in Flanders in the western part. Almost all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruit are grown, and some of the highly cultivated varieties, such as

endive and luscious, meaty grapes, are found in our own fruit stores. In spite of the large agricultural production, Belgium, which is more densely populated than China, has to get some of her food from other countries.

Besides being a very rich agricultural district, the Walloon, or southern part of Belgium contains large deposits of coal which is the most valuable product of the country. Formerly, women worked in the pits and even children after their twelfth year were allowed to go down, which was ruinous to their health. The government has forbidden women and children to work within the mines, but one will see women, their faces and arms covered with dust, doing much of the work at the surface, such as sorting coal, hauling carts, and hundreds of other things that in this country would be done by men. The conditions under which the miners are forced to live are very bad, as often the houses are little better than hovels and many people are crowded into them.

Iron, too, is mined extensively in this region known as the "Black Country" and the metallurgical chemical and glass-making industries which have grown up near coal and iron mines make it the principal industrial centre of the country. Belgium's other in-

dustries, for which she is perhaps more famous, are the making of hand-made lace, and her linen and woolen goods.

Geographically, as well as racially, Belgium is divided into two sections. The flat country of the north and the hill country of the south are separated by the River Meuse. The river system also shares this peculiarity, for the two chief

LITTLE BELGIUM'S TWO STURDY RACES

ivers flowing through Belgium, the Schelde and the Meuse, differ greatly. The sluggish Schelde may be described as the river of the lowland, while the swift-flowing Meuse, which breaks its way through the ranges of the beautiful Ardennes, may be called the river of French Belgium. Most of the famous towns of Belgium are situated on the banks of one of these important rivers.

Ghent is situated at the junction of the Schelde and Lys and is the capital of East Flanders. It is the centre of the important cotton and linen industries of Belgium. In the eighteenth century, Ghent was one of the wealthiest and most important cities in all Europe, and it still has many memorials of its past greatness. Everyone goes to see the famous old belfry which has stood there since the twelfth century, and its forty-four bells have rung out on many great historical occasions. Ghent also has a beautiful cathedral and fine law courts which are almost surrounded by water.

Brussels, which is by far the largest town in Belgium, is situated in the centre of the kingdom, on the River Senne. Chief among its ancient buildings are the beautiful Town Hall, the Cathedral of St. Gudule and the Guild Houses which date from the Middle Ages, but unlike most of the other Belgian towns, it does not contain many relics of the past. It is the capital and the centre of modern Belgium, and is a beautiful city, with interesting shops and fine streets and avenues.

Painters love the old cities and towns of Belgium,

for in them is still preserved the spirit of medieval Europe. Of these fine old towns, Bruges, which is called the "Venice of the North" on account of its many waterways, is undoubtedly the most picturesque and interesting. At one time it was the great commercial and artistic centre of Northern Europe, and here great scholars and fine painters were encouraged to make their homes. Vessels



Onslow

FLEMISH SHOEMAKER HARD AT WORK

Like the Dutch folk and the Bretons the working people of Belgium very often wear "sabots," or shoes made of beech wood. These shoes can be made with a simple outfit of tools and their manufacture is a widespread home industry.



© E. N. A.

FROM THE BELFRY of Bruges, which is 353 feet high and houses a fine carillon of forty-seven bells, we look down over a jumble of narrow, pointed roofs to the twelfth century cathedral of St. Sauveur. Bruges is a fine example of a prosperous medieval town. At the height of its prosperity, in the fourteenth century, not only trade but art prospered exceedingly.



MCLEISH

THE LAW COURTS OF BRUSSELS occupy a stupendous building that, standing on high ground, dominates the city. It is quite modern (the foundation stone was laid in 1866) and it has an area greater than that of St. Peter's at Rome. We are looking at it from the lofty and lovely tower of the town hall. The church is that of Notre Dame de la Chapelle.



Nicholls

BEAUTIFUL CORNER OF THE ONE-TIME CAPITAL OF FLANDERS

These quaint houses, rising from the water and overlooked by a graceful belfry, are in Bruges, which is said to have been a city as long ago as the seventh century. Baldwin II, Count of Flanders, fortified it and made it his home, and in the twelfth century it was the capital of Flanders. In the fourteenth century, it regulated the rate of exchange in Europe.

of all countries unloaded their rich and varied cargoes here, and often as many as one hundred and fifty stately vessels entered the dock in one day.

Every year thousands of visitors come to visit wonderful Bruges to admire its striking architecture and its priceless art treasures. In its quaint old streets peasants may be seen sitting at their doors making beautiful and valuable lace, for lace-making is one of the industries for which the city is famed.

If we are at Bruges for the first Monday after May 2, we shall be able to see the celebrated yearly procession called the procession of the "Holy Blood." This magnificent religious ceremony always at-

tracts large numbers of pilgrims and sightseers to the ancient Flemish city. The object is to honor the Relic of the Precious Blood shed on Calvary.

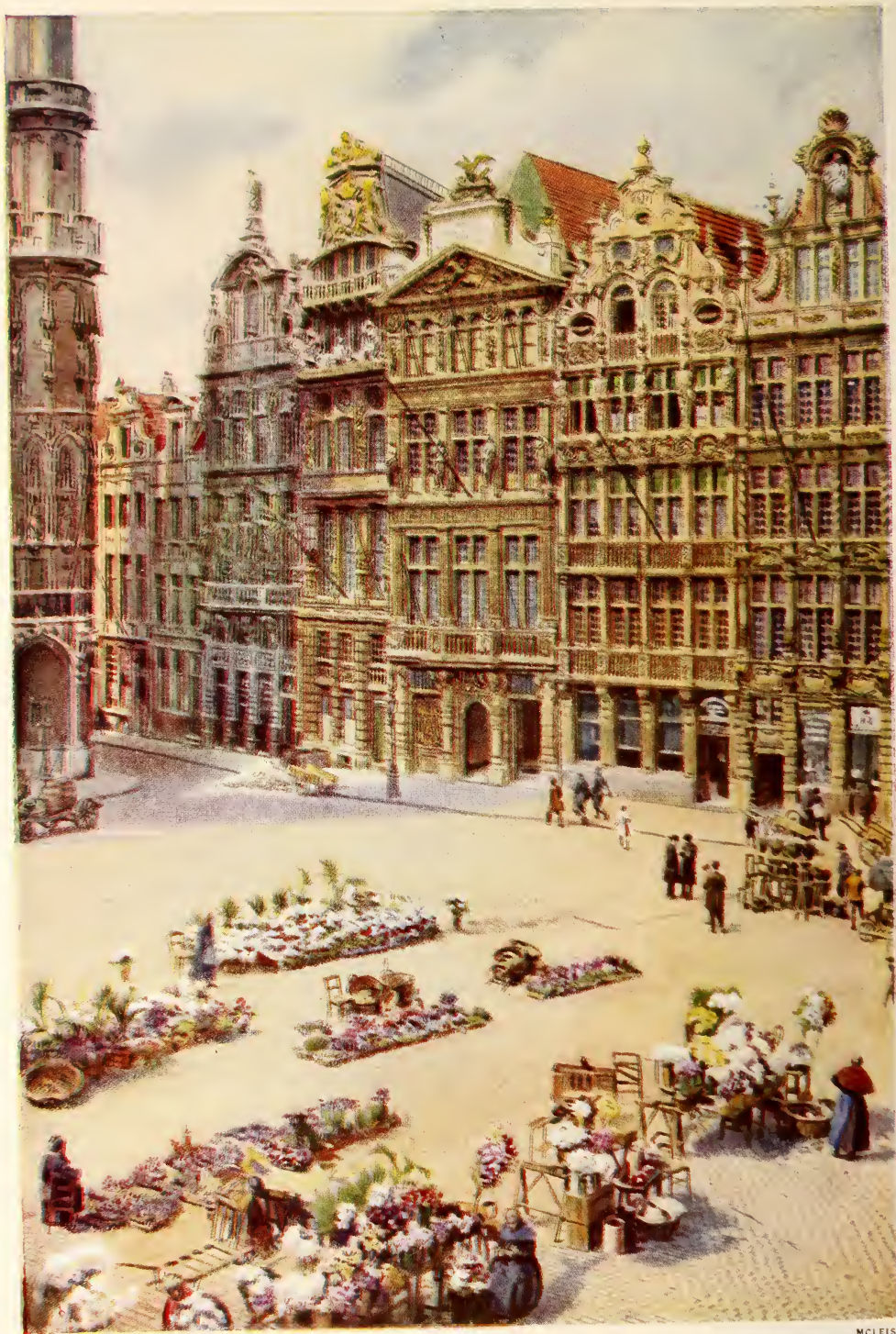
The relic was given in 1148 to the Count of Flanders by his brother-in-law, Baldwin III, King of Jerusalem. The procession depicts episodes in the lives of great saints and scenes from the Old and New Testaments, then come the relic and clergy, followed by bishops and civic authorities in gorgeous robes. Some idea of the magnificence of the spectacle may be gathered from the fact that the procession lasts at least two hours and a half, and the gorgeous costumes and banners are of immense value.



© E. N. A.

TAPERING TOWER AND FINE FAÇADE OF THE PRIDE OF BRUSSELS

The noblest building in Brussels—some say in the Netherlands—is its town hall, which stands on the south side of the market place, or Grand Place. It was begun in 1410, and its graceful, open spire was finished in 1454. On the summit is an unusual weather-vane—a gigantic gilded statue of St. Michael, brandishing a sword. To the right of the photograph we see some of the old Guild Houses, which are shown in color on page 212.



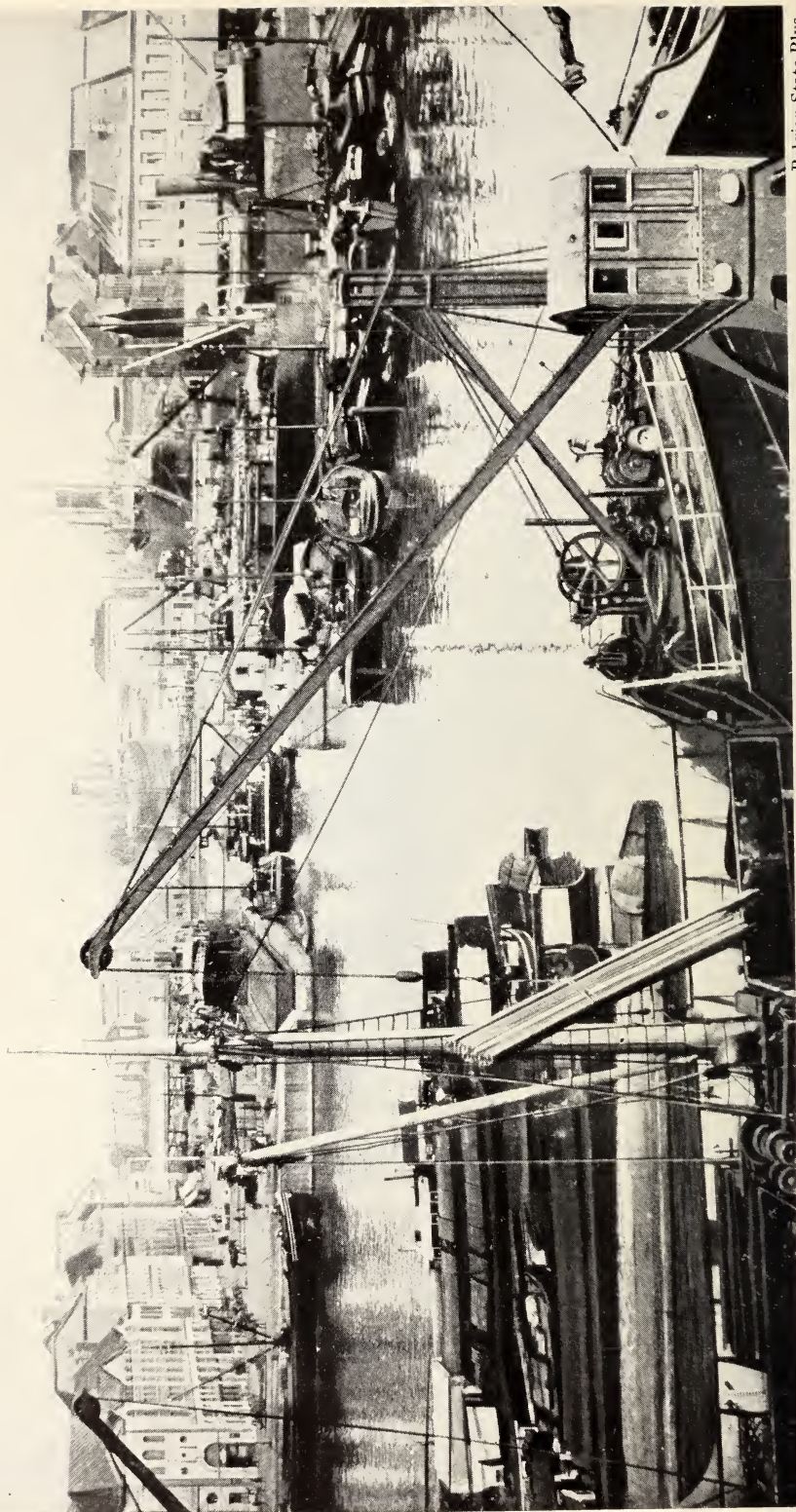
MCLEISH

AROUND THE GRAND PLACE, the beautiful and interesting market square of Brussels, are many delightful old buildings—the Guild Houses of the ancient corporations. On the left is a corner of the town hall; next come the Mercers' Hall, the Skippers' Hall, with its gable like a ship's stern, and the Halls of the Archers, Coopers and Grease-makers.



MCLEISH

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE is seen at its finest in some of the old towns of Belgium. In the centre of Louvain, a town of importance in the fourteenth century, is this graceful building—the town hall which is typically Gothic in its pointed arches and ornate carvings. Fortunately, it escaped damage during the World War, though the town itself suffered terribly.



Belgian State Ryss.

WHERE CANAL BOATS ARE UNLOADED IN THE MAGNIFICENT HARBOR OF ANTWERP ON THE SCHELDE

Antwerp, fifty-five miles from the mouth of the River Schelde, is not only the chief port of Belgium, but one of the most important in all Europe. It is an old city, with a history that goes back to the fourth century, and in the sixteenth century it was, for a time, the wealthiest

town on the continent of Europe. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that it is one of the most interesting towns in Belgium, with its beautiful old buildings, its museums, its works of art, and its enormous docks, where huge Atlantic steamers may be seen alongside the quays.



RIVER SCENE SUCH AS FLEMISH MASTERS LOVED TO PAINT

Along its placid course to the Schelde the Lys provides many a charming scene of industry wedded to calm and settled beauty. This photograph was taken on the outskirts of Courtrai and shows on the right one of the poplar-fringed towing paths so characteristic of the Belgian countryside, while on the left may be had a glimpse of flax ready for "retting" or rotting.



SOAKING FLAX IN THE WATERS OF THE "GOLDEN RIVER"

The wealth of Courtrai and the surrounding district depends on linen in all stages of manufacture from flax to lace; and the reason for this pre-eminence rests with the river Lys. Owing to some quality of its water it is excellent above other rivers for rotting the flax, so much so that Irish flax is sent all the way there and back for this purpose alone.



IN THE LOW COUNTRY of North Flanders there are long, straight canals, fringed with trim poplars and overlooked here and there by sturdy windmills. This is the canal that runs from Bruges to Damme and thence to Sluys. Sleepy little Damme used once to be the seaport of the wealthy town of Bruges, and was then an important place commercially. It stood



KNOX

at that time upon a river, the Zwyn. But early in the fifteenth century the waterway began to be filled up with silt and sand, which sounded the death-knell to the prosperity of Damme and Sluys, and even of opulent Bruges. By the nineteenth century, the river was dried up. A canal now connects these three towns with the sea, and a canal connects Bruges with Ostend.



Donald McLeish

GHENT'S CATHEDRAL AND HER TRIBUTE TO HER ILLUSTRIOUS SONS

Ghent has many old buildings in the Flemish style, but foremost of all its public edifices is the great Cathedral of St. Bavo. Though externally plain, the great church is richly decorated within and contains the famous Adoration of the Lamb by the brothers Van Eyck, who made Ghent the centre of Flemish art and whose monument is seen on the right.



Donald McLeish

RUINED TOWER OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CLOTH HALL OF YPRES

As it stood before the World War in the Grand Place at Ypres the Cloth Hall was one of the largest and finest Gothic buildings of its kind in Belgium. It was built mainly between 1201 and 1304, and the tower, which served the town as a belfry, was one of the first portions to be erected. The ruins are preserved as a memorial of the World War.



SMITH, BRUSSELS

THE BEGUINAGE STE. ELIZABETH, which is in the southwest of Bruges, is surrounded by a moat, and all the houses, which are low and whitewashed, face toward an elm-shaded courtyard. It was founded in the thirteenth century and has a fine church that dates from

1605. The inhabitants of this little settlement were Beguines, pious women who devoted their lives to charity. They were not nuns and took no vows. These sisterhoods were founded in the twelfth century and once flourished in France, Germany, the Netherlands, and countries nearby.



SMITH, BRUSSELS

BETWEEN CLIFF AND RIVER, the town of Dinant stretches for nearly a mile along the right bank of the River Meuse directly south of Namur. It is a tourist centre located in the wooded, hilly part of eastern Belgium which is known as the Ardennes. Before the World

War it was a picturesque old town, but less than a month after the war started it was burned by the invading Germans and only 112 houses remained. It has been rebuilt, and even the old, ruined church now has a spire. Upon the cliff-top, 300 feet above the town, is a citadel.



Nicholls

ALL HANDS TO THE ROPE TO PULL A BARGE ALONG A CANAL IN BELGIUM

In this country barges are usually propelled by means of engines, but in Belgium the captain of the barge and his family put on the harness and plod along the bank. It will be noticed that many of the people who are waiting for the bridge to be lowered have bicycles, which are

used by the workmen in getting to and from their work. Belgium, like the Netherlands to the north, has a splendid system of canals, along which barges loaded with all kinds of merchandise go to the great cities, the coast, or into France and the Netherlands.



Donald McLeish

A BELGIAN MILKWOMAN ON HER MORNING ROUND

In the smaller towns of Belgium the daily milk supplies are still distributed from door to door in little carts generally drawn by dogs. Various breeds are employed, and they pull weights which are surprising to those unaware of the dog's powers as a draught animal.



BENEVOLENT GOVERNMENT KEEPS AN EYE ON THE MILK

An inspector recording the details of a sample of milk he has taken for examination. The fine team of animals harnessed to the cart help their owner in her business in various ways, as, for example, by turning the wheel churns in common use throughout Belgium,



© E. N. A.

THE FOREST OF THE ARDENNES, the Belgian Highlands, has many beauties such as this to charm the eye and the imagination. This lovely spot is in the valley of the River Lesse, five miles from Dinant. A castle was built upon this rock in the thirteenth century, but it was destroyed in the sixteenth, and in 1581 this, the Château de Walzin, was erected.

Belgium is full of beautiful pictures and works of art, but many of the marvelous art treasures and stately buildings were destroyed by the Germans in the World War, which nearly caused the complete destruction of this gallant little nation.

We remember that after war was declared, the Germans quickly advanced toward Paris across Belgian territory; that the Belgian troops gathering at Liège and Namur delayed them for several days during which time the French and British were organizing their forces. Belgian cities fell to the Germans one by one and the famous battles of the Yser and Ypres were fought on Belgian soil. Buildings were destroyed, the land desolated, mines and factories were blown up and valuable machinery sent to Germany.

Great Task of Reconstruction

The Germans occupied Belgium four years but as soon as the Armistice was signed, the Belgians bravely set about reconstructing the almost hopelessly devastated area. They borrowed money both at home and abroad; they instituted new taxes; they organized co-operative societies; they brought back the thousands of refugees who at the outbreak of hostilities had gone to Holland, France and England, and set them to work; they recovered the machinery that had been taken by the Germans. Everyone had to work exceedingly hard in order to regain the lost prosperity, but the Belgians have shown the world what hard and determined workers they are, for the recovery of their country has been astonishingly rapid.

Belgium, unfortunately for its inhabitants, has frequently been the battlefield of Europe, and has, therefore, been nicknamed "the Cockpit of Europe." It has been laid waste many times, but the Belgians have never been daunted and have rebuilt over the old ruins.

Under Spanish and Dutch Rule

In the preceding articles we have read of the early history of the Netherlands, of which Belgium formed the southern

part, and of their great sufferings under Spanish rule. The people of Southern, or Spanish Netherlands, as it was called to distinguish it from the Dutch Netherlands, did not fall under the terror of the Spanish Inquisition because they had never been converted to Protestantism, against which the Inquisition was directed, and although they were badly ruled by Spanish governors, they enjoyed a measure of prosperity.

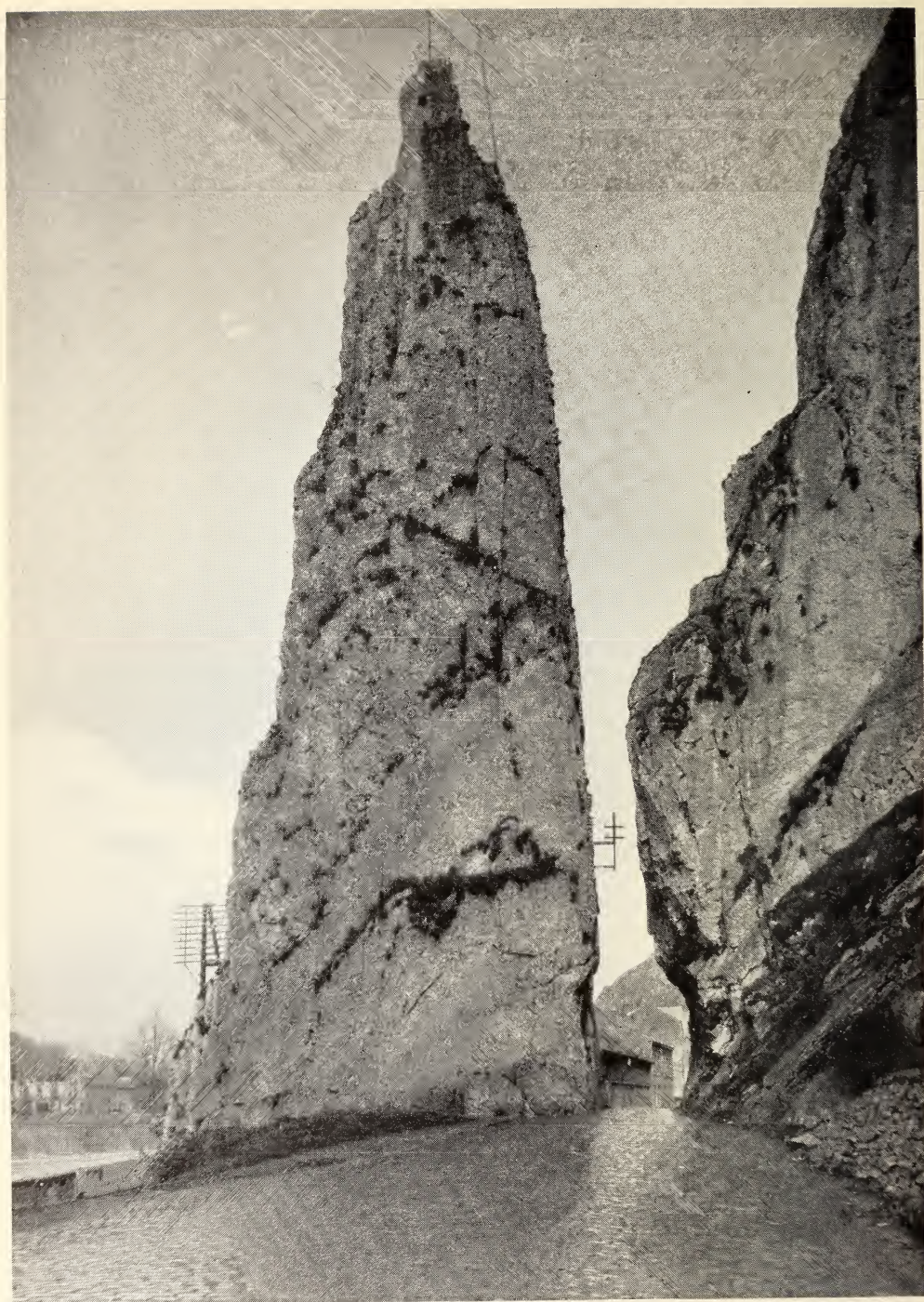
After the Dutch had gained their independence from Spain they were frequently at war with the people of the Spanish Netherlands as were the French. We remember that Napoleon invaded the country and that after his defeat at Waterloo, it was put under the government of Holland; that the people, dissatisfied with Dutch rule, revolted in 1830 and became a separate kingdom, taking the name Belgium from "Belgæ" which Cæsar had called the people.

The greatest period of Belgium's history was during the twelfth century when trade and industry, especially the cloth industry, were at their height. The towns of Bruges, Ghent, Ypres and many others, then governed as communes, enjoyed an extraordinary prosperity and the pride of the merchants and corporations in their respective towns is still shown in the fine belfries and guild houses which have been preserved.

Belgium Secures Colonies

The period between the independence of Belgium and 1914 was also a prosperous one and in spite of its small size, it came to the fore commercially, industrially and intellectually. In 1908 it obtained possession of the Belgian Congo, one of the richest of African colonies. By the Treaty of Versailles, in 1919, Belgium gained the Walloon districts of Eupen and Malmedy and undertook a mandate for Ruands and Urundi, part of German East Africa. From the rapid strides which the country has already made since the war, it would appear that Belgium is now entering upon an important period.

The first sight of Belgium that the visitor obtains, if he approaches it by sea,



Publishers Photo Service

BAYARDS ROCK ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER MEUSE

The sharp pinnacle about a mile above Dinant, Belgium, known as Roche à Bayard, is named for a legendary horse of magical powers that was given by Charlemagne to the four sons of Aymon. This horse is fabled to have left its footprints on the rock in springing across the River Meuse to escape from Charlemagne who was in hot pursuit.



McLeish

NAMUR'S FAMOUS CITADEL FROM THE TOWPATH BY THE MEUSE

Though Namur dates from Roman times and a Roman fort once stood where is now this citadel, it has not many old buildings. This is because it occupies an important position at the junction of the Rivers Meuse and Sambre, and has been besieged many times. Part of this fine, nine-arched bridge was blown up in 1914 to delay the German advance.

is a long expanse of yellow sand, with low dunes at the back like baby mountains. There are no cliffs or rocks or even shingle; there are no trees, just bare sand, with moss and rushes on the higher ground. In winter this sand blows along the coast with great violence.

The industrious Belgians have fortified their low coast against the onslaughts of the sea by means of ramparts of brick and stone, which are called "digues de mer." A "digue," no matter how thick, will not last if it rests on sand alone, so a thick bed of green branches is laid down as a foundation. The finest and longest digue is that which extends from Ostend for over two miles.

Ostend is one of the finest European summer resorts and is filled with holiday-makers of all nationalities. Luxurious hotels and casinos cater to the visitors.

English is understood in all the shops and hotels, which shows how popular the town is with the English-speaking people. All along the magnificent Digue are cafés and splendid hotels, and the bright sunshades and bathing costumes on the sands make the everyday scene look like that at a fair or carnival.

Some of the villages of Belgium are worth visiting. There is one called Coxyde, which lies among the dunes not far from the sea. The peasants here live by fishing but in a very curious way, for they do it on horseback. It is strange, indeed, to see the peasants, with baskets and nets fastened to long poles, riding about in the water catching fish.

Traveling in Belgium is cheap and easy, and the best way to see the country is to journey on a barge along the many canals that are to be found in the land.

LITTLE BELGIUM'S TWO STURDY RACES

The Belgians keep their canals in good order and use them as much as possible in order to save money. All day long the barges move slowly along the canals, pulled by a funny little steam tug or by horses; often, also, we may see a team of men, women and even children toiling along the towpath.

Although the Belgians are fond of children, parents usually prefer girl babies, because it costs so much to educate a boy, and also because a father likes to buy his son's exemption from compulsory military service if he can do so.

When a baby is born the parents send a present of sugared almonds to all their friends. The box is tied up with blue ribbon if it is a boy and with pink ribbon if it is a girl. When a child is christened the godfather gives the mother and godmother a pair of gloves, and there are many other curious customs connected with the christening.

Belgian children look forward to New Year's Day, Christmas and other feast

days with great eagerness, for then they have great fun. They have a custom at Christmas which is rather quaint. If a child has been very good all the year he finds a rich cake under his pillow, which is supposed to have been put there by the Archangel Gabriel and to have been made in Heaven. It is called "engels koek."

New Year's Day is a great festival in Belgium. Everyone must call on everyone, so that the door-bell is ringing all day long. In addition to these friendly calls, anyone who has performed the slightest service for a householder during the year comes to beg for a Christmas-box. This money, unfortunately, is generally spent on cheap beer, which leads to quarrels.

On November 11 comes St. Martin's Day, when the children must stand against the wall with their eyes shut. When they turn round the floor is strewn with nuts and candy, which are supposed to have been sent by St. Martin as a gift for good boys and girls.

BELGIUM: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

In Northwestern Europe. Bounded on the north by the Netherlands, on the east by Germany and Luxemburg, on the south and southwest by France and on the west by the North Sea. Area, 11,755 square miles, including 382 square miles added by the Treaty of Versailles; population, 7,932,077 (estimated 1927).

GOVERNMENT

A constitutional, representative and hereditary monarchy. Legislative power is vested in the king, Senate and Chamber of Representatives. The king convokes, prorogues and dissolves the chambers. The Senate consists of 93 members ($\frac{1}{2}$ the number in Chamber of Representatives) elected directly and 40 elected by the provincial council. Members of the Chamber of Representatives, numbering 186, elected directly. Local government is by communal councils (2,672 in 1927).

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Agriculture intensive but density of population necessitates importing foods. The chief crops are oats, rye, wheat, fodder, beets, potatoes, sugar-beets and flax. Cattle, pigs, horses and sheep are raised in considerable numbers. 18% of land surface covered by forest. Industrial activity largely due to rich coal fields. The principal manufactures are artificial silk, motor cars, glass, iron and steel,

lace, linen and gloves. Diamond-cutting in Antwerp is important. The chief exports are iron and steel products, glass and glassware, diamonds, textile products (linen, cotton fabrics and rayon), rabbit skins, cement and chemical products; imports are grain, cotton, mineral oils, crude copper, automobiles, oil cake, motors and engines, tobacco and lumber.

COMMUNICATIONS

Most roads are stone paved. Railway mileage, 6,740; navigable waterways (rivers and canals), 1,040. Length of telegraph line, 5,792 miles; telephone line, 856,875 miles.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

There is full religious liberty and part of income of ministers of all denominations is paid from national treasury. Majority of inhabitants are Roman Catholic. Primary schools are supported by communes. There are many private or free schools mostly under ecclesiastical care. Secondary education is provided in royal athenæums and special schools. There are 4 universities—at Brussels, Louvain, Ghent and Liège.

CHIEF TOWNS

Brussels, population with suburbs, 815,198; Antwerp, 300,001; Liège, 168,823; Ghent, 163,207; Malines, 60,293; Borgerhout, 54,347; Bruges, 51,686.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE

An Industrious People and an Ancient Culture

The fertile plains of France rise gently to the defense walls of the Jura and the Vosges, the Alps and the Pyrenees. In the north, poppies flame along the borders of the wheat fields, textile mills hum and barges of iron ore float along the network of waterways; while in the south, vineyards bloom purple on sunny slopes and wild flowers supply a world-famed perfume industry. Other chapters tell of Paris, beloved of tourists, and of the French sea provinces. This one tells something of the deep devotion of the people to their historic land and of its varied beauties, of the industry which has made them a great nation, and of the national genius which long ago assured them a premier place among the peoples of the world.

THOSE who think of France as being solely a land of sunshine and pleasure know little of it. No country has suffered more or fought harder for the lands it possesses. France has been a land of war for untold ages.

The first inhabitants of whom we have any definite knowledge are the Gauls, who are described by Julius Cæsar. Every schoolboy knows that "all Gaul is divided into three parts" inhabited by the Aquitanæ, the Belgæ and the Celtæ, who differed among themselves in language, customs and laws. Cæsar with his legions reduced them to submission, as he tells in his description of his Gallic wars, and Gaul long remained an important part of the Roman Empire. Protected by the Romans, these Gauls were able to absorb the knowledge and skill of their masters. They became civilized and built many beautiful cities, the remains of which, notably Nîmes, with its amphitheatre and fine Roman temple, the Maison Carrée, still tell of those days.

The Roman power weakened, and the Teutonic tribes invaded the Gauls' territory. Some of them settled down, like the Burgundians, in the regions that are still named after them. There were also the Goths, who founded the kingdom of the Visigoths, with Toulouse as its capital. A group of German tribes, the Franks, who had never been conquered by the Romans, swept over the land, reached the Seine and occupied Paris. Their king, Clovis, became a Christian, and was noted for his religious fervor. He drove the

Romans out of northern Gaul and united the people under him. It was his race, the Franks, that gave France its present name.

Clovis' weak successors could not hold what he had won. There were divisions and rivalries, and eventually his family was displaced by Pepin the Short, who founded a new line of kings. Pepin's son, Charlemagne, the greatest ruler of his line and one of the mighty figures in French history, established a vast empire, which did not, however, last for long after his death.

For hundreds of years the land was in an almost constant state of warfare. It was threatened by the Moors, who had conquered Spain. Powerful families became the independent rulers of wide territories, such as the dukedoms of Burgundy and Normandy. Each baron held his own territory by his sword and spear and by the strength of his castle.

In 987, Hugh Capet became king of France and founded a new dynasty that was to reign until the Revolution. The kings had to fight hard to keep their crown, for the kings of England claimed the throne of France. For centuries England and France were continually at war, the English at various periods holding large parts of France, even occupying Paris. They were finally expelled in 1558, when the French recaptured Calais.

The land of France was so rich that even wars could not long keep it poor. The kings gradually became stronger; they extended their territories, and in time were

among the most powerful sovereigns in Europe. With the Reformation, a number of French people adopted Protestantism. This led to a succession of religious wars, which ended in the defeat and expulsion of many Protestants.

The splendor and wealth of such a king as Louis XIV surpassed anything the world has ever known, and the French armies seemed all-conquering. They established extensive colonies and dominions abroad, notably in North America. The great palaces of the kings and the châteaux of the nobles were truly wonderful. Art, music and literature flourished.

Napoleon Bonaparte

But while the kings and nobles lived in luxury, the people were desperately poor. In the Revolution of 1789, the monarchy was destroyed, the king and queen beheaded and the nobles driven out of the country. Napoleon Bonaparte, then a young soldier, led the republican armies of France to victory, and was himself made emperor. But after a career of amazing brilliance, he was defeated by the British and Prussians and sent into exile on the island of St. Helena, where he died.

The monarchy was again restored, but in 1848 the people revolted and established another republic. One of the Bonaparte family, Louis Napoleon, was elected president and plotted his way to the throne as Napoleon III. He remained emperor for eighteen years, until war broke out in 1870 between France and the German states. The French imagined themselves to be invincible, but found that their army was no match for that of the Germans. Napoleon was driven from the throne; a republic was again proclaimed; and France obtained peace only by paying a huge ransom and surrendering Alsace and part of Lorraine to Germany.

In 1914 the World War set France and Germany to fighting again, and after four years, Alsace-Lorraine was returned to France by the Treaty of Versailles.

A Unified People

"Sweet France" was its ancient nickname. Lying at the geographical heart of

Western Europe, France is a hexagon six hundred miles long and not quite so wide. Smaller than the state of Texas, it has a population about one-third that of the entire United States. Since the beginnings of its long unbroken history, its peoples have been uncommonly unified, in large part because of the natural boundaries which have separated them from their neighbors on all sides save the north. But there are two great openings through which a foe has ever been able to approach, one through Belgium and one over the wooded heights of the Argonne.

Since ancient times its plains have been crossed from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic by three great natural highways, and it has four really important natural waterways in the Rhône, the Garonne, the Seine, and the Loire; in addition to which several large canals and, around Paris, a network of smaller ones have been built. The climate is one to favor a high degree of economic and agricultural development and the country is more nearly self-sustaining than any other in Europe. In the northwest the rainfall is plentiful and in the south, at least adequate for the vineyards and other products of that sunny region. Paris suffers no extremes of temperature, while as for Brittany, beloved of artists, the winds from the ocean keep the summers temperate and the winters mild.

Many Small Land-holders

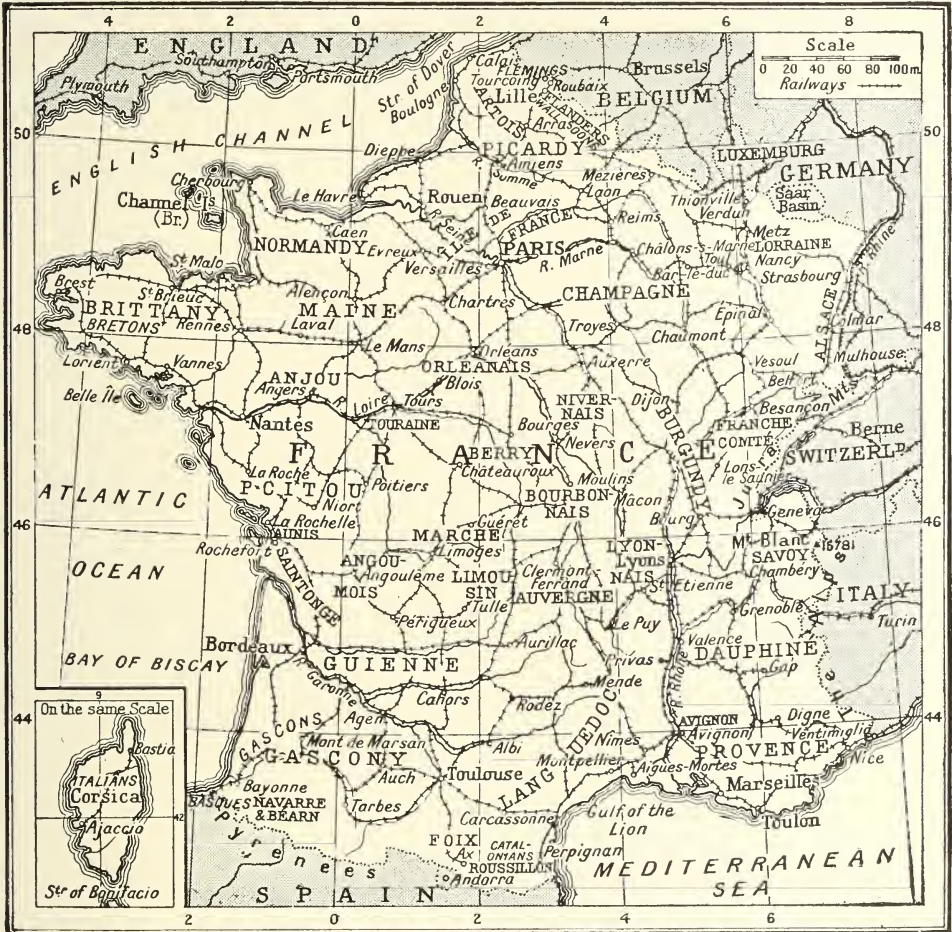
It is largely the Côte d'Azur which has made a tourist industry. Here, along the blue Mediterranean, figs and olives flourish side by side with evergreens. France has much potential water power in her swift rivers, considerable valuable timber in her mountains, and in the Saar one of the world's best iron deposits, though she lacks the coal and petroleum she needs. But what she cannot produce from her own soil she is trying to secure from her far-flung colonies.

The farmers have ever been a stable element in France, and her food-producing areas nicely balance her industrial region in the north. The French love the soil and probably three-quarters of all the land-holders work their own farms with char-

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE

acteristic industry and thrift. There is an extraordinarily large number of small holdings, partly because by French law the children all inherit equally or, in the case of the daughters, receive their share as a marriage dowry. As the sons are likely to wish, all of them, to be on the main

is the land enriched and crops alternated that it never becomes poor. In passing, we might mention that it is the custom in some parts, when a family moves, to take the fine, highly fertilized top soil of the vegetable garden along, to the amount of one wagon-load. Peach trees are trained



FRANCE: ITS ANCIENT PROVINCES AND CHIEF CITIES

road where they can have neighbors, the land is divided into long strips, with just a few rows of scarlet poppies, or even mere corner-posts to divide one farm from the next. Thus, where different crops are sown, one sees ribbons of varying shades of green or tan undulating over the landscape, and the cows are staked out on long ropes to graze on the unfenced alfalfa. With intensive cultivation, often three crops a year are raised, and so carefully

against the sun-warmed stone walls to profit by their heat.

Wheat is raised on fully a quarter of the arable land and there are other cereals and fodder crops, as well as sugar-beets and varied produce. But the great money crop of the south is grapes, which the Greeks brought to France before the Christian era. These actually do best on chalky slopes where the soil is poor, and many a vineyard of but half an acre can

be made to yield enormously. The vines are cut back each year, and one finds mathematical rows of stakes hip-high, each with its vine growing bushlike about it and supporting just a few extraordinarily great clusters of fat wine grapes, purple, yellow or maroon. The harvest month is one that takes entire families—indeed, entire communities—into the vineyards for a working-day that lasts from the dew-scented dawn to the dusk of a starry sky. The dark-eyed pickers sing gaily at their work in the quiet sunshine, while two-wheeled carts creak along the dusty lanes behind mild white oxen. Then when the day's work is over, the sturdy workers are not too tired to dance.

Thrift Taught from Childhood

One reason for the comparative prosperity of the French farmer is that he believes not alone in mutual aid associations and the co-operative buying of fertilizer, but in advising with such bankers, business and railroad men as might have a helpful word for him. Most French farmers believe in agricultural syndicates; and the aid societies, in behalf of which people may save as little as two cents a day, are under the control of the Department of the Interior. Even school children start savings accounts, and may deposit as little as one cent at a time with their teacher, while their savings are periodically collected by a representative of the postal savings bank.

Thrift is one keynote to French character. Coupled with untiring industry, a natural capacity for planning and a harmonious way of conducting their dealings with one another, it has enabled them many times in past history to pull themselves up by their own boot-straps. Their thrift is shown on the farms by the raising, throughout France, of pigs and poultry, which eat much that might otherwise go to waste. It is shown by the raising of goats in such wastes as the steep slopes of the Pyrenees where only goats could find a living; and from the goats' milk many of the excellent French cheeses are made. Thrift is shown in French kitchens, where the cookery is pre-eminently a matter of

utilizing every edible scrap and seasoning it attractively.

Forests Carefully Husbanded

Thrift is shown by the nation, which has been husbanding its limited forest crops and reforesting cut-over slopes of the Alps and other mountain regions. The gift of the American Forestry Association of one hundred million Douglas fir seeds was hugely appreciated. Whether by the state or by individual farmers, willows and fast-growing poppies are planted along streams and roadsides and their branches culled annually, to be sold in bundles for firing the ovens in which the long French loaves are baked. The chestnuts so abundant in central France are sold not alone as the foundation of a popular confection (*marron glacés*) but to be ground into a meal of which southern French people make bread. On one of the few bits of waste land, the salt delta between the two mouths of the Rhône, the land is thriftily held by dykes, and the dunes are planted with pine trees valued for their resin, while the meadowlands too poor for any other use are made to sustain flocks of half-wild sheep.

Although the World War created an area of almost hopeless devastation on French soil, the work of reconstruction has, to an almost incredible degree, restored farmlands, roads, towns, mines and industrial plants. But the trees stand nipped off, frayed stumps that only the years can replace; and one is reminded of Joyce Kilmer, who wrote "only God can make a tree." He lies near Château-Thierry, near where Quentin Roosevelt fell from his fighting plane, and Alan Seegar kept his "rendezvous with death" near Belloy-en-Santerre in Picardy.

Tiny "Walk-down" Elevators

The tourist will perhaps be most impressed by French thrift in the city apartments, and even in many hotels, where the elevator, if there is one, will be a barrel-sized affair operated by a button pushed by one of the two passengers it can carry, and one is expected to walk down and save electricity. He will find



Photopress

CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE BLESSED
Throughout Christendom the festival of the Virgin is observed with much ecclesiastical ceremony. In Boulogne it is the occasion of a great religious demonstration by the fisherfolk. The streets are lavishly decorated with flags and festoons of fishing-nets adorned with floral designs.

VIRGIN MARY BY THE FISHERFOLK OF BOULOGNE
Notable among the decorations is the archway composed entirely of fishing implements, with a tableau setting of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The procession includes a number of fisherman's wives clad in the old-time costume of exquisite shawls, full skirts, and white linen bonnets.

firewood a luxury and his grate and his cook-fire supplied, likely as not, with coal-dust pressed into egg-sized balls. He will but rarely have steam heat and will find space conserved in the smaller apartments by the use of a folding-bed in a wall-cupboard. His cook will buy the tiniest quantities of everything, perhaps a few ounces, and the price of ice will be prohibitive. Flowers are, however, considered a necessity, and small bouquets from the Cut Flower Limited Express from the south are cheap.

Servants Cheap and Efficient

One will have no servant problem in France, in that he can secure a good general house-worker for a trifling wage. That servant will even do the marketing. Sweet (unsalted) butter is purchased in small quantities, since it does not keep long, for the crusty bread; eggs of only the freshest can be conjured into the fluffy omelettes with or without jelly and powdered sugar; peas, berries and salad greens must be straight from the garden. Then there are the cheeses, luscious Brie, mold-striped Roquefort, ripe, creamy Camembert, soft Gervais and Petits-Suisse. Lobsters wait in green battalions along the marble counters of the fishwives, eels swim in vats of running water until their hour is struck, frogs' legs freshly skinned hang like so many pair of tiny trousers along peeled sticks, and ou-la, la! cabbage-fed snails—a delicacy to be steamed and served with melted butter—crawl about in boxes.

The Frenchman has a simple breakfast of coffee and rolls. He regards our heavier breakfast as a barbarism. At noon he has a more elaborate meal, consisting of *hors d'œuvre*, with plenty of bread, a simple soup and a meat dish—usually small pieces of meat served with vegetables and a sauce. Afterward he drinks a cup of coffee. It is not uncommon for him to linger for two hours over his luncheon. In olden days he never had tea, but the English habit has now become established and “le fiv o'clock,” as it is called, is growing to be more and more common in the cities

Soup the Great Economy Dish

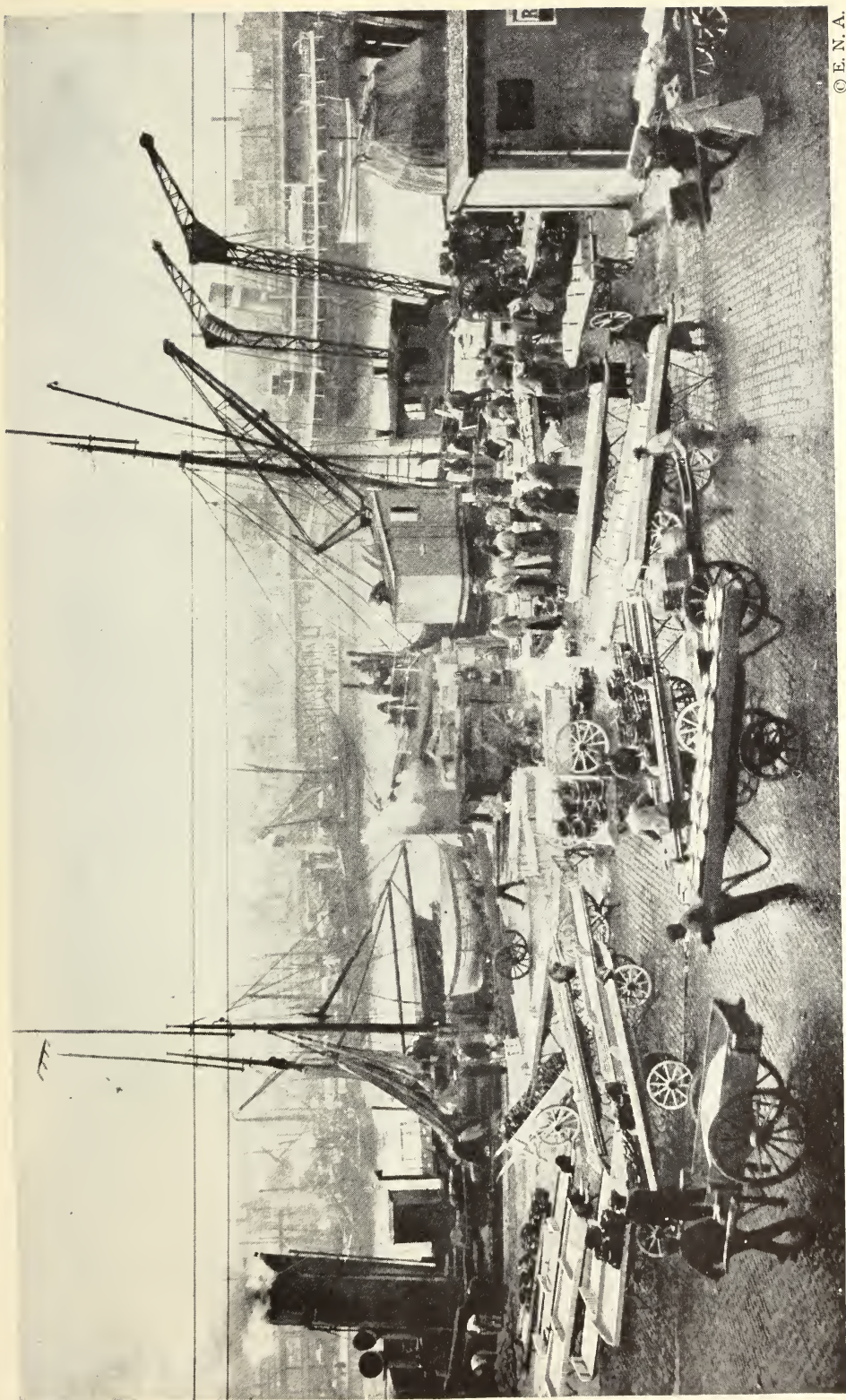
Soon after six comes the evening meal. Then even the poor man tries to have several courses, one of which is always soup. Soup is to the French the most important article of diet. The women prepare it from trifles. Indeed, the average French family lives better, at less cost, as far as food is concerned, than we often do. On the farms, however, both breakfast and luncheon may consist of cabbage soup and bread, varied by bread and cheese and wine. Light wine is used freely everywhere in France, for good drinking water is scarce.

Not only is the cook talented at spending her mistress's money to good advantage, but one's maid can shop and sew, and if deprived of the privilege through any fancy on the part of her mistress to do her own shopping, the maid expects a bonus on the purchases made. After all, wages are small because tipping is universal, and one must never forget to give something to everyone who serves, even to the man who brings a special delivery letter, the girl who delivers the milk and the man who sweeps the street in front of the apartment house.

The French woman takes it as a matter of course that she should assist her husband in the shop, discuss his business affairs with him on terms of equality and even run her own shop, inn or farm, or work in the mills after marriage. Women students take their courses as seriously as their brothers and French housewives are proverbially painstaking. Yet the French, men and women alike, are more careful in their dress than most people of corresponding social scale, and respect for themselves and their fellows leads them to observe the most careful manners. Their Gallic love of life, coupled with their native artistry, leads them to enjoy life with zest and humor.

Chaperonage Less Strict

Although the French girl of the cultivated class used to be strictly chaperoned, she has had more freedom since bicycles have been in use and in particular since



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CROWDED SHIPPING ON THE LIANE VIEWED FROM THE BUSTLING BUT ODOROUS FISH DOCK AT BOULOGNE

Boulogne-sur-Mer, so called to distinguish it from Boulogne-sur-Seine, stands on the English Channel at the mouth of the Liane. It possesses a fine harbor, is the chief fishing port of France and has important industries, including fish-curing and shipbuilding. It carries on a large foreign trade, importing coal, textiles, jute and thread, and exporting wine, fruit, eggs and fish. On a hill is the old town, still enclosed by ramparts built in 1231, and to the north is Napoleon's column, which was built to commemorate the army assembled to invade England.



© Ewing Galloway

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DE FOURVIERE FROM THE SAONE AT LYONS

Lyons, five hours south of Paris on the Rhône, a trade route of Cæsar's time, had by the fifteenth century become a great fair city, where weavers from Italy wove silks for the royal families. To-day the click of hand-loom still is heard and there is a world-famed school of design, together with technical schools where every process is taught.

the contacts of the World War. Neither she nor her brother goes in for sports to the same degree as students in Canada and the United States; although, recently, the French have been surpassing in tennis and several French people have been acclaimed the world's best tennis players.

The French hearth means much to them, and the father of a family has great authority. The young Frenchman cannot legally marry until twenty-five without the consent of his parents or other heads of the family; for these practical people lay greater stress on the making of proper financial arrangements than on romance. The national birth-rate is low, for the French believe in making provision for their children's future. But when a child is born, he is visited by a government physician, and a great deal is done by way of conservation of babies. For years aid of various kinds has been proffered

those who will present the nation with new citizens. Some industrial corporations pay higher wages to workmen with young children, and matrimonial advertisements are looked upon with respect. It is even on record that one Parisian landlord will receive as tenants no family that has not children. France also receives considerable numbers of immigrants from Italy, Poland and elsewhere. Fully one-third of the coal mines of France are worked by foreigners under French management.

France is an old country and its peasantry has clung to the age-old customs, many of which are influenced by religion. For centuries the country has been Catholic, once the Protestants were driven out in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by a series of persecutions at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. For a long time all religions have been tolerated



McLeish

"A-WASHING OF HER LINEN-O" IN A CLEAR MOUNTAIN RILL

Hot water, so essential to us on washing days, is not used here. Indeed, the water that this girl uses is icy cold, for it has just come tumbling from the snowy Alps of the former duchy of Savoy. The close-fitting pointed cap worn by this young Savoyarde reminds us of those we see in pictures of Mary Queen of Scots.



HARVEST TIME ON A FLOWER FARM AT HYÈRES: DISTILLING LAVENDER IN THE OPEN AIR

Around Hyères, the first known and one of the quietest of the resorts of the French Riviera, there are wide stretches of land planted with such sweet-smelling flowers as lavender and violets. Many of the violets sold in London streets early in the year come from this place.

The flowers are grown more often, however, for their perfume. Here we see a corner of a field of lavender in August, which is harvest time. Retorts, such as we can see here, are set up, the freshly cut flower-heads are put into them and the fragrant distilled oils are drawn off.



Nicholls

"PASSING THE TIME OF DAY" ON THE SUN-BATHED QUAY OF VILLEFRANCHE, IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA

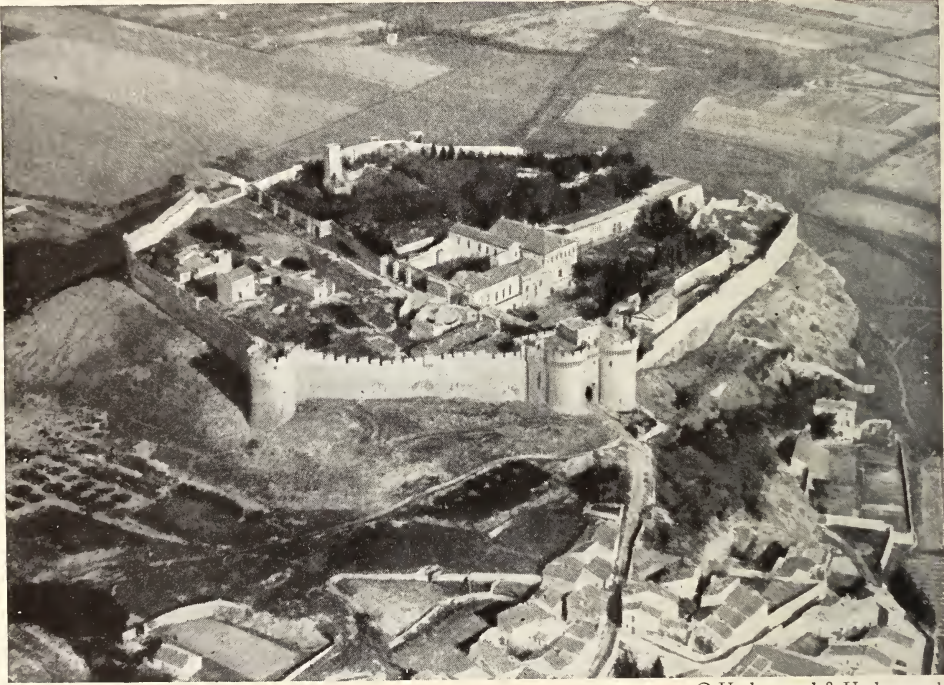
Villefranche—Villafranca, the free town—lies on the shore of a lovely bay a few miles east of Nice. It is a winter resort, though not a very thronged one, also a naval station; for the Gulf of Villefranche is large enough and deep enough to accommodate the biggest ships. The houses of the pretty little town rise one above the other up the steep, wooded hills that fringe the water. Indeed, so abruptly do they rise that many of the streets are merely flights of steps. Fish are plentiful in the bay and many of the men dwelling here are fishermen.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE

in France, but the traditions and the services of the Roman Catholic Church have left their mark on the nation. There are many feast days. On New Year's Day you visit or receive your friends, send cards and give presents to every person who serves you. A few days later comes the Feast of the Kings, the celebration of the Three Wise Kings of the East. Special cakes are baked in which a large bean or a

usually dignified Frenchman walks about wearing a big false nose and armed with the fool's bladder and flings confetti freely at everyone. The last day of the Carnival, Shrove Tuesday, is the usual time of the Carnival parade and of the procession of the Fatted Ox ("Bœuf Gras"), which was originally organized by the guilds of butchers.

The fast of Lent begins on Ash Wed-



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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MEDIEVAL TOWN OF VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON

Villeneuve-les-Avignon lies on the right bank of the Rhône opposite Avignon, the picturesque capital of the department of Vaucluse. It possesses several relics of the days when it held prestige as a royal fortress on the frontier of Provence, and the Fort St. André boasts a fine entrance gate with twin towers, still intact and practically unchanged.

small china doll is concealed, and bakers give these as presents to their customers. Then family parties are held at which the cakes are served, one only containing the hidden bean. The person who finds the bean in his or her cake is the king or queen of the festival, and chooses a consort.

The Feast of the Kings is the beginning of the Carnival, which lasts until Lent. In the south, in particular, this is a time of much public merrymaking. Processions are arranged, with all manner of foolish and grotesque decoration. The

nesday, and in many country districts it is still observed. Mid-Lent, or "Mi-Carême," is the one break, when there are often feasts, processions and dances. Passion Week and Good Friday are kept as fasts, and the Frenchman celebrates Easter with symbolic eggs. Palm Sunday sees the wearing and hanging in the houses of strips of palm which have first been blessed by the priests.

Ascension Day and Whit Monday are both national holidays. They are followed by the biggest holiday of all, the



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RIVERSIDE VIEW OF ALBI WITH THE PONT VIEUX CROSSING THE TARN AND THE FAUBOURG DE LA MADELEINE

Lying on the Tarn in the department of the same name, Albi is about 44 miles by railway northeast of Toulouse. It manufactures textiles and trades in wine, grain and fruit. The seat of an archbishop, it has a cathedral dating from the thirteenth century and a fourteenth-century cathedral of St. Cécile, built mainly between 1282 and 1390, is one of the finest and quaintest churches in southern France and a perfect example of Southern Gothic. It was constructed to serve as a fortress as well as a church, and is chiefly of brick.



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THE DORDOGNE RIVER, before it leaves the Auvergne Mountains, is rapid and wild. Here it flows placidly among grass and trees; later it becomes a busy highway thronged with ships. It runs for three hundred miles through southwest France to unite with the Garonne, thirteen miles from Bordeaux, and form the Gironde, an estuary on the Atlantic Coast.



KNOX

LOMBARDY POPLARS border the trim straight roads so typical of France, roads as different as can be from the winding, grass-fringed lanes of England. To French people, doubtless, those country roads would appear untidy in comparison to a road running straight as a dart to its destination and lined by the most regular and erect of trees,



© Underwood & Underwood

TOWERS AND RAMPARTS OF THE CITÉ OF CARCASSONNE

The wonderful old fortress town of Carcassonne in southern France still retains an aspect similar to that it wore when an impregnable stronghold during the Middle Ages. The fortifications—which surround the city, without parallel in Europe—consist of two massive ramparts, protected by no fewer than fifty-four towers and pierced by two gates.

"Fête Nationale," on July 14, when the whole nation unites in celebrating the forming of the republic. Speeches are made and processions are formed by veterans and heroes from France's wars. In the evening there is dancing in the streets and much public rejoicing.

The May Day Fête of the ancient Académie des Jeux-Floraux has been preserved for six hundred years in the flower festival of Toulouse. In the beginning, forty citizens were tendered nine gold and silver flowers from the altar of La Daurade and marched through the city to award them in a poetry contest. Legend names Dame Clémence Isaure as the founder of this festival and it ends with a eulogy in her honor. Actually, two hundred years before her time, when Dante lay dying at Ravenna, seven troubadours of Toulouse foregathered on a May Day beneath a laurel tree in honor of the art

of poetry, and their successors came to create honorary titles for literary achievement, for which they used to present bouquets of golden violets as awards. This was the origin of the oldest literary society in France.

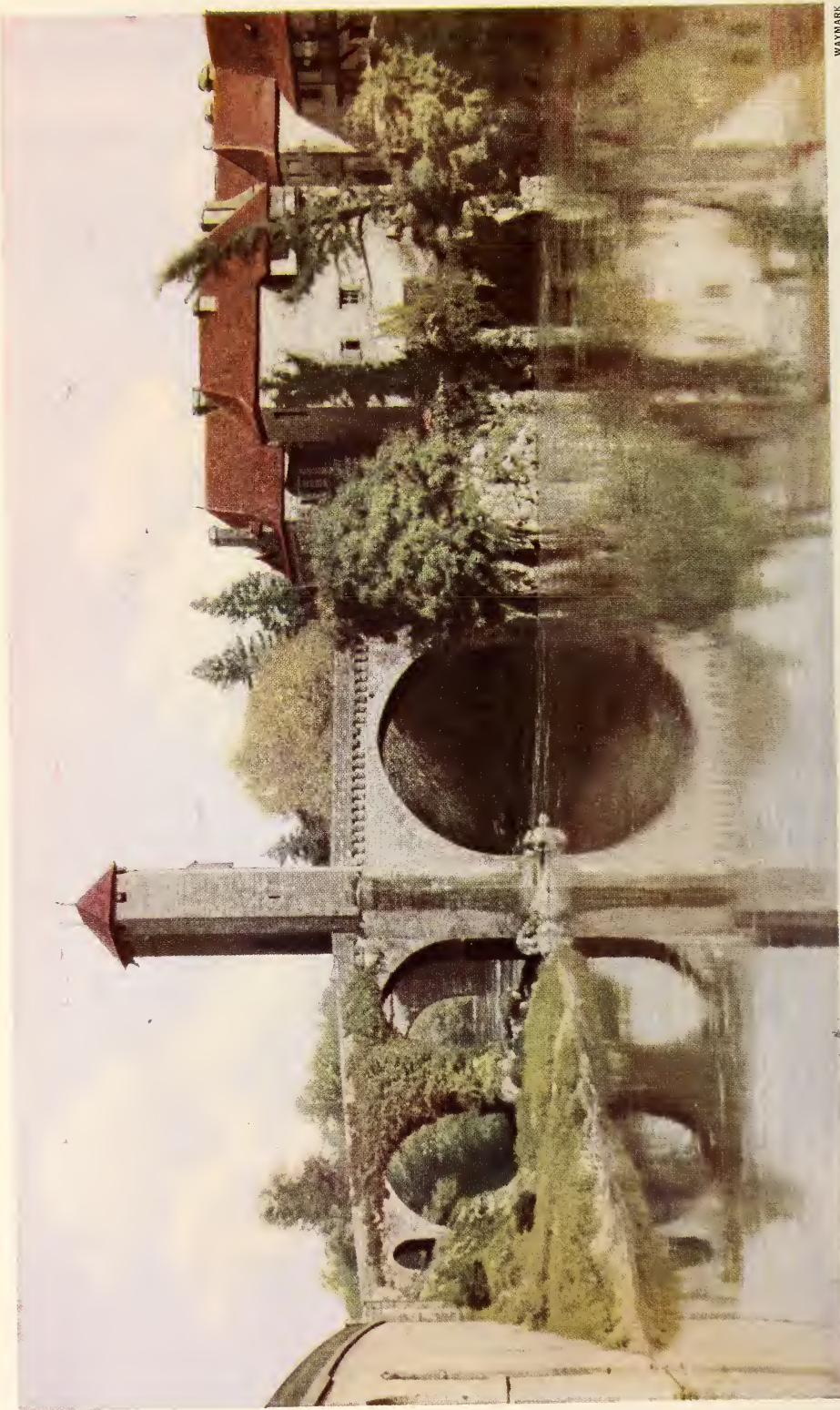
Other cities have flower carnivals, for the Provençal temperament is a joyous one. Grasse, noted for its perfume distilleries, has a battle with the roses and other wild flowers which surround the town. Cannes, Cagnes, Mentone and Beaulieu are among other places which celebrate in this way. Horse-drawn vehicles are decorated and on this occasion flirtations are quite in order, and a pretty girl may throw a kiss with her bouquet without impropriety. Nice has a carnival in which flowers are not the only ammunition. Confetti and annoying little pellets of white plaster hurled from a scoop bombard one until the judges have to wear



Nicholls

A SHADY CORNER IN A SUNNY MOUNTAIN TOWN OF THE SOUTH

Because this little cobbled street is narrow it is refreshingly cool and shady. So "southern" does it appear that, were it not for the old man leading his donkey through the crumbling arch, we might mistake it for an alley in a Moroccan town. In Puget-Theniers the donkey often occupies the ground floor of a house and his owners dwell above his stall.



WAYMARK

AN OLD BRIDGE over the Gave de Pau takes us into Orthez, a little town of the Pyrenees whose history reaches far back into the past. In the 13th century it had a splendid court. A five-sided tower, at that time the keep of a castle, and some buildings a century older are still stand-

ing. In 1569 the town was besieged and taken by Protestant troops, and in 1814, not far from here, the Duke of Wellington with his army won a great victory over the French. Orthez stands at an important junction of roads leading over the Pyrenees Mountains and on into Spain.



© E. N. A.

IN THE PYRENEES there are few valleys more beautiful than the Vallée d'Ossau which runs northward from the cleft summit of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, 9,465 feet high. The name means the Valley of the Bears, but no bears are to be found there now, only chamois, and they are becoming

fewer and fewer. Once the Vallée was a self-governing commonwealth, and its people are still very independent. The women till the fields and spin with distaff and spindle, and wear quaint red hoods. The men wear clothes of brown wool that are brightened by gay sashes.



© E. N. A.

IN THE MARKET PLACE OF HISTORIC ORTHEZ

Flanders, yet bring the owners enough return to justify the weekly journey down to the town standing on the Gave de Pau. The men who throng the market place are all wearing the short, loose blouses and the bonnets which form the costume of the mountain people of France.

CATTLE FROM THE LOWER PYRENEES ON SALE

On market days the old town of Orthez, in the Basses-Pyrenees, the scene of Wellington's victories in the Peninsular War, is thronged with country folk. They come down from the hills with their cattle, which, although not equal to the stock produced in Normandy or in maritime



Nicholls

IN THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MARKET OF NICE'S OLD TOWN

To the east of Nice, just under the wooded hill called the Château, lies the old town, in one street of which, the Cours Saleya, a fruit and flower market is held every winter's morning. Here we see the crowds that gather around the umbrella-shaded stalls. The roofs of the low houses on the right form a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean.



P. L. M.

THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE is one of the most beautiful spots in South France. Here the River Sorgue rises in a semicircle of frowning cliffs, the entrance to which is guarded by the ruins of an ancient castle. Sometimes the little stream comes gushing out of a deep pool in a cavern,

falling in cascades over the mossy stones; at other times the pool is very still and the water trickles out from holes in the rock some hundred yards below. Where you see the paper mill the house of the Italian poet Petrarch once stood. Here he meditated and wrote.



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ST. MICHEL D'AIGUILLE has as remarkable a position as the Church of St. Michel; it crowns a rock, nearly 300 feet high, and is reached by a long flight of steps. So precipitous are the sides of the rock that one wonders how its 10th century builders contrived to carry up their materials. This church is north of Le Puy, in southern France.

masks, revelers protect their hair with hooded cloaks and the streets soon become ankle-deep. People dance to the blare of a street band, a dog show is held and there is a regatta on the bay. It is related that here, during the siege of 1543, Barbarossa was aided at a crucial moment by a laundress, Catarina Segurana, likewise known as "Old Ugly Face," who clubbed Janiz over the head with her washing-bat, and so raised the siege of Nice. The carnival spirit on the Riviera appears to demand that men dress as women, and women as men, though faces are masked and voices more or less disguised. A dance with a swift whirling step, the farandole, is danced by country girls in shawls and lace caps. Every village in France observes the day of its patron saint. Then jugglers, peddlers, games and dancing and a final community feast add to the fun.

Harbor City of Marseilles

The average visitor is likely to judge France from Paris. The French capital is described elsewhere in this book. When we come to know France the pictures show other cities rich, powerful and beautiful, each possessing a charm of its own—Marseilles, the gateway to the important French colonies in North Africa; Lyons, Bordeaux, and the rest.

Marseilles is the oldest town in Western Europe, founded six hundred years before the birth of Christ and to-day the great port for Africa and the East. The people of Marseilles, rich, prosperous and self-confident, have a saying concerning their main street, the Cannebière: "If Paris had a Cannebière, it would be a little Marseilles." Its harbor is one of the wonders of the world. The mighty transporter bridge, which swings a load of vehicles and passengers across this harbor, is a marvel of engineering. Its Corniche road, which leads to Italy, is one of the most beautiful in the world. Outside Marseilles stands the grim Château d'If, immortalized by Dumas in *Monte Cristo*. The dark cells, where men lay forgotten, were unspeakably dreadful. In one at least a man could neither lie down nor

stand up. One may still see the "oubliettes," the cells under cells, into which men were lowered through a hole in the floor.

Bordeaux a Wine Centre

Bordeaux is the main centre of the French wine industry. A broad promenade parallels its water-front, over which preside statues of Commerce and Navigation mounted on two columns.

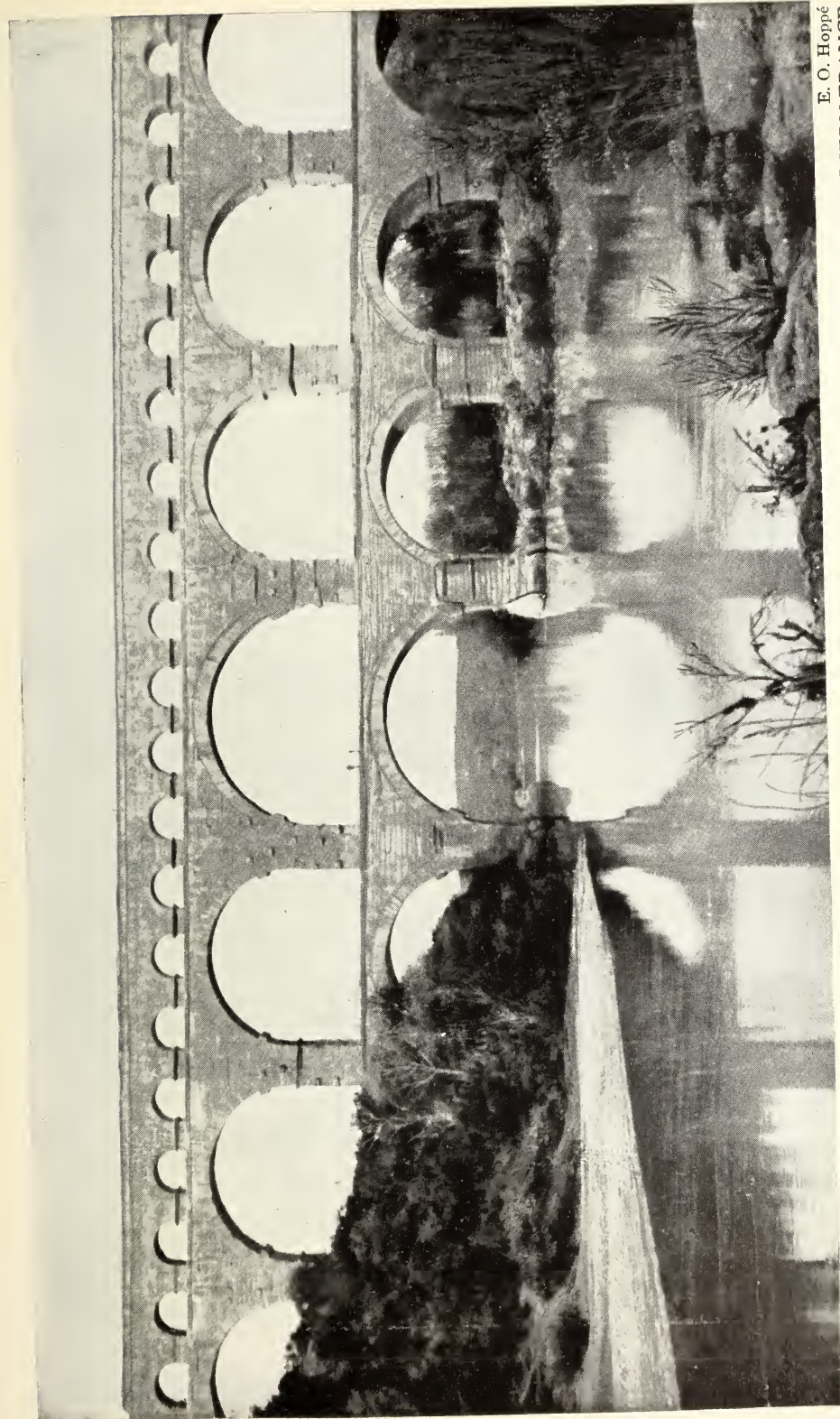
France is the land whither all pleasure-lovers go. A long chain of holiday resorts has been formed all around the coast. To the north are watering-places, like Trouville and Dieppe, which many British as well as French folk visit. To the west are famous resorts like Biarritz. The most wonderful of the pleasure cities are in the south, along the coast of the Mediterranean. Cannes and Nice, with their avenues and sea-fronts lined with palms, their orange blossoms and rich tropical foliage, their music and entertainments, are the most famous of these, and visitors flock to them in winter and spring.

In the highlands behind Nice and Monte Carlo are quaint old mountain cities like Grasse, which is famous as the centre of the manufacture of exquisite perfumes. Still farther back, in the hills of Savoy, near the borders of Switzerland and Italy, are a number of towns, of which Aix-les-Bains is the most famous, that are frequented by invalids who take the waters. The organization of pleasure and recreation for the holiday-seekers of the world is one of the great French industries.

Where Joan of Arc Was Burned

Rouen has a greater claim to attention than its buildings, for here was burned sainted Joan of Arc, the girl who still remains a living and vital force in French life, nearly five hundred years after her death.

Reims Cathedral, deemed by many people to be the finest Gothic building in the world, combines majesty with charm and is part of France's history. At one time in the World War it was threatened



E. O. Hoppé

MAGNIFICENT ROMAN STRUCTURE OF THREE TIERS AND FIFTY-TWO ARCHES SPANNING A RIVER OF SOUTHERN FRANCE

Near Nîmes stands one of the grandest Roman structures in existence. the far-famed Pont du Gard. It is part of an aqueduct twenty-five miles long, attributed to Vipsanius Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, who founded Nîmes, and was built to conduct the waters of the Eure and Airon to the city. Constructed of huge blocks of stone without cement, the bridge, spanning the Gard at a bend of the valley, is 880 feet long and 160 feet high and has three tiers of arches, the top tier consisting of thirty-five small arches, the second tier of eleven and the third of six.



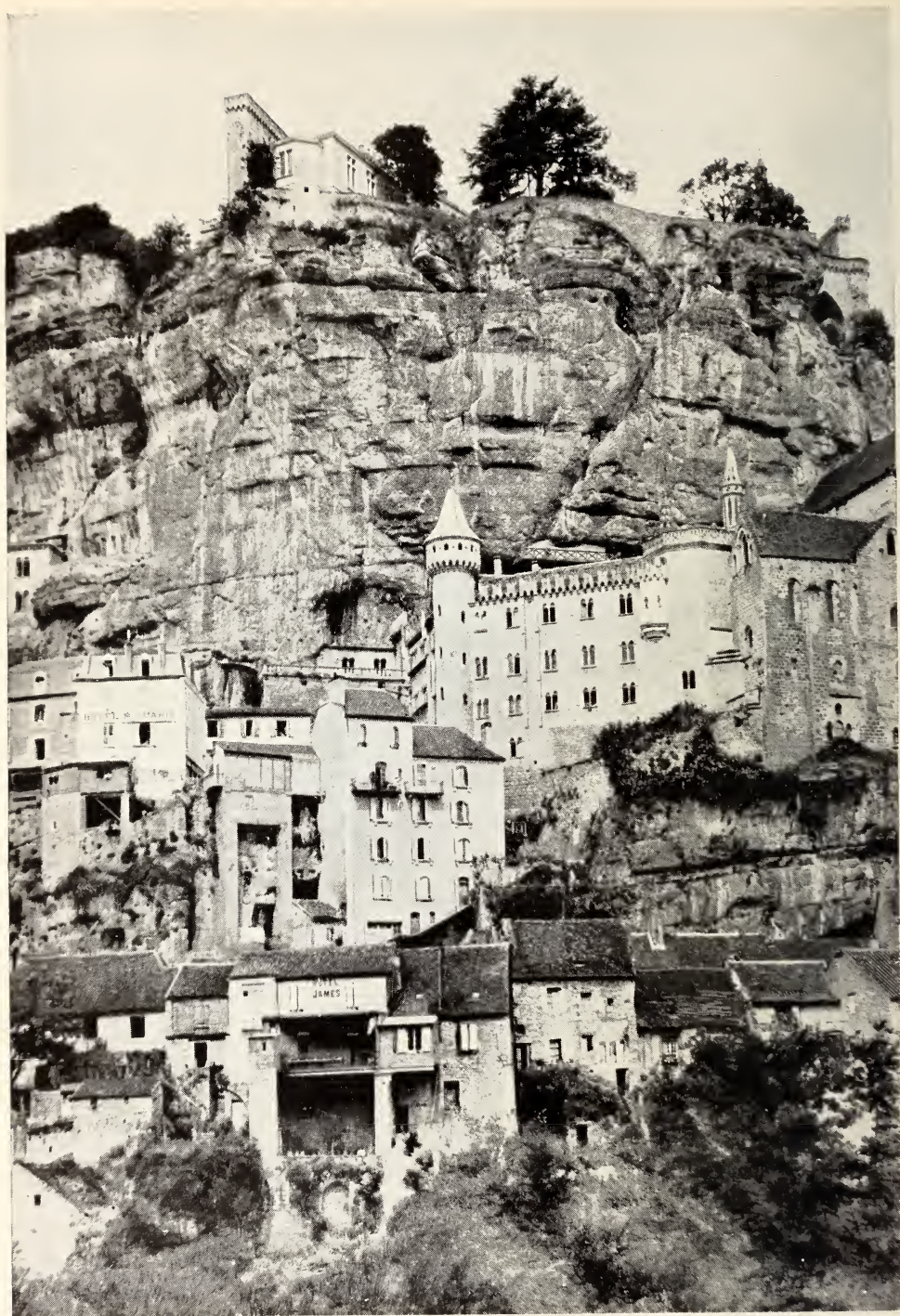
MCLEISH

DELIGHTFUL CHAMONIX, one of the best known and most popular resorts in the French Alps, lies in a narrow valley beneath Europe's loftiest mountain. We do not see Mont Blanc in this picture, though on the left we can recognize the foot of the Mer de Glace, its enormous glacier. The cloud-capped peak before us is the beautiful Aiguille Verte.



NICHOLLS

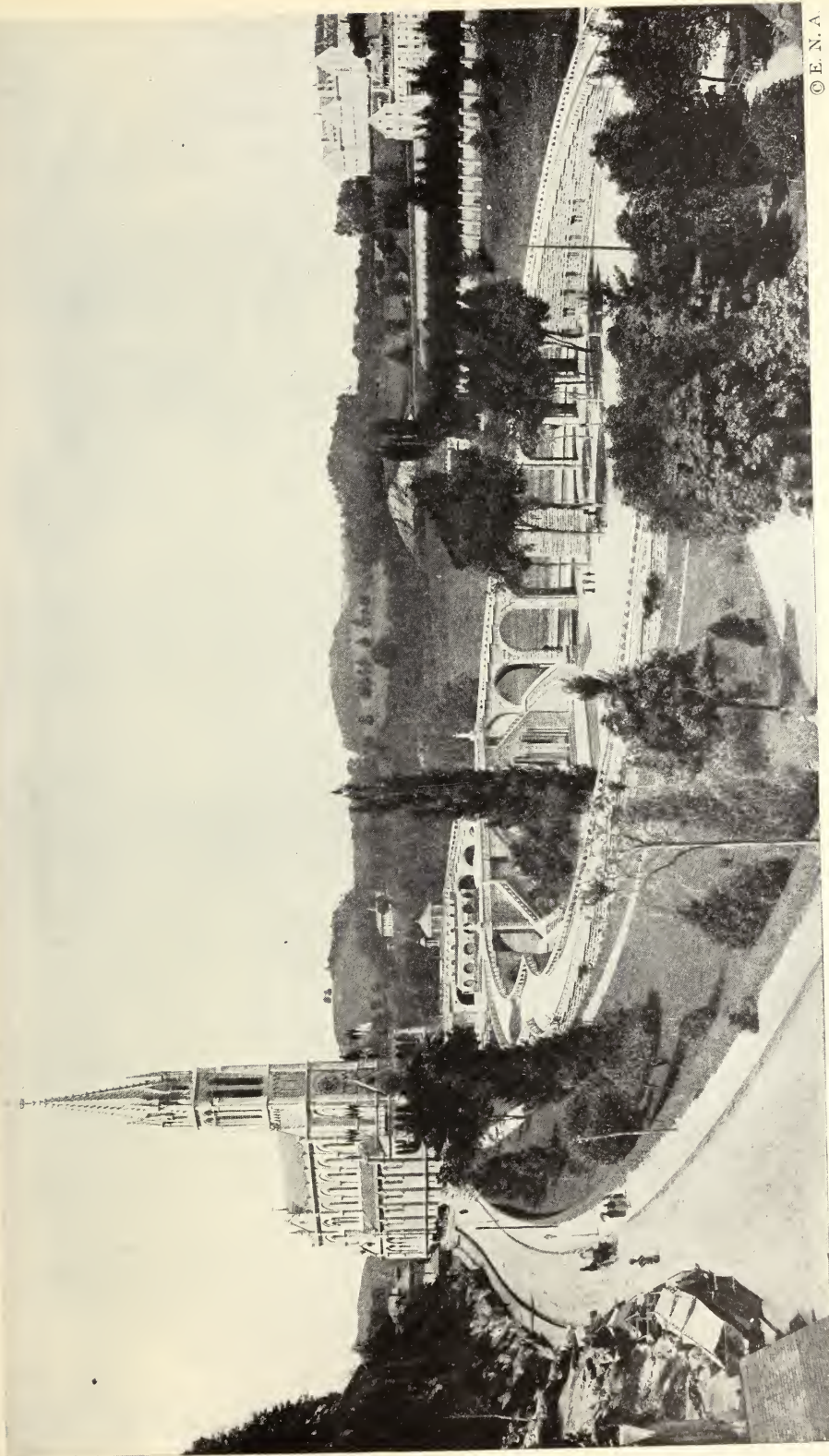
AT THE FOUNTAIN in sleepy little Puget-Théniers, the capital of a district in Provence not far from Nice, a muleteer waters his sturdy, sure-footed steed. Sureness of foot is a valuable asset, for the little town lies in a small valley among the wild and rocky slopes of the Alpes-Maritimes. A castle in ruins gives evidence that it was once fortified.



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ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT PILGRIM RESORTS OF FRANCE

The picturesque village of Rocamadour in the department of Lot is delightfully situated in the ravine of the Alzou. Bounded by mighty cliffs four hundred feet in height, it is one of the oldest places of pilgrimage in France. Its noted church of St. Amadour and Chapel of the Virgin crown a high rock reached by a staircase which pilgrims ascend on their knees.



© E. N. A.

A BEAUTIFUL PORTION OF LOURDES, A SOUTHERN TOWN OF FRANCE FAR-FAMED AS A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE

Lourdes, in the Hautes Pyrenees, owes its fame to its pilgrimages, and interest centres in the small grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, in which it is alleged the Virgin appeared to a peasant girl in 1858 and disclosed to her the healing properties of the spring close by. Vast numbers of pilgrims, estimated at six hundred thousand annually, seek this miraculous spring and many recoveries have been recorded. Other important features are the Basilica, the Gothic structure with a tower crowning the west façade seen on the left, and the Church of the Rosary below it.



Donald McLeish

WESTERN FAÇADE OF AMIENS CATHEDRAL WITH ITS ROSE WINDOW

Amiens, on the Somme (the ancient Samarobriva), is an important manufacturing and distributing centre, its industries include spinning and weaving textiles besides the making of velvet and hosiery. The finest building in the city is the Gothic cathedral which was built mainly in the thirteenth century and is remarkable for its size and sculptured stonework.



CATHEDRAL OF ST. ETIENNE IN THE ANCIENT TOWN OF MEAUX

In the department of Seine-et-Marne, Meaux (the old Iatinum) is situated on the Marne. There is a large trade in grain and dairy produce, and sugar, flour, textiles and steel are manufactured. The cathedral is a Gothic edifice of the twelfth-sixteenth centuries, but marred by the roof of the south tower. The north tower commands an extensive view.



© E. N. A.

QUEER LITTLE OX-DRAWN WAGON SEEN AMONG THE MONTS DORE

The Monts Dore are volcanic mountains, extinct long ago, among which rise the little streams Dor and Dogne that unite to form the Dordogne River. Among these mountains is the tiny spa of Mont Dore, near which dwells this peasant. The oxen that draw his skeleton wagon have fringed veils hung over their eyes to keep away the flies.

with destruction. After the Allied retreat in the spring of 1918 it came within the range of the German guns and was struck, fortunately without much damage being done. Almost everywhere we go in France we find wonderful old buildings.

There are several cities which to this day retain their moated walls and defenses and their narrow and tortuous medieval streets. Places like Blois, Avignon and Poitiers are history in stone. But the past glory of most of these old cities has been dimmed by that of Arras. Here we have a picturesque town founded in the days of the Gauls. Its Hôtel de Ville and its streets of medieval houses are famous the world over. The châteaux of the nobles of past ages, with their memories of days of splendor, are a great attraction in one of the finest areas of mid-France.

France probably has the best roads in the world. The kings of France built fine roads for five hundred years, and the republic has carried on the work. There are roads of stone and macadam, there are roads of Belgian blocks (of hard wood laid like bricks), and along these highways there are borders of shade trees.

In northern France the scarlet poppies fringe the roads for miles, like so many weeds. *Routes nationales* radiate from Paris to all of the important cities and towns of France. The French automobiles are small only because petroleum is scarce.

There are half a dozen great railway systems, one of which is government-owned; and these have begun to be electrified, especially around Paris. There is a network of air lines and the air port of Le Bourget, near the capital, is the centre of great air routes that reach all over Europe and to Morocco and all the most distant provinces. The government encourages her air services with subsidies, and the cost of air travel is accordingly so reasonable that French people think nothing of "hopping" over to London. The flying fields have air time-tables chalked on bulletin boards, together with maps showing the various routes offered; then when the passengers are aboard, they are supplied with reproductions of aerial photographs showing how the various cities passed may be recognized from on high.

French ports, harbors and waterways



© Aerofilms

AERIAL SURVEY OF BAYONNE, CITY AND SEAPORT OF FRANCE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF BASSES PYRENEES

Bayonne is attractively situated at the junction of the Nive and Adour, three miles and a half from the Bay of Biscay. It contains a notable citadel, an old and a new castle, and a beautiful medieval Gothic cathedral. The three divisions of the town, which are formed by the rivers, are Great Bayonne, the most important, seen on the left bank of the river Nive; Little Bayonne, the artisan quarter, on the right and connected with the former by three bridges; and the suburb of St. Esprit on the farther side of the Adour. The Pont St. Esprit just shows.



© E. N. A.

QUEER WAY OF GETTING ABOUT THAT IS PRACTICED BY THE SHEPHERDS OF THE MARSHY LANDES

These men dwell on the Landes, a great stretch of sand and marsh that borders the Bay of Biscay. On their stilts they can walk over the soft, shifting soil as fast as a horse can trot, and can watch their flocks from afar off. Each man carries a long pole to use as a walking-stick or as a prop when he wants to rest and knit. We do not often see these stilts nowadays, for the Landes are being drained and fertilized—those parts of it, that is to say, which are not already planted with forests of valuable fir trees, which yield enormous quantities of resin.



© E. N. A.

GATHERING OYSTERS IN THE BASSIN D'ARCACHON, A LARGE LAGOON ON THE BISCAY COAST OF FRANCE

oyster production. The Bassin d'Arcachon has a gently sloping, sandy shore that makes perfect oyster "parks." It is said that three hundred million oysters are exported every year, and twenty thousand people are regularly employed in this interesting industry.

South of the great port of Bordeaux, in the Landes district, is a big lagoon connected with the sea by only a narrow channel. Here, among the sand dunes and the pine woods, we find the little town of Arcachon, a popular winter and holiday resort and the chief centre of French



Nicholls

ABSURDITIES THAT "KING CARNIVAL" BRINGS TO SUNNY NICE

At Nice, a gay holiday resort on the Riviera, the twelve days before Lent are Carnival days, when merry crowds throng the streets, wearing fantastic costumes or hooded dominees. Then extraordinary vehicles, with even more extraordinary occupants, are drawn about the town, and there are battles in which confetti and flowers are the missiles.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE

were improved during the World War by both Britain and the United States; and huge companies have since come into existence in the fields of textiles, chemicals and metal-work. The rivers have been mentioned, and there are nearly as many miles of canals as there are of natural waterways. These are used for cheap freightage, in the north for iron, merchandise, or wheat; in the south for wine, and everywhere for livestock. While most of the larger canals have been made in the industrial north, there is one, the Midi, begun two centuries and a half ago, which flows for 150 miles from Toulouse to the Mediterranean, descending eighty feet at Béziers by a series of locks. Between banks shaded with oaks and plane

trees, now and again over a viaduct or through a tunnel, and from Carcassonne to Béziers through sixty miles of vineyards, it wends its placid way, accompanied, along the tow-path, now by someone on a bicycle, again by someone in charge of a flock of geese. It is a country of red-roofed white farmhouses, shuttered from the sun, of scented hayfields and vineyards. The Midi is a region so called because it is the land of the long midday; its dark-eyed people are musical, laughter-loving, emotional, and one thinks of d'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac.

It is here, at Les Eyzies, that grottoes were found, half a century ago, which contain many relics of the Stone Age, some of which we show elsewhere.

FRANCE: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

A republic of Western Europe bounded, north by the English Channel, Strait of Dover and the North Sea; northeast by Belgium and Luxemburg; east by Germany, Switzerland and Italy; south by the Mediterranean and Spain; west by Bay of Biscay, Atlantic Ocean and English Channel. Area, 212,736 square miles, thus ranking fourth in size in Europe; population (1926), 40,743,851, almost equally divided between urban and rural.

GOVERNMENT

Executive power vested in a President, elected for 7 years by Senate and Chamber of Deputies voting together and a Ministry responsible to the legislature. Legislative power is exercised by the Senate (314 members) elected indirectly for 9 years, one-third retiring every three years, and Chamber of Deputies (612 members) elected for four years by manhood suffrage. Local government is much centralized. There are 90 departments, each under a Prefect appointed by the central government. The departments are divided into 37,981 communes each with a Municipal Council elected by universal suffrage, but every act of Council must be approved by the Prefect.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Agriculture, including stock-raising, orchards and vineyards, is important. The chief crops are wheat, potatoes, oats and sugar-beets, though many other crops are grown. The production of wine and cider is large and many fruits are grown. Silk culture is pursued in 24 departments. Coal and iron ore are the most important mineral products. The largest manufactures are textiles (cotton and silk), iron and steel, automobiles, leather and leather goods and chemicals, but there are many small establishments producing other

articles. The chief exports are textiles, chemicals, iron and steel, clothing and wines, and automobiles. The chief imports are raw materials for the textile industry, foodstuffs and oil seeds, wine and petroleum. The skill of French workmen is proverbial.

COMMUNICATIONS

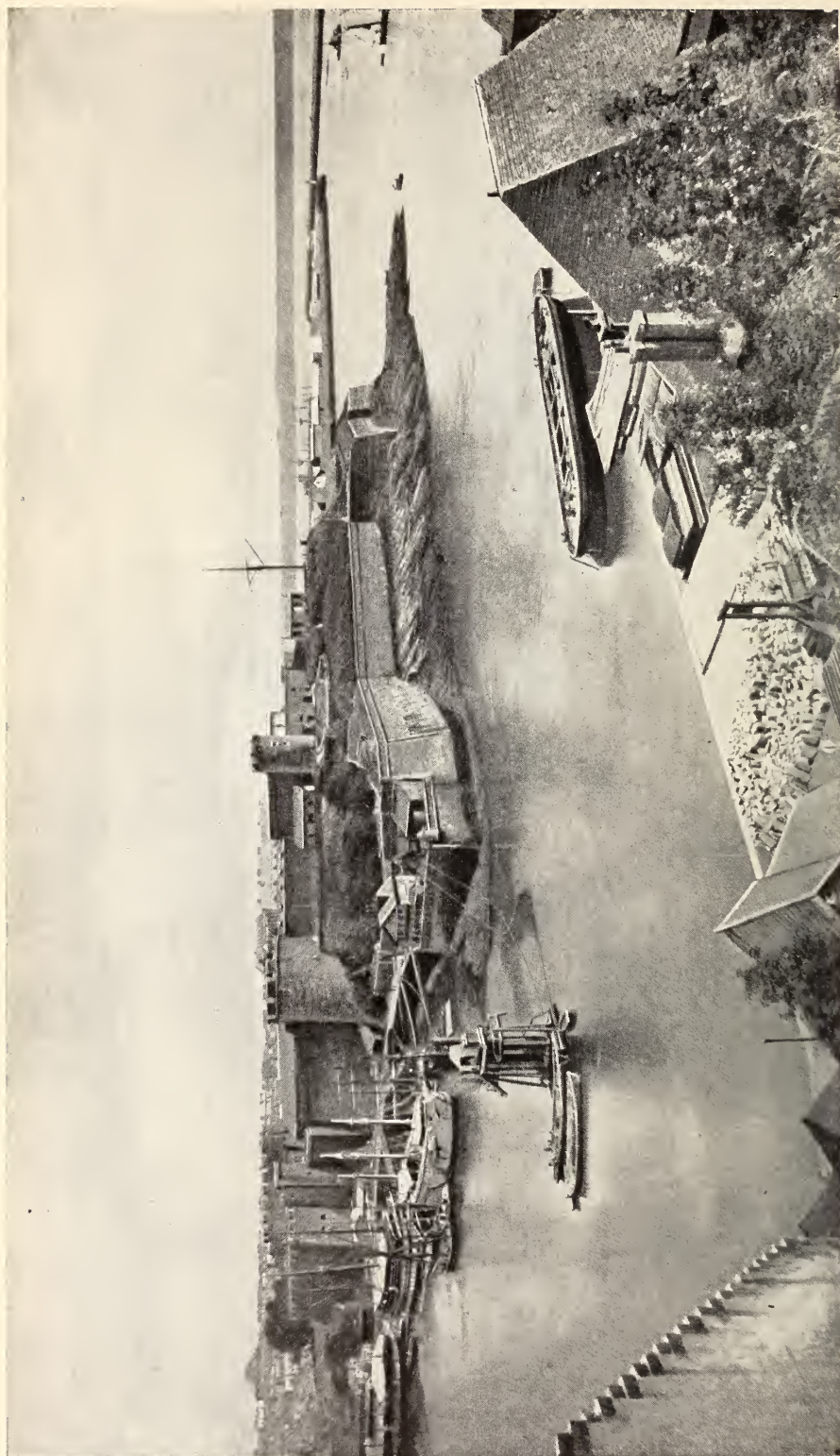
Railway mileage (1928), 25,947, about one-fifth state-owned; electrification is in progress; navigable waterways (rivers and canals), 6,796 miles. France has many excellent harbors from which ships sail to all parts of the world. Telegraph lines, 220,467 miles; telephone lines, 112,639 miles.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

The state recognizes no religion, but large majority of adherents are Catholic; about a million Protestants. Monastic establishments may exist only by special permission. State schools are classed as primary, secondary and superior, and there are many private institutions. Instruction is free in state primary schools (68,227 in 1927); private primary schools, 11,956. Secondary instruction is supplied by the state in *lycées* and communal colleges of which there were 511 in 1927 with 15,370 students. In addition to numerous professional and technical schools, there are 17 universities in France with an enrolment of 60,969 in 1927.

CHIEF TOWNS

Population in 1926: Paris (capital), 2,871,429; Marseilles, 652,196; Lyons, 570,840; Bordeaux, 256,026; Lille, 201,921; St. Etienne, 193,737; Nantes, 184,509; Nice, 184,441; Toulouse, 180,771; Strasbourg, 174,402; Le Havre, 158,022; Rouen, 122,898; Roubaix, 117,209; Toulon, 115,120; Nancy, 114,491; Clermont-Ferrand, 111,701; Reims, 100,908.



CASTLE OF BREST, A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY STRONGHOLD MODIFIED BY THE GENIUS OF VAUBAN

Brest, France's largest naval depot, lies in an enclosed stretch of sea known as the Rade de Brest off the coast of Finistère, Brittany. It is the capital of one of the seventeen economic divisions of France instituted after the World War. The castle is here seen across the entrance to the

Port Militaire, a kind of canal excavated from the mouth of the Penfeld. Beyond are the breakwaters of the Port de Commerce, for besides the manifold activities of a naval station Brest does a good trade in chemicals, candles, and soap, its own manufactures, and is a fishing centre.

THE FRENCH SEA PROVINCES

Ancient Normandy and Romantic Brittany

France has two provinces that jut into the English Channel. Of these, Normandy has been the home of an adventure-loving race from which William the Conqueror was sprung. When Viking Northmen descended upon these shores in the tenth century, the Danes called them "Normand," and the name has clung. Brittany is also a land of sea-faring people (though they are of different stock), a land of legend and scenic beauty, of quaint costumes and queer customs. This peninsula was once called Armorica; but when the Anglo-Saxons invaded England, the Britons fled across the Channel and in memory of their homeland called that part of France "Britannia Minor."

BRITTANY is a rugged promontory tempered by the salt winds off the Atlantic, a land of weather-bronzed fishermen whose blue and henna sails have tempted artists for generations. Its beliefs are half-Celtic, half-Druidic, although no natural barrier divides it from Normandy with its tall, fair-haired, adventure-loving people, so unlike most of the French because they are descended from the Norse Vikings who invaded the land in the ninth century.

The land of the "Normand," as they were called, had been inhabited by wild Gallic tribes to whom Christian missionaries came at an early date. Later a Roman provincial capital, it had been a feudal duchy of the bishopric of Rouen, conquered by King Clovis in the sixth century. When Hrolf of Norway (Rollo) seized Rouen, he compelled Charles the Simple, whose daughter Gisela he married, to make him Duke of Normandy. But when his proxy had to perform the ceremony of allegiance by kissing the king's foot, that ruddy Viking stood erect, lifted the royal foot to his mouth and toppled the king over backward, at which Hrolf's followers shouted with laughter.

From Hrolf and Gisela sprang the dukes of Normandy and one of their grandsons was William II, known as the Conqueror. And so adaptable were the Northmen that they soon became more Gallic than the more civilized Gauls themselves, and zealously restored the very monasteries they had destroyed. William the Conqueror himself was present when the rebuilt church at Jumièges, west

of Rouen, was consecrated in 1065. William, be it remembered, was the son of Robert the Devil and a maid of Falaise, and a famous tapestry at Bayeux depicts his conquest of England. One also recalls that Normandy, after having been united with England, then separated, was saved from English invaders by Joan of Arc, who was martyred at Rouen in 1431. Rouen is now a great manufacturing town, although one may still find relics of ancient times. Throughout Normandy one still sees examples of the ponderous Norman architecture, as in the chapel of Mont St. Michel, a granite structure (just across from St. Malo) where abbey and fortress were once combined on this rocky island laved by a forty-eight-foot tide. Fortresses like that of Château Gaillard at Les Andelys once enabled the dukes of Normandy to hold back the kings of France. Normandy impresses the tourist as a land of chalk cliffs and half-timbered villages, of emerald fields and fragrant apple orchards reaching inland along the valley of the Seine. Cider is not unnaturally the favorite beverage of the countryside. Havre (The Haven) owes its fame as a port to the fact that it stands where the Seine, the water route from Paris, widens to seven miles before blending with the English Channel. Cherbourg, on the peninsula of Cotentin, came into prominence during the World War. Dieppe, to the northward, was aptly named for the deeps beneath its cliffs.

The Bretons live chiefly along the coast, securing their living from the sea.



© Crété

A BRETON WEDDING PROCESSION FOLLOWS THE MUSICIAN THROUGH PLOUGASTEL, FINISTÈRE

The Bretons are a hard-working folk, but they make full use of their opportunities for merrymaking. A marriage especially is regarded as an occasion for singing, dancing and feasting. It is usually celebrated in January, before the work in fields and fisheries begins. The people of

this village have their own customs and costumes. The women wear starched headresses, called coifs, with bodices and colored aprons. Among the men the popular dress consists of a pale blue coat with silver buttons, a green waistcoat and dark trousers.



© E. N. A.

WASH-DAY IN THE COURTYARD OF AN OLD BRETON FARM

There are few modern devices on the old-world farms of Brittany. On this one the washing has to be done in the huge granite trough before the woman in the spotless "coif." The household water supply is drawn from the well by which the man is standing. Horses and oxen draw the simple agricultural machines, and the grain is threshed with flails.

not the barren uplands. The old walled town of St. Malo, the gateway to Brittany, has a harbor protected by many islets, including Grand Bey where Châteaubriand lies in his grave. In this region and as far westward as Cape Fréhel there are bays in which the sea leaves wide expanses of sand at low tide; but for the most part the coast is wildly picturesque. Around Ploumanach there is as weird a stretch of wilderness as can well be imagined. The actual "land's end" presents to the Atlantic dangerous reefs, bold capes and rocky desolation. And yet Brest roadstead is accounted the finest natural harbor in Europe; for within its bottle-neck entrance, illuminated by five lighthouses, lies a harbor fourteen miles long by half as wide. Just beyond, in the bay of Douarnenez there is something every tourist ought to visit—the grottoes of Morgat, the largest of which can be visited only by boat with the passengers lying flat at the cave mouth. Here the waves have

hollowed a cavern 150 feet long into which the blue light enters through the sea, and in the middle of this grotto stands a huge block of red granite, the "altar." The sight is impressive.

Where the coast bends sharply south-eastward, it is protected by a chain of islands and becomes less rugged until it ends in sand dunes at the mouth of the Loire. It is here that relics of the Bronze Age and Neolithic remains are most numerous. The first people in Brittany to leave records behind them were the Armoricans, as they were called by the Romans. These Druidical people erected strange monuments to which the Bretons even to-day make journeys, superstitiously taking their cattle to be blessed. These monuments were of three kinds, dolmens, menhirs and cromlechs. The dolmen was a cairn rudely constructed of upright stones and roofed over by a capstone, and it is thought that in some prehistoric age it was used as a repository for the

bones of the dead. Menhirs are single upright stones, possibly used to mark boundaries, more likely placed to do honor to those buried in the dolmens. At Carnac fully twelve hundred of these stones stand ranged in eleven rows, and at Erdeven near by are similar alinements. It is also believed that the tribesmen of those pagan times used to dance down these aisles, leading their victims to stones called cromlechs where the priests stood ready to make the sacrifices. At any rate, the place names in this region are largely derived from funeral ceremonies: Plouharnel means "the bone houses," Kerlescan, "the place of ashes" and Kermario, "the place of the dead." The Armoricans were vanquished in the fifth century by the invading Celts from Britain; but in the "pardons" of which we shall presently tell, there is more than a suggestion of a Druidical religion marked by an elaborate cult of the dead. The Bretons, living isolated from the rest of France and daily faced by the hazards of the sea, although a Christian people, cling superstitiously to certain pagan customs. To a

mutilated Roman statue of a horseman at St. Marcel, for instance, the sick are brought on horseback.

The Breton is peculiarly religious. He has the cemetery in the middle of the town in order that the dead may hear the church services; and the great days of the year are the "pardons" when he believes his sins will all be forgiven and his bodily ills cured by the particular saint whose day it is. He therefore spends the early part of the day in pilgrimage and prayer. Penitents will kiss the stones and on their bended knees make their painful way to the spot where they believe the saint to be buried, and afterward will drink of the fountain that rises nearest his grave. But in the evening there is merry-making and the erstwhile devotee dances to the shrill music of the "biniau," the Breton bagpipe, or the concertina.

There is the Pardon of Rumengol, remarkable for the number of people who attend it and for their costumes. At Rumengol is a celebrated statue of the Virgin which the Bretons believe has the power to cure the ills of body or soul. This



© Crété

WHERE PEOPLE SLEEP IN BUNKLIKE BEDS IN THE WALL

In this and many another Breton farmhouse, the beds are more like the bunks found on board ship. Placed one above the other, they are hidden in the daytime by sliding doors. The snowy lavender-scented linen is stored in a recess beneath the lower bed, and on the wall near by, as shown above, a little shrine is usually seen.



© E. N. A.

FOLK-MUSIC FOR THE COUNTRY DANCES AT A BRETON FESTIVAL

The music for the gavottes danced at a Breton festival is usually provided by a concertina, but the "biniou," a native variety of the bagpipe, such as is played by the old peasant on the right, and the flageolet of his companion rival that instrument in popularity. On both of these the old, traditional airs of the country are rendered with sweet melancholy.



Onslow

NEEDLE AND THREAD ARE NEVER NEEDED BY A BRETON COBBLER

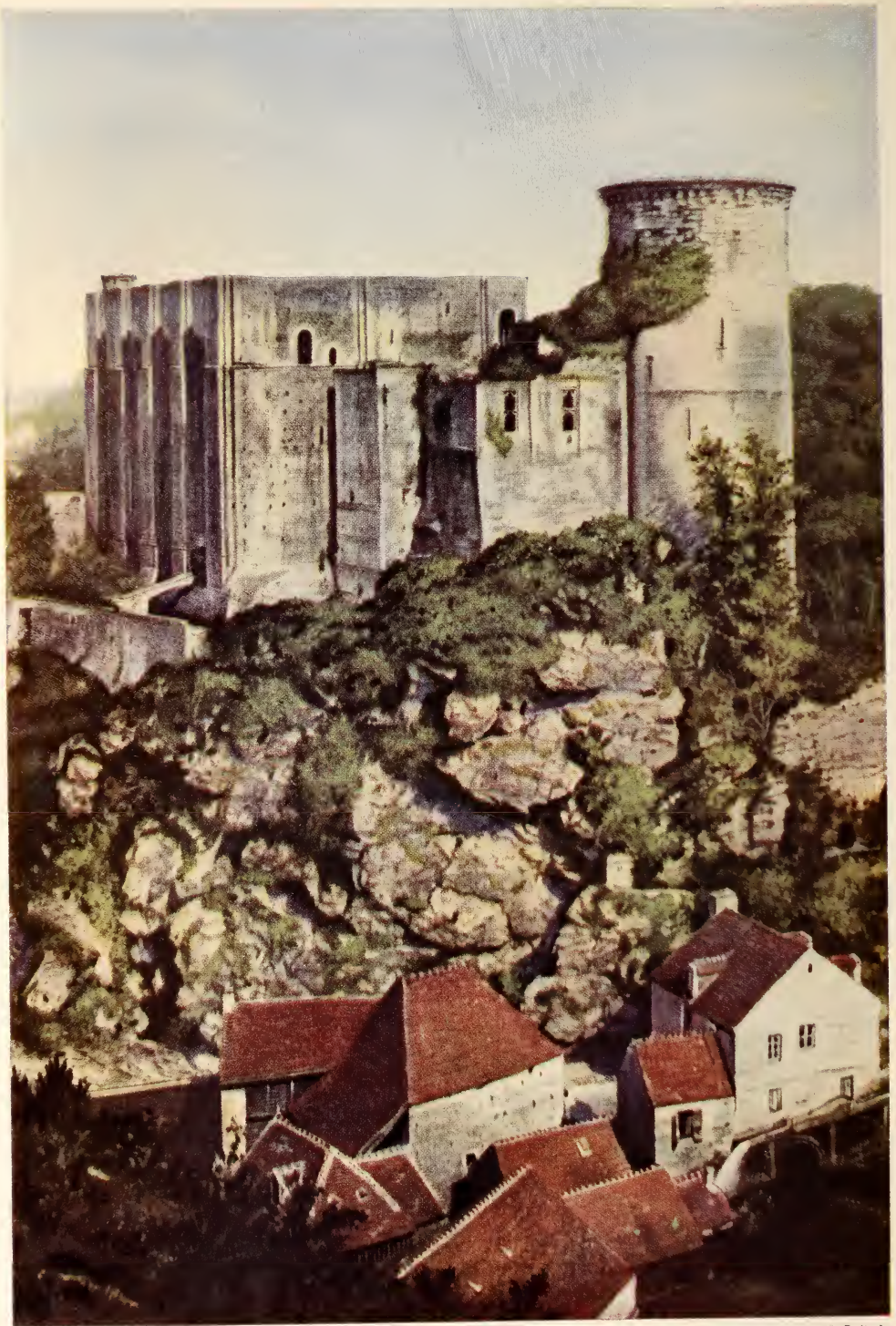
A cobbler's shop in Brittany is carpeted with wood-shavings, and the shoemaker stands at his work with mallet and gouge, instead of crouching over his last; for all the Breton peasants wear "sabots," wooden shoes like the "klompen" of the Dutch folk. As we can imagine, there is a noisy clit-clatter over the cobbles when several of them pass.



© Crété

A BRETON MOTHER WITH HER WELL-SWADDLED SON AND HEIR

Babies in Brittany are sometimes curiously clad. The small son that this pleasant-faced woman gazes upon so proudly is tied up as securely as a Red Indian "papoose" in brightly embroidered robes and ribbons, and so keeps warm and cozy wherever he lies. His mother is wearing the form of white starched "coif" peculiar to her particular district.



© E. N. A.

FALAISE CASTLE is of special interest to us. Looking from its windows, Robert the Devil, sixth duke of Normandy, first saw Arletta, the tanner's daughter, in the streets of Falaise town. Their son, who was born in the castle, was William the Conqueror. Of this historic fortress, nothing now remains but the square donjon keep and the round Tower.



SPECIAL PRESS

THE GLORY OF JOSSELIN, a little old town of south Brittany, is its "château," a fortified castle many centuries old. Its water-front is very grand, with high, strong walls and round towers rising from the living rock. In the old church is the tomb of Oliver de Clisson, a famous soldier of the 14th century. Washing is done in the placid River Oust.



© E. N. A.

GAILY DRESSED FOR CHURCH

On week-days this girl of Douarnenez is at work tinning sardines—an important Breton industry—but on Sundays she always wears the beautiful costume of her district.

is also called the Pardon of the Singers, and it obtained its name from a very old legend. It is said that a king of ancient Brittany, Gralon by name, threw his lovely daughter, Ahes, into the sea that he himself might escape from drowning. She became a siren, luring fishermen and mariners to their doom by her wonderful singing. Gralon heard it and was sorrowful, and on his death-bed asked the Virgin to deprive Ahes of her voice. This the Virgin said she could not do; but she promised that a race of sweet singers should come to the earth and that every year they should sing at the Pardon of Rumengol.

On the night of the twenty-third of June the Pardon of Fire is celebrated. On a hillside at St. Jean du Doigt, or St. John of the Finger, will be built a great bonfire. The peasants gather around it, excitedly getting scorched in their efforts to seize brands to carry away as charms—"Joy and good health from the blessed St. John!"

The Pardon of the Sea, which is the Fête of Sainte Anne de la Palude, is the greatest of all. Then the procession includes widows with extinguished candles, and survivors of wrecks with a small ship's model. St. Anne is the saint of all who lie beneath the sea or make their living in deep waters. Her story is full of that mystical meaning which the Breton loves. St. Anne, when young, was a much-beloved duchess in Brittany, and married a king of France. When the king found she was likely to become a mother, he drove her from home and she came down to the sea in great distress. But a "ship of glory" was provided for her, and the helmsman was an angel. He guided her to the Holy Land, where she gave birth to the Virgin Mary—or, some say, the Lord himself. When Anne was growing old, she longed for her Breton people and begged to be taken back, so the "ship of glory" came back, with the angel still at the helm, and her own people assembled



© Crête

PEASANT IN OLD-FASHIONED GARB

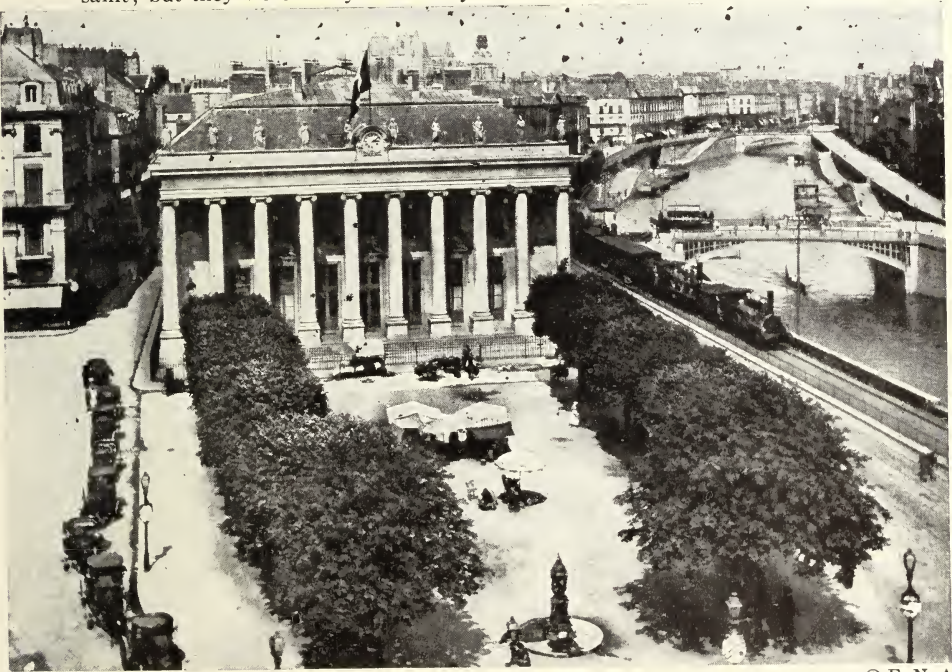
In Brittany most of the men now have their hair cut short, and the puffy breeches that were once commonly seen are worn to-day by only a few old men on festivals.



© Underwood & Underwood

CATTLE AWAIT BLESSING AT THE ALINEMENT OF MENEC

In ancient days, so the Bretons say, the good St. Corneille was saved from enemy soldiers by cattle at Carnac, near Menec, and ever since Breton cattle have been blessed here. It is also said that these long lines of mighty stones are the soldiers, turned into stone by the saint; but they were really erected by a vanished race who worshiped here.



© E. N. A.

NANTES, BRITTANY'S INDUSTRIAL CITY ON THE RIVER LOIRE

In contrast to the old rambling villages of Brittany, with their quaintly dressed inhabitants, the busy city of Nantes is one of the most prosperous ports of France. Here are great factories and shipbuilding yards, quays and warehouses. In this photograph we see the pillared Bourse, or Stock Exchange, and the adjoining quays.

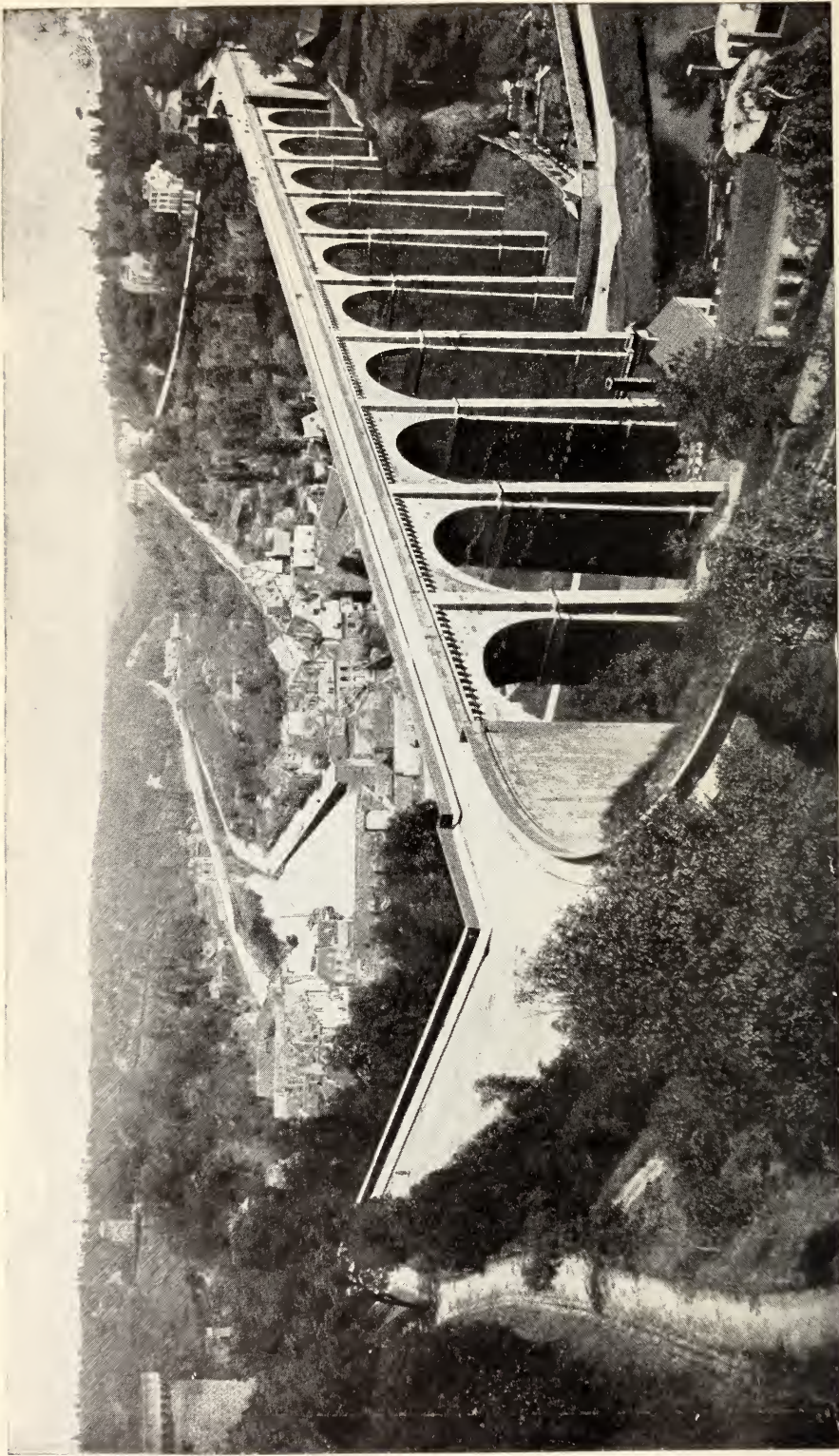


FASCINATING OLD HOUSES seem to nod to each other across the narrow streets of Quimper, capital of Finistère. Behind rise the modern twin towers of the old cathedral of St. Corentin, which was started about 1239. We are visiting Quimper at the right time—on market day—when the streets are thronged with women and men in a variety of costumes.



MCLEISH

LOVELY OLD ROUEN, once the capital of Normandy, has many quaint, narrow streets but notwithstanding, it is a busy centre of trade. The cathedral that lifts above the housetops its towers and its spire (the highest one in France) was standing, though not as we see it now, on that sad day, five hundred years ago, when Joan of Arc was burned at Rouen.



STONEWORK OLD AND NEW: DINAN'S ANCIENT RAMPARTS AND MODERN VIADUCT

The most imposing feature about modern Dinan is the stone viaduct spanning the Rance, a structure, by no means lacking in grace, two hundred and seventy yards long and one hundred and thirty feet above the river. We look downstream toward St. Malo, with Dinan itself to the left. Part of the old rampart is just visible. The cluster of houses in the valley below is dignified with the name of harbor, for there is considerable river traffic on the canalized Rance, which just below the town opens out into a tidal estuary. Over the viaduct runs the main road.

on the shore to give her a welcome as their queen. But St. Anne would have none of this. "I give all my goods to the poor!" she cried; and she was as good as her word, ending her life in poverty.

There is a wonderful legend about the City of Is, so beautiful a city that when the people of France were seeking a name for their capital they could find nothing better to call it than *Par-is—the like of Is*—an ingenious but untrue derivation.

A City Under the Sea

The City of Is was below sea level, but it was protected from inundation by walls and dykes with doors that could be opened for the water to flow out or in. The Princess Dahut carried the silver keys that unlocked those doors suspended from her neck. One night a stranger made his appearance and captivated the princess by his beauty and masterfulness. As soon as he got an opportunity, he snatched the keys from her neck, or (one version has it) she gave them to him; at any rate he made away with them and opened the floodgates. The sea streamed in; the waves mounting higher and higher, swamped the streets, houses and palaces, until finally there was left only the wide surface that to-day makes the Bay of Douarnenez.

For years the clergy used to embark on fishing-boats every year to say Mass over the drowned city, and it is still said that when the sea is calm and the weather is clear, the remains of a great town may be seen at the bottom of the bay, and the ringing of its church-bells can be heard.

Legend of St. Galonnek

The feast of St. Galonnek is held every first of April, when "the time of the singing of the birds is come." St. Galonnek was a native of Ireland, a disciple of St. Patrick, and his heart was said to be "like a fresh spring of water, ever bubbling-up with blessing," hence the name Galonnek, which means open-hearted. At the age of eighteen, Galonnek crossed over to Brittany, and after many adventures came to a place where he seated himself on the doorstep of a house and waited

for an invitation to enter; but its owner bade him go away. He went from house to house, always meeting with the same injunction to "Get up and begone," which in Breton is expressed by the word "zevel." Ever afterward that village bore the name of Plouzevel. In a neighboring village there was a poor widow who received Galonnek as if he had been her own son. To reward her he dug for water on her land and a fountain sprang up. Her land became rich meadow and cattle came to feed there. When the villagers saw this, they begged Galonnek to take up his abode with them and he did so. Living in a hut, he persuaded them to abandon their custom of lighting fires on the rocks to lure ships to destruction.

Later, when Galonnek was made Bishop of Cornouailles, he had many a struggle with the nobles on behalf of the serfs. His body lies buried in the Cathedral of St. Pol where its resting-place is covered by a granite slab. On that slab the Breton mothers lay their baby boys, praying: "St. Galonnek bestow on my child two hearts—the heart of a lion, strong in well-doing and the heart of a turtle-dove, full of brotherly love."

In Lace Cap and Velvet Apron

We see the Bretonne at her best at a wedding. In some districts she wears a butterfly cap of fine lace, a velvet bodice and an apron of brilliant flowered velvet. First there is a civil ceremony at the mayor's office, then a church ceremony, where the bridal couple occupy two chairs at the altar rail with candles placed in front of them. If the wedding is a country one, there follows a feast in a meadow which everyone attends, especially the beggars. When old and young, rich and poor have feasted, the oldest woman may recite a litany for the dead. After that there may be several days of merry-making.

There is a considerable nomadic population in the province, including "sabotiers," the makers of wooden shoes, who go in groups to the woods to get their material, then divide into small bands to go through the villages and sell their



JOEL

IN OLD DINAN, once a stronghold of the Dukes of Brittany, there are many queer, narrow streets, but none queerer or more ancient than the Rue du Jerzual, with its top-heavy houses of the Middle Ages. This street winds down very steeply to the Porte du Jerzual, one of the gateways that pierce the old town walls. Through this gate one reaches the River Rance.



© E. N. A.

TIMBERED HOUSES, built by the master craftsmen of the Middle Ages, border the River Seine at Caudebec-en-Caux, a sleepy town of Normandy. Centuries have given them an added richness of color. The church, dating from the 15th century, is one of the finest in the diocese. Caudebec was once an important fortress, which was taken in 1419 by the English.



© E. N. A.

VIEW OF PICTURESQUE AVRANCHES, ONE OF THE OLDEST TOWNS IN NORMANDY

Avranches dates from Roman times. It occupies a hill by the Sée in the department of Manche, while situated on the coast road from St. Malo to Granville it commands a delightful view of Mont St. Michel and its beautiful bay. Three churches and a town hall are among its

most interesting buildings, and historical interest centres in the inscribed stone in the square which indicates the spot where in 1172 Henry II of England did penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Avranches has experienced several sieges, and suffered severely each time.



Humphrey Joel

OLD BUILDING OF ROUEN RIFE WITH MELLOW MEMORIES

Rouen contains many architectural treasures of the Middle Ages, although modern construction is responsible for several spacious streets in the city's older quarters. These, however, do not detract from the general picturesque aspect. In this small house, behind Rouen cathedral, Joan of Arc is said to have lived pending her trial and her fiery martyrdom.



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MONT ST. MICHEL, at low tide is an island of granite in a sea of sand. At high tide the real sea makes a real island of the picturesque mass save for the causeway that connects it with the mainland. At the base of the mount are strong fortifications. Next we would come to a little medieval

town; and then to the beautiful 13th century monastery; and lastly, on the very summit, to the abbey-church of St. Michel. The monastery was founded in 709 and became very rich. That on St. Michael's Mount, a similar rock off the Cornish coast, was its dependency.



A CALVARY, or solitary cross of stone, wood or iron, is a very common sight at the roadsides and by the sea in Brittany. Many of them are wonderfully carved. This one, erected on the quay at Concarneau, looks across the waters of Concarneau Bay, that it may watch over the fishermen of the town while they are at sea. This is a centre of fisheries.



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AERIAL VIEW OF THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF NORMANDY

Formerly the capital of Normandy, now that of the department of Seine-Inférieure, Rouen stands on the Seine, fifty-four miles by rail east of Havre. The right bank, where the main part of the city lies, has excellent quays. The total tonnage entered and cleared here is considerable. The central structure is Rouen's minster, a fine Gothic structure.

wares. There are charcoal-burners, weavers of linen and wool, thatchers, rag-merchants, all leading a kind of gipsy life.

Tourists ought to see the great châteaux at Nantes and at Josselin, go boating on the silver Rance and go driving past the apple orchards, perhaps hearing the notes of the Angelus as they steal from a village church across some twilight bay. The motorist will find both roads and inns surprisingly good; and there is a regular passenger service between Southampton and St. Malo.

It is related of that ancient seaport that in the sixth century a holy man called Malo (Maclow, Maclou, Machut or Maclovius) came sailing over from Wales in a stone dugout, and with a resident hermit named Aaron as audience, held religious services on the back of a whale. He then built a hut of the native granite and started to perform miracles. Druid competition in time drove him out, but by 680 he had been canonized; and though Charlemagne's warriors destroyed the city in 811, Charlemagne restored it. It

was a warlike Bishop, Châtillon, who (in 1155) started the seaward-facing ramparts that remain to-day; and in time the church rubbed elbows with merchant-corsairs who cut cellars into the rock to hide their booty from the tax-collectors. The island city had to grow skyward since it could not expand far otherwise. In the days before it built its inner harbor, the receding tides left wide stretches of sandy beach exposed, and a dozen ferocious watchdogs were kept on guard at night. When the Bastion of Holland was built to overlook the sea and receive William of Orange, these dogs were put in a bomb-proof room which may still be seen.

In all, the corsair city took toll of English shipping to the number of 4,500 merchantmen and between 300 and 400 warships, and it took England and Holland together to subdue the rocky isle. Its flag saw Madras and Rio de Janeiro, and it was a son of St. Malo that gave Canada to France. But "my blood tints the banner of France," Châteaubriand the writer reminds us from over the doorway of

his father's dwelling—now become part of a big hotel. Among the names in blue and white enamel that mark most of the streets and public squares we find that of Cartier, discoverer of the St. Lawrence; De Gournay, France's first industrialist; and Thévenard, her first cannon-founder.

St. Thomas's Gate was named for the Breton sailor's favorite patron and the gate was endowed with a shrine by a crew that declared the Saint had answered their prayer and saved them from an octopus that had clutched their boat.

To-day St. Malo does battle only with the deep; its annual fishing cruise to Newfoundland has been its greatest venture for the past century. The autoist will be

advised by the police to leave his car outside the walls of the tiny city; but, this being complied with, he may view the palace of Duchess Anne, who brought Brittany to the crown of France.

The Bay of Morbihan is said to contain as many islands as there are days in the year. When we look across the water from Tregastel we see the Isle of Avalon, to which King Arthur was carried to be healed of his grievous wound and where he is supposed to have died. But the Bretons say he is not dead, but only held a prisoner in an underground palace, from which he comes out occasionally in the form of a raven. Certain it is that there are ravens occasionally to be seen.



Humphrey Joel

UNDER AN ARCHWAY OF MONT ST. MICHEL'S AGE-OLD ABBEY

Mont St. Michel is world-famed for its picturesque beauty. Clinging to a granite rock rising steeply above the sands in the blue bay of St. Michel, the small village is connected with the mainland by a raised causeway. The rock is crowned by a Benedictine Abbey, founded in 708, once a noted centre of learning and place of pilgrimage.



Humphrey Joel

AN OLD CURIOSITY SHOP THAT SLUMBERS IN FALAISE

It was in Falaise that Robert le Diable had his castle and from one of the windows saw, as in the story of David and Bathsheba, a fair maid washing. She was one Arletta, daughter to a tanner, and subsequently bore him a son who was to become famous as William the Conqueror. Old Falaise is essentially a place of the past, as are the goods in this aged shop.

A CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

Paris the Capital That Charms the World

Paris fascinates everyone who goes there, first for its historic and romantic interest and the beauty of its architecture, then because of its life of gaiety and learning and its cosmopolitan population. The city has been called the mind of France; certainly it has been a crucible of thought that has helped direct the civilization of the world. Paris is not alone a city of palaces but of gruesome slums; a vast fortress, it contains the loveliest of parks; it is a centre of art and science, of fashion and allied manufactures. The Parisians themselves work hard, but they also play whole-heartedly; on a summer morning the floating swimming-baths of the Seine are filled with shop attendants, and the crowds along the boulevards make the evening merry.

PARIS is a city of quick tempo and architectural beauty and of unequalled historic interest. Let us review that history as in a quick-motion camera. Julius Cæsar mentions it in 53 B.C. when the tribe called the Parisii dwelt on an island in the Seine and their chief town was Lutetia. Not until the fifth century, when Roman power declined, was the name Paris used. St. Denis brought Christianity about 250 A.D., and the succession of leaders who followed included Clovis, King of the Franks, who expelled the last Roman governor; Charlemagne, under whose successors of the Carolingian dynasty twelve townsmen once fended off besieging Norman pirates at the Petit-Pont; and the Capets, builders of famous churches.

Under Philippe Auguste, brother-in-arms of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a girdle of walls was built to protect the city; Louis IX encouraged colleges and his chaplain Robert de Sorbon established one famous to-day. After the Hundred Years' War with England the feudal lords became more powerful than the kings themselves. Civil strife resulted and the city was occupied for a quarter of a century by the English. A few generations later the Italian campaigns initiated the Renaissance, and Italian artists transformed the medieval French fortresses into such beauty as that of the Louvre and part of the Palace of Fontainebleau. There followed Catherine de Médicis, the House of Bourbon, Cardinal Richelieu, who created the Académie Française,

and under Louis XIV, "Roi Soleil," France became the great political power of Europe, and Paris was ornamented with splendid buildings.

But after Louis XV came hard times, and Louis XVI saw the capture of the Bastille by a mob. Under the Convention royalty was abolished. Now came the Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, as First Consul. During the First Empire which followed, more than sixty new streets were laid out and two triumphal arches begun. Under the Second Empire many old sections were torn down and the Outer Boulevards of to-day undertaken. Paris was captured during the Franco-Prussian War; when the invaders retired, turbulent elements attempted to establish a Commune, and when they were defeated, tried to destroy the city. Under the Third Republic, 1871, horse travel began to give way to street cars and an underground railway. Finally came the long-range bombardment and air raids of the World War. Now a great Triumphal Way is being constructed.

It is a far cry from the original village of savage huts to the great European capital of to-day. The city is laid out with intriguing irregularity, in a somewhat concentric pattern that begins with the Île de la Cité, midway of the Seine. The Grands Boulevards correspond to the ramparts of the fourteenth to seventeenth centuries which enclose most of old Paris. Outside, the ancient suburbs, or faubourgs, are enclosed by fine wide streets which mark the eighteenth-century ram-

parts; and outside these in turn lie suburbs which have been a part of Paris only since 1860. Of these, fashionable Auteuil and Passy lie to the westward, while the dwellings of the petite bourgeoisie occupy the remaining sides. To turn now and work inward, it is the west side faubourgs which are expensive—St. Honore, the Champs-Élysées and St. Germain. The shopping and theatre districts lie within the Grands Boulevards, especially on the north bank of the bisecting Seine.

On the Île de la Cité

One can but mention the most outstanding points of interest which might be visited in the course of a series of pilgrimages. In the Cité the Palais de Justice has endured in part for two thousand years, and on this site have been dispensed the justice of the Roman law and the Code Napoleon. The old clock on the corner tower was set up by Charles V in 1370. Several streets to the right we find the Cathedral of Notre Dame. We enter its vast, dim interior with reverence and examine the carvings that everywhere adorn it; then, from its balconied squat towers we have a view of the city. First we note in the distance the golden dome of the Invalides. On the Left Bank of the Seine cluster the University buildings and the principal part of medieval Paris. Now if we cross the river by the Petit-Pont, oldest of Parisian bridges, a bridge in Cæsar's time, we have the scene of the defense against the Vikings before mentioned. It is not far to the old church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre, which has altered little since the twelfth century. In this neighborhood the streets twist and turn and some of the house fronts loom clear from one narrow street to another, concealing dank-smelling courtyards and mysterious passageways. The Rue Saint-Jacques, however, lies straight because it is laid out along what was one of the mathematical Roman roads. During the Middle Ages students from all over Europe were attracted to this quarter, and one of the professors at the University of Paris up the hill to the southward was Abélard, who loved Héloïse so tragically.

In the Latin Quarter

From here we can walk to the Musée de Cluny, opposite which stands the façade of the Sorbonne, old and famous before our universities were founded. On a hill near by stands the Panthéon, of troubled history, in which are buried Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire. As we wander through the narrow old streets of the Latin Quarter, lined with bookshops and cheap restaurants, we are walking in the footsteps of many great scholars and writers of the past. We may end this day's walk with a stroll along the Boulevard Montparnasse, where at times, as elsewhere in the Latin Quarter, art students and even those whose best work sells elsewhere string their paintings up between the trees, and save the art dealer's commission on scenes from Rouen to the Riviera.

A walk of only a few blocks will take us to the Luxembourg Quarter, where the Catacombs extend chill and dark beneath a vast area of the south and east of Paris. Here for two thousand years, human bones have been deposited and—amazingly!—a subterranean fountain bubbles forth. From the exit in the Rue Dareau one may easily reach the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg, laid out in formal Italian style. The Palais du Luxembourg now houses the French Senate, and the Musée de Luxembourg is one of the best known galleries of modern French art.

In the Luxembourg Quarter

On our way back we may pass the Théâtre de l'Odéon, where many an actor, who later appeared behind the footlights of the Théâtre-Français, has trained. From here it is not far to the École des Beaux-Arts, where painters and sculptors of every nation have received their training.

On the opposite side of the Seine is the Louvre, which is worth many a visit, for it contains such world-famed works of art as the Venus de Milo, Mona Lisa and the Winged Victory, all placed most effectively. The Victory hovers



Donald McLeish

PARIS VIEWED FROM QUASIMODO'S LOFTY EYRIE

Wondrous changes have been wrought in Paris since the famous gargoyles were first set upon the towers of Notre Dame. To-day this creature's eyes command the sacristy that occupies the site of the old Archbishop's House, the Ponts de l'Archevêché and De la Tournelle, and, around the bend, the Pont d'Austerlitz, as well as the smoke from many factory chimneys.



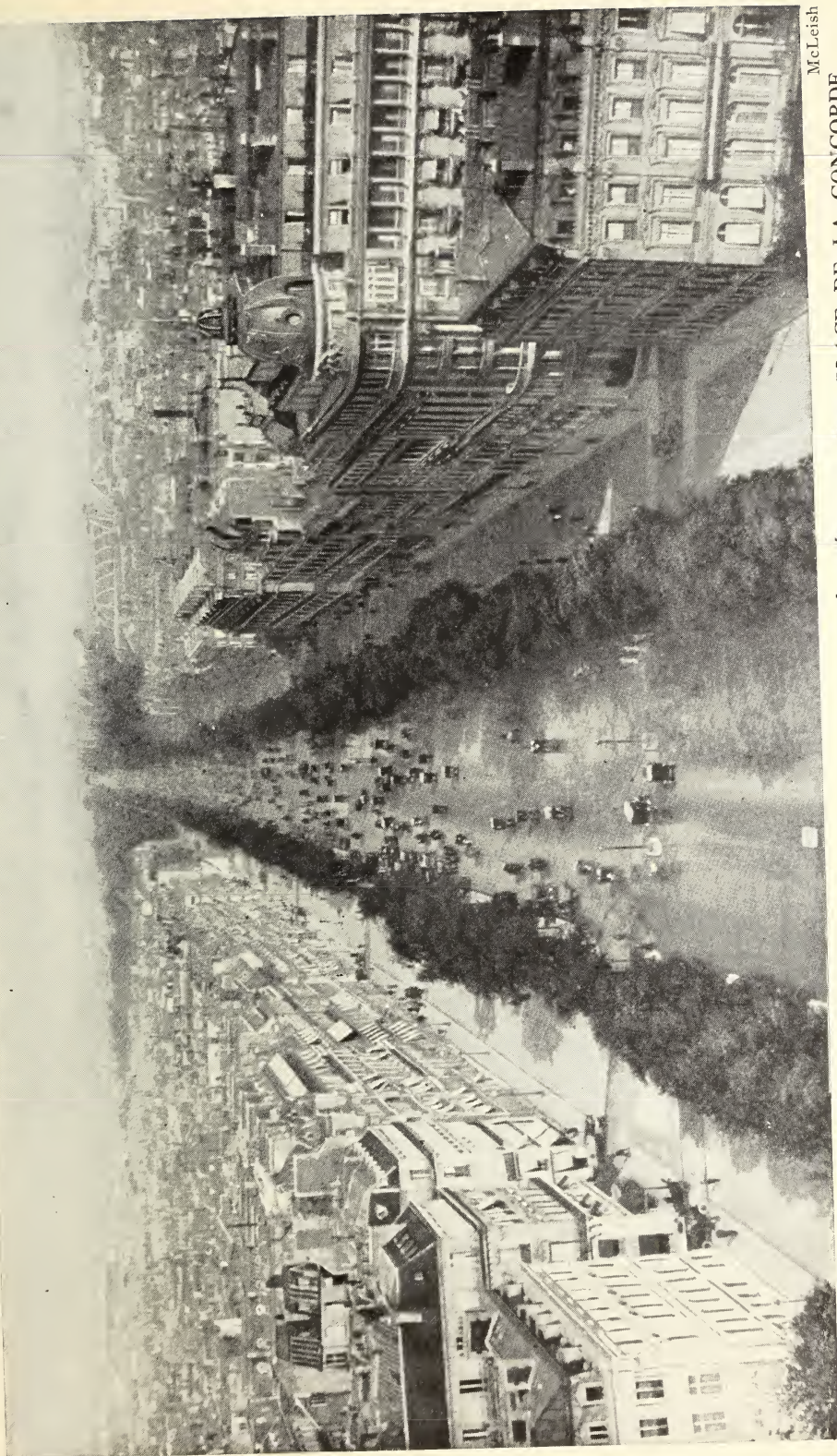
ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND MOST TRAGIC SQUARES

Situated between the Champs-Élysées and the Jardin des Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde is a part of Paris extraordinarily rich in historical associations connected with the Reign of Terror. A glimpse of the Madeleine is seen in the central background to the left of the ancient obelisk which once stood in front of the great Temple of Thebes in Upper Egypt.



A POPULAR THOROUGHFARE: THE BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE

Many of the fine streets of Paris are styled boulevards. It would be far from easy to define the characteristics that distinguish the boulevard from the ordinary street, but the long rows of trees, the many newspaper kiosks and the numerous cafés, with the host of tables and chairs outside their doors, are distinctive features of the typical boulevard of the present day.



McLeish

LOOKING EASTWARD ALONG THE AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES TO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

A straight, tree-fringed thoroughfare over a mile in length, the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées runs from the Arc de Triomphe to the wide, beautiful Place de la Concorde, beyond which are the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre. On both sides of the eastern end of the avenue are pleasant parks, among which is a tree-dotted space that makes a favorite playground for Parisian children. Here are roundabouts, swings, candy-venders and booths in which quaint, brightly colored puppets perform the most absurd and diverting plays.



BETWEEN TWO ARMS OF THE SEINE, THE ÎLE DE LA CITÉ

The boat-shaped Isle of the City, which we see here from an aeroplane, is the oldest part of Paris. At the near end of the island is the Palace of Justice, an almost square block of buildings. Among them is the Sainte Chapelle described in the text. We can recognize it by its high, narrow form, its gleaming roof and its little slender spire, alone amid all this massiveness.



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ON WHICH ARE MANY OF THE FAMOUS BUILDINGS OF PARIS

To the left of the Sainte Chapelle is the Conciergerie, shown on page 300. Beyond the Palace of Justice, to the left, is the Tribunal of Commerce, and beyond that a huge hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, which was founded about 660 A.D. In the right background with an empty white square in front of it is the magnificent medieval Cathedral of Notre Dame.

with wings spread just above a long flight of steps. There are surely miles of corridors leading to hundreds of rooms. In the Musée de Peinture on the first floor one finds, among pictures only less well known, work by Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto, Veronese, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, da Vinci, Murillo, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, the Holbeins, Millet, Corot, Lorrain, Watteau, Fragonard—the list is endless! And these paintings are but one phase of the exhibits in the Louvre. During five centuries the kings of France contributed to this building.

Apart from the treasures it contains, the Louvre is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. A palace of the French kings in the days before France became a republic, it is stately and graceful beyond imagination. It is much more beautiful than the other buildings of the

city that were once royal residences—the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal or the Palace of the Élysée where the French President now lives. As we turn from the busy streets into the quiet court of the Louvre, we cannot but be moved by the grandeur that surrounds us. There is only one building in Paris that equals the Louvre in magnificence and that is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, mentioned above.

To the west of the Louvre extends the Place du Carrousel, once a tournament field and later the square on which Napoleon reviewed his regiments. Beyond lie the gardens of the Tuileries; and from the courtyard of the Louvre, through these popular stretches of green, we may enjoy a vista across the Place de la Concorde, up the Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile, visible from nearly every point in Paris.



© Ewing Galloway

A FASHIONABLE PARISIAN INSTITUTION: THE OPERA HOUSE

Both theatre and opera occupy an important place in Parisian life; the standard of acting is very high and the people are great lovers of music. The Opera House, erected in 1861-75, rises on the north of the Place de l'Opéra, a busy centre of traffic. A fine flight of steps gives access to the main entrance, which is decorated with sculptures and marbles.



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THE BOURSE OF PARIS, CAGED WITHIN ITS CORINTHIAN PERISTYLE

The French word "bourse" has become almost international in its use for an exchange, particularly a stock exchange; but "The Bourse" is the Stock Exchange of Paris. Built in 1808-27, this building, situated not far from the Palais Royal, resembles the Temple of Vespasian at Rome, and its great hall has many decorative features that merit inspection.

Paris is particularly happy in having been laid out in such a manner as to have an architectural picture at the end of every vista. From the circular Place de l'Étoile, twelve avenues radiate starlike.

Not far from the Louvre stands the Bibliothèque Nationale with its between three and four million books—a mecca for research students. And from here it is easy to reach The Bourse (Stock Exchange) where pandemonium reigns from twelve to two. The Bourse de Commerce (Produce Exchange) is at the end of iron buildings called Les Halles where for centuries the great food markets have been held. At neighboring restaurants of the early nineteenth century Dumas the Elder, Gautier, Balzac and other famous writers consorted.

Starting from the Place du Châtelet along the Avenue Victoria one comes to the modern Hôtel de Ville, and behind it the Church of Saint-Gervais, where fine music may often be heard. It was here that a German shell burst in 1918, scars

of which may still be seen on some of the pillars. From here one may visit part of the former ghetto, now the scene of hundreds of tiny factories, with the signs in Hebrew. Near by Rabelais and the Man in the Iron Mask lie buried.

The Place de la Bastille occupies the site of the great prison destroyed at the beginning of the French Revolution. Now it is the scene of the bizarre street fairs which are as much a part of Paris as the night life beloved of tourists or the races, attended by people of fashion. Here we are not far from the Gare de Lyon, from which, some fine day, we may make excursions to several famous places around Paris. But while we are still in the neighborhood, we might take a peek at the Île Saint-Louis, where in age-old houses along the quays a colony of writers and artists live. In one of these Gautier used to foregather with Balzac and Baudelaire. But everywhere in Paris the old houses are being torn down and glittering apartment houses erected in their places.



GRIM PRISON THAT HAS PLAYED ITS PART IN HISTORY

McLeish

The Conciergerie, part of the Palace of Justice, is one of the most famous prisons in the world. Here were confined Queen Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and other great figures of the French Revolution. The bell of the square tower in the foreground sounded to warn people of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.



IRON FRAMEWORK OF THE GIGANTIC EIFFEL TOWER

The Eiffel Tower, in the Champ de Mars, erected for the exposition of 1889, is 984 feet high and is now used for broadcasting. Visitors ascend it for a view of the city by elevators to its high platforms or to the top, where hangs a great lantern. Here we are looking at the Tower across the Seine from the Parc du Trocadéro.



© E. N. A.

MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE MILITARY GLORY OF FRANCE

The Arc de Triomphe has a wonderful position in the Place de l'Étoile, on the summit of a little hill at the western end of the long avenue of the Champs-Élysées. It was originally built to celebrate the victories of the armies of France under Napoleon I. The tomb of the French Unknown Warrior of the World War is beneath the mighty arch.

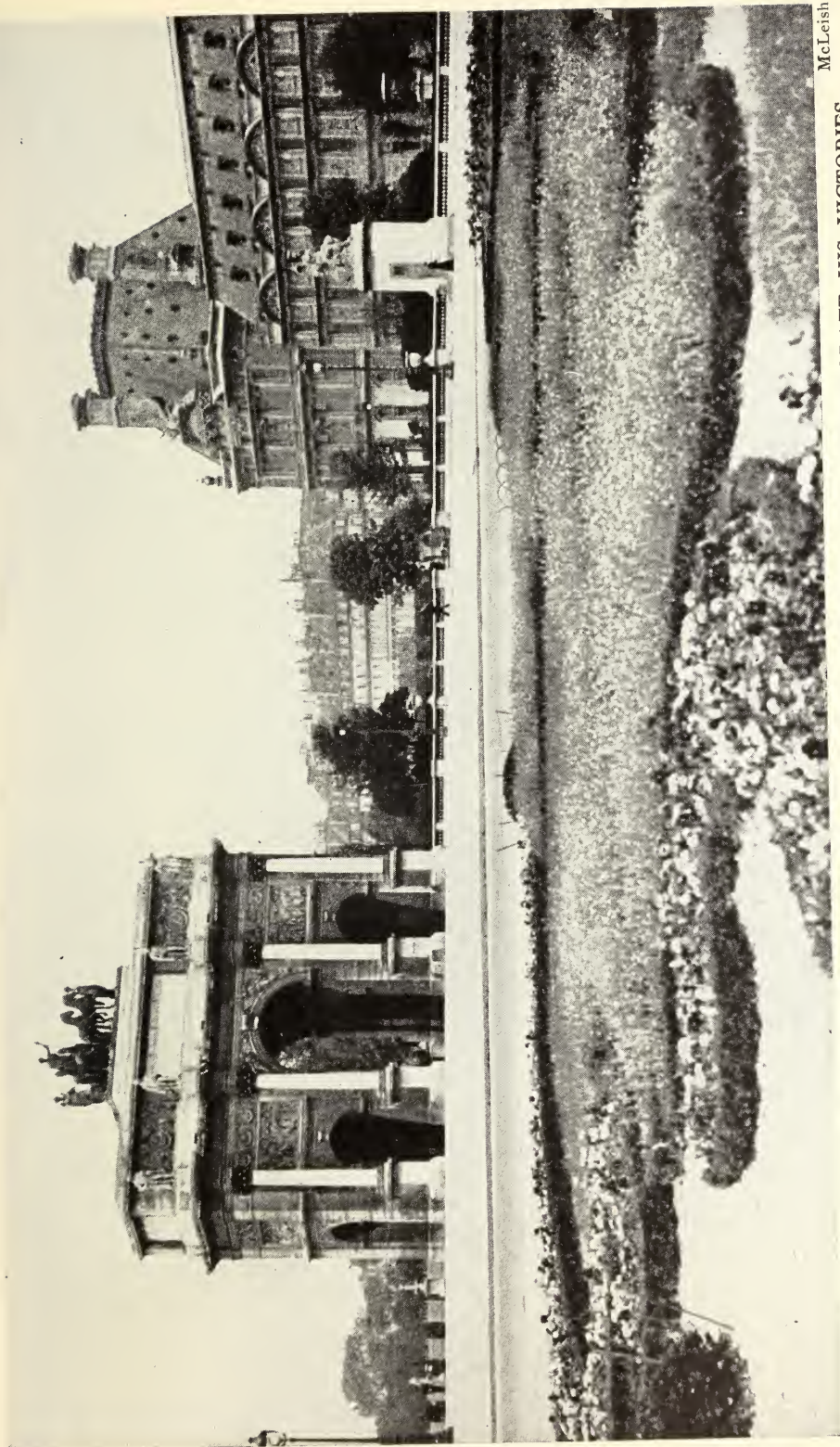
The Grands Boulevards that curve from the Place de la République to the Place de la Madeleine may be explored by bus. One must first secure a numbered ticket, then await one's turn. From the Place de l'Opéra, the heart of Parisian pleasuredom, where it is said you have only to wait long enough to meet everyone you know, one may turn into the Rue de la Paix, where the famous dressmakers have their small shops and one has costumes made to order after inspecting the models. While there are no window displays of gowns and hats, there are wonderful jewelry stores with windows to enchant the eye of the tourist. How many cafés there are with little tables under awnings!

The Place de la Concorde is one of the world's famous squares, and its loveliness is second only to its historic interest. To the north stretches a line of buildings designed by Gabriel, to whom much of the credit for the Palace at Versailles is due. From this point one can see a portion of the Eiffel Tower, and the Hôtel des Invalides under the dome of which Napoleon lies buried. To the east of the Place the Gardens of the Tuileries be-

gin. Starting westward, we ascend the beautiful Avenue des Champs-Élysées, which in turn leads to the Place de l'Étoile.

Nor must we leave Paris without seeing the Bois de Boulogne, with its zoo, its race courses and open-air theatre; and the palaces and gardens of Versailles not far outside Paris, where there still remains something of the splendor of the Court of France in the days of Louis XIV when the palace housed more than ten thousand people. Here one finds a hundred matters of interest, from the Grand Trianon of pink marble with its open-air loggia designed for the royal pleasure to the trap-doors so built that banquet tables ready laid might rise from the underground kitchens.

Parisians at the time of the race meetings visit Chantilly, the little town (an hour's distance from the Gare du Nord) which has become the headquarters of numerous training stables. The Château of Chantilly—often called the Musée Condé—was the residence of the princes of the House of Condé, one of the most important families at the court of Louis XIV and his successors. The Château



McLeish

ARCH RAISED BY NAPOLEON I IN THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL TO COMMEMORATE HIS VICTORIES

This Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel is a model of the Arch of Severus at Rome. On it are a bronze chariot group, statues of soldiers of Napoleon's armies and carvings representing great events in his victorious career. The arch was once the principal entrance to the courtyard of the Tuileries, a great pleasure palace that was burned in the nineteenth century. The gardens of the Tuileries are still in existence, however, and we can now enter them by passing under the arch. On the right we see the Pavillon de Marsan, a part of the Louvre.



© Ewing Galloway

RIVERSIDE BOOKSTALLS HAUNTED BY BARGAIN SEEKERS

On the left bank of the River Seine, from the Pont du Double near Notre Dame to the Quai d'Orsay, numerous dealers in second-hand books have their little stalls fixed to the stone parapet overlooking the river. Behind the stalls shown above we see Notre Dame, which was begun in 1163 and converted into a Temple of Reason in 1793.

actually dates from the ninth century, when the helmeted Norse Vikings were trying to make their way up the Seine, although the buildings we see to-day were almost entirely erected by Anne de Montmorency, a famous general born the same year that "Columbus sailed the ocean blue." Here are various works of art belonging to the Bourbon and d'Orléans families. These works are ranked second only to those in the Louvre and at Versailles. Nor should one miss a glimpse of Compiègne. Here, in the heart of the forest, a clearing has been made at the exact spot where the Armistice that ended the World War was signed.

Paris has lately laid rubber paving on her steep hills and at dangerous crossings

to prevent automobiles from skidding. Asphalt, too smooth for such a rainy climate, is rapidly being done away with and rubber substituted. In the meantime, a kind of rubber carpet is being laid on the asphalt as a temporary measure of accident prevention.

When evening falls and Paris is jeweled with twinkling lights, we might visit one of the splendid theatres or the great Opera House. Or we might go to one of the less fashionable cafés, where we can sit among real Parisians. Here whole families listen to the music of the band while they drink coffee or fruit syrups and groups of friends come to the same tables night after night to talk and play games. This, too, is Paris.

THE SUNNY COUNTRY OF SPAIN

A Land Where East and West Have Mingled

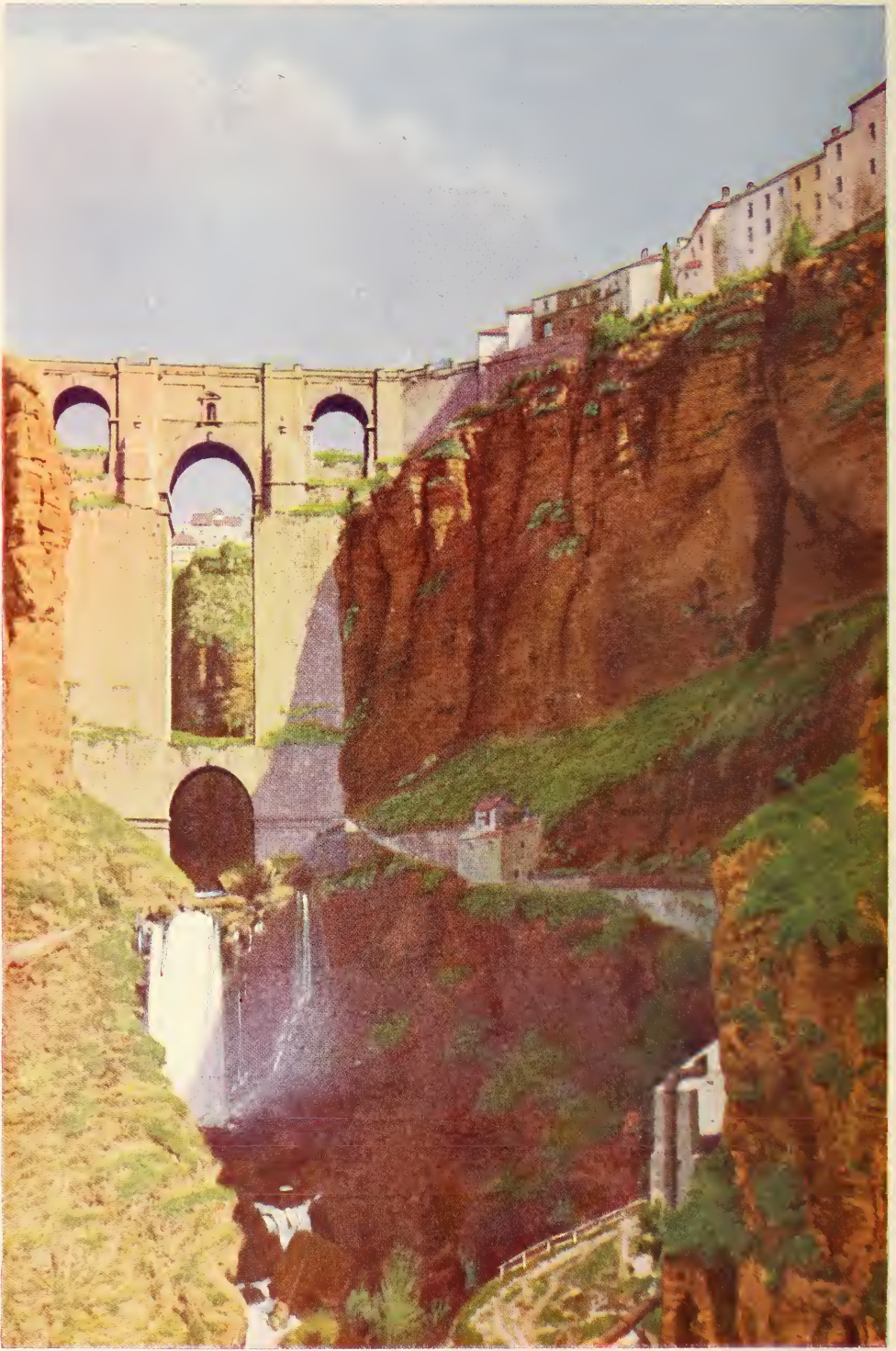
In the days when the adventurous Phœnicians sailed through the Pillars of Hercules at Gibraltar, Spain was the western limit of the ancient world, and it seems fitting that Columbus, centuries later, should have sailed from here to find the New World. His discovery gave Spain vast wealth and power, and widespread colonial dominions which are now no longer hers. It is a land rich in contrast, peopled by different races and bearing the marks of a long and stormy history. In some of the cities we shall find wonderful Gothic churches, and in others, palaces which are relics of the days when the Moors ruled most of the peninsula. To-day in Spain modern industrial life is developing side by side with medieval ways of living and working, and the result is a country where change and conservatism mingle.

A BRIGHT sunny land is Spain, full of color, romance and great possibilities. Cut off from France and the rest of Europe by the snowy barrier of the Pyrenees, the square Iberian Peninsula looks, on the map, like a geographical unit. But this square, apart from the strip on the west coast which is Portugal, is divided into many different sections. The Cantabrian Mountains in the north, those of Cuenca on the east and the Sierra Morena above the valley of the Guadalquivir mark off a high central tableland which is cut across by other hills. Here the summer nights are cool and the days hot, and rain falls seldom on the dry stony fields and dusty greenish-gray olive trees. Galicia in the northwest corner has a much more even, damp and temperate climate, while Andalusia in the south is semi-tropical and rarely sees snow except on the peaks of the high Sierra Nevada. The mountains of Spain are rich in minerals, and the river valleys fertile when irrigated, but it is not a land which yields its riches easily. The peasants of Estremadura or Aragón and even the carefree Andalusians must work hard for a living, and only in Catalonia does prosperity seem well distributed. But whether we are in medieval Segovia with its age-old Castilian ways unchanged, or bustling Barcelona, the most modern city in Spain, we are conscious of the charm and color pervading this proud and beautiful land.

The story of Spain reaches far back into that of the Mediterranean region.

To the ancient Greeks, it seemed to be on the edge of the world, and Gibraltar was one of the Pillars of Hercules beyond which lay mystery. The Phœnicians saw that the land was rich and formed colonies to trade with the native Iberians and Celts. Cádiz, in the south, which the Greeks called the city of Aphrodite, "born of the foam," because of its splendor of white stone and snowy marble rising out of the blue sea, was the ancient Phœnician settlement of Gades and is, perhaps, the oldest town in Spain. Cartagena, on the east, was settled by men from the Phœnician city of Carthage, in Africa. The Romans took Spain from Carthage during the Punic Wars, and the land was more prosperous as part of the Empire than at any time since. The mark of the powerful Roman civilization is to be seen everywhere in Spain. Many of the city walls are built on Roman foundations and great aqueducts still exist—the one at Segovia is in use to-day. Toledo has an amphitheatre; Mérida was a splendid Roman city, with a theatre, circus, baths, temples, aqueducts and bridges.

When Rome fell before the barbarian invaders in the fifth century, Spain was overrun first by the Vandals and then by the Visigoths, who came from Eastern Europe. The chaotic, turbulent rule of the Visigothic kings lasted about three hundred years, and the barbarians became an important element in the Spanish race. They adopted the language of their new country, and so modern Spanish is one of the Latin tongues.



BUSHBY

A DEEP CHASM, along the bottom of which rushes a turbulent stream, divides the old Moorish stronghold of Ronda from its suburb, the Ciudad. Three bridges, of which this is the loftiest, span the gorge. Along the edge of the chasm runs the public promenade. The brilliance of the skies in Spain makes sharp contrasts—dark shade and dazzling light.



BU-HOT

THE GATE OF JUSTICE, the most generally used entrance to the amazing Moorish palace, the Alhambra, was built in 1338 by the Sultan Yûsuf. Its name arose from the fact that the kings of Granada sometimes sat under it to administer justice. The name Alhambra is Moorish and means "the red." This is a Red Palace rich in architectural splendors.



Herbert Felton

CRENELATED WALLS AND EIGHTY-SIX STRONG TOWERS PROTECTED ANCIENT ÁVILA

Seen from a distance, Ávila in Old Castile looks just like one of those wonderful medieval towns of which we read in old romances and fairy tales. Its granite walls and round watch-towers were built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and are still in an almost perfect state

of preservation. The great Gothic cathedral, which towers against the sky in this picture, is in itself a fortress and forms part of the fortifications. Ávila is medieval in appearance only; it has spread far beyond the ancient walls and is lighted by current from a modern power plant.



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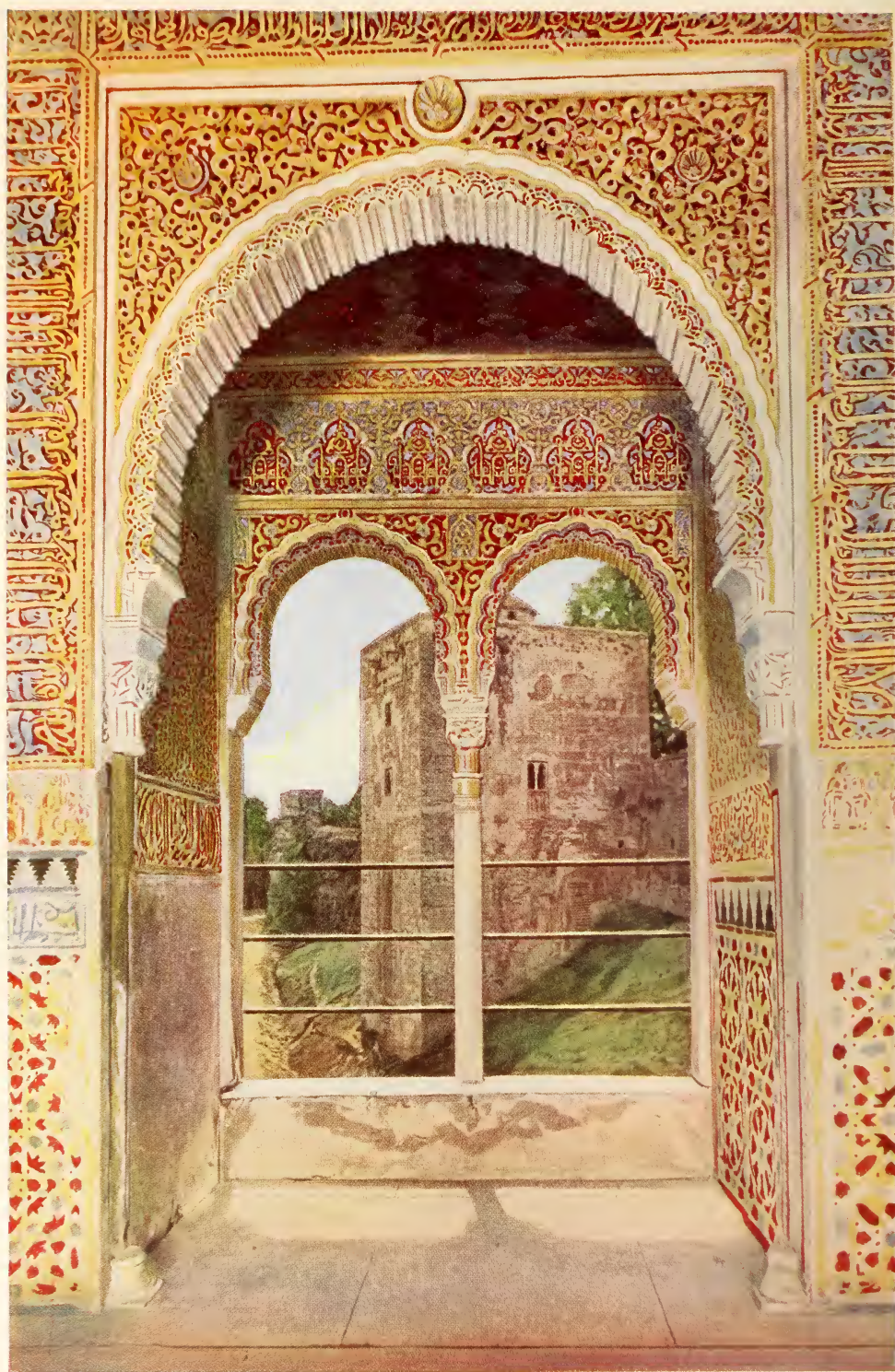
GRIM WALLS AND TOWERS GUARDING A WONDERFUL PALACE

High above Granada, against the snowy background of the Sierra Nevadas, towers the Alhambra, which has all the appearance of a strong, forbidding fortress. Once we are within its gates, however, we find ourselves in a fairy palace of fragile and delicate beauty, with colors as bright as though applied yesterday, not six hundred years ago.

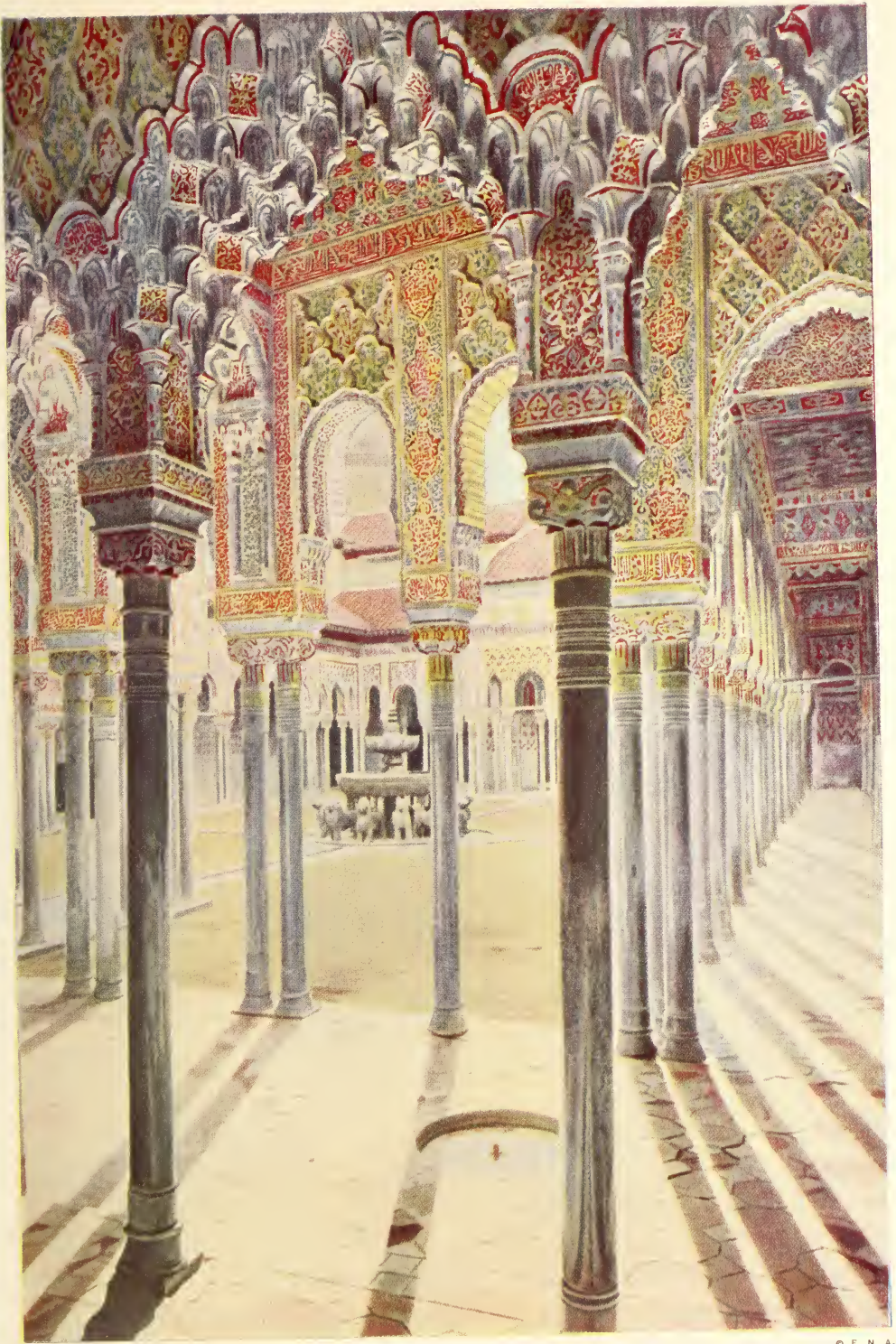
The rich land attracted the Moham-medan Moors who were spreading along the north of Africa, and in 711 a number of Moorish warriors under a famous leader, Tarik, crossed over to Spain. The rock near his landing place was named after him, Gebel Tarik, the modern Gibraltar. A hard battle gave victory to the Moors, who easily subdued all the best of the disunited country, driving into the mountains of the north such Gothic war-

riors as remained unconquered. The new rulers introduced palm trees and all sorts of fruits, cultivated the land diligently, established industries and built schools, colleges and some of the grandest palaces, mosques and gardens in the world. The Alhambra and the Generalife at Granada were both originally Moorish palaces, and many of the cathedrals were first built as mosques.

The mosque at Córdoba, within which



GOLD, SCARLET AND AZURE are used here in a gorgeous decoration that has a haunting appeal. This is the alcove of the Captive's Tower in Alhambra, named after the beautiful Isabel de Solis, who was taken prisoner by Abu-el-hasan, Moorish king of Granada. Through the gracefully arched windows we see the Sultana's Tower and beyond it the Infanta's Tower.



© E. N. A.

GRACEFUL PILLARS, lifting up honeycombed ornamentation of the richest coloring, surround the Court of the Lions, the best preserved part of the Alhambra. The twelve marble lions which support the fountain show that the Moors of Andalusia were lax in their religion, for Mohammedan teaching forbids the use of living forms in sculpture or painting.

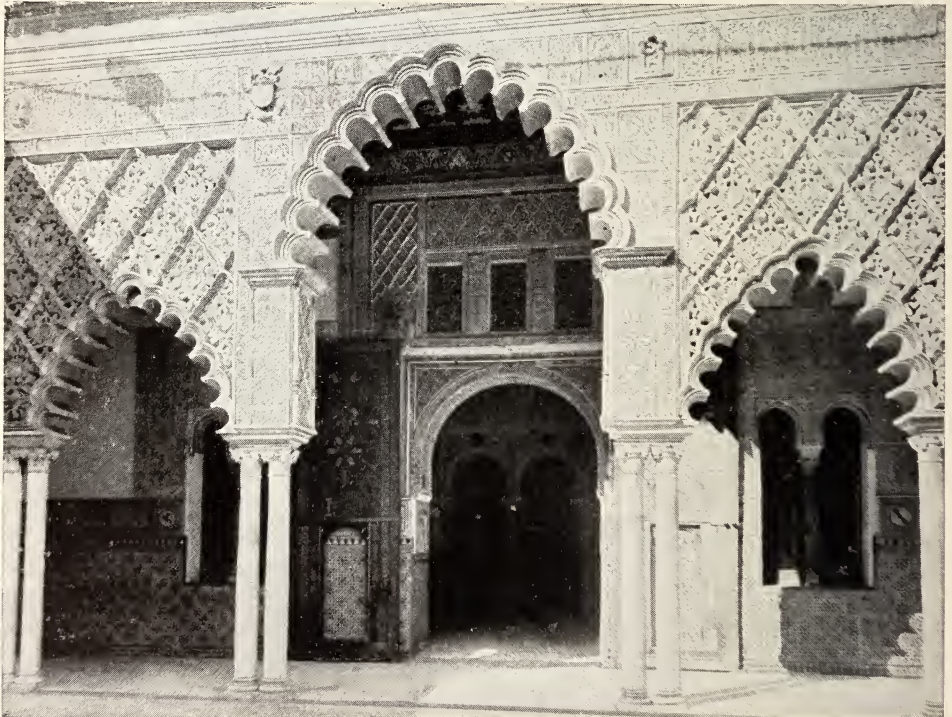
THE SUNNY COUNTRY OF SPAIN

to-day is a church, was called the Wonder of Spain. It had a forest of columns, twelve hundred in all, of which several hundred remain; it had nineteen gateways of bronze and was lighted by over four thousand lamps burning perfumed oil. At Seville the Moorish palace of the Alcázar has a wall-carving so fine that it has been called a veil of lace in stone, and the Giralda, the famous belfry beside the cathedral, was the prayer-tower of the old Moorish mosque. All the Moorish buildings were beautifully inlaid with colored marbles, mother-of-pearl and rare woods; they were surrounded by gardens and courtyards where palms waved and oranges and myrtles bloomed and fountains, rising from alabaster basins, cooled the "hours of fire," as the hot afternoons are called in Spain.

But the Moors became too rich, quarreled among themselves and forgot to be

vigilant against the remnant of fighting Goths who were gaining strength in the hard life of the northern mountains. Many petty Christian kingdoms were formed, and gradually their rulers began to press south and reconquer the country bit by bit. There came a time, in 1474, when the kingdom of León and the kingdom of Castile—the stronghold of old Spain, the haughty province from which come most of the grandees and nobility to this day—were inherited by a Princess Isabella, and she married Ferdinand, son of the king of Aragón. Thus at last Christian Spain was united and a final attack was made on the Moors. In 1492 Boabdil, last of the Moorish kings, surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabella his beloved royal city of Karnattah, which the Spaniards call Granada.

That same year Columbus, the Genoese sailor, with the help of Isabella set out on



THE ALCÁZAR IS THE ALHAMBRA OF SEVILLE

As the Alhambra is the glory of Granada, so the Alcázar is Seville's most glorious relic of Moorish days. It was begun in the twelfth century, but in later years Christian kings made many alterations. This beautiful shadowy archway, with its delicate tracery, leads to the part of the palace known as the "Sleeping Chambers of the Moorish Kings."



THE FAÇADE OF THE BEAUTIFUL ALCÁZAR PALACE

Here we see the principal doorway of the Alcázar and the fine carving of the façade. The palace as it stands to-day is largely the work of fourteenth-century architects, who, though employed by Christian kings, kept the spirit of the original Moorish design. The Alcázar is still a royal palace, the residence of the king of Spain when he visits Seville.

his first great voyage and discovered the West Indies. Six years later he sighted the coast of South America, and from this time onward gold and jewels, all the riches of the New World, poured into Spain. That is why the noble families of Spain have such wonderful stores of jewelry, and why images of the Virgin are studded with priceless precious stones.

Charles V, the grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, was the first prince in Europe—King of Spain and Naples, Holy Roman Emperor and lord of Germany, Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands and ruler of the New World beyond the seas. But the riches of the Americas and the magnificent energy of the Spanish nation were wasted in wars

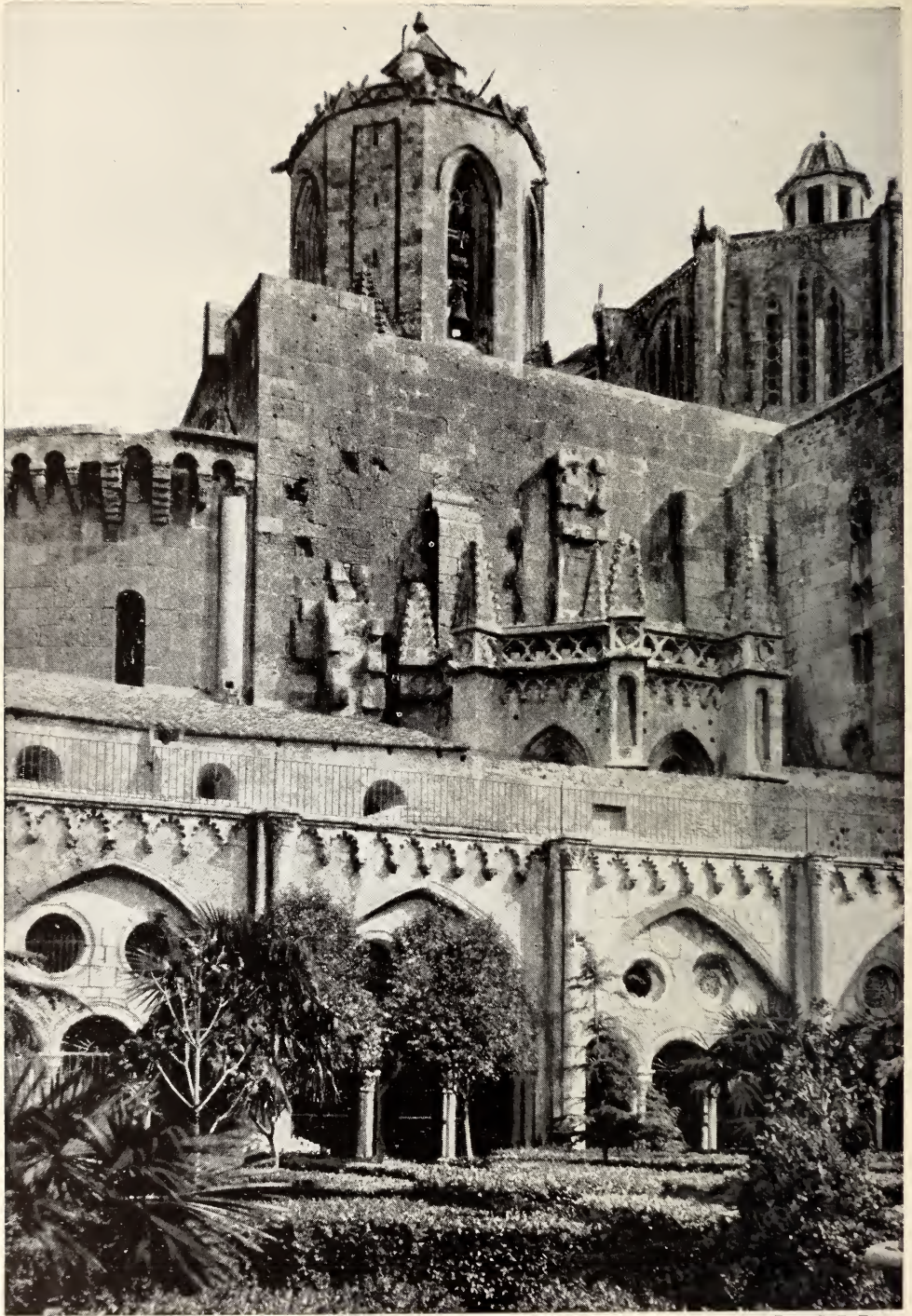


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MOORISH ARCHES, one beneath another, enchant the visitor to La Mezquita at Cordova, a great cathedral that was once a mosque. It was begun in 786 on the site of a Christian church, which had replaced a Roman temple. The interior, one of the finest examples of Moorish architecture, has a labyrinth of pillars in colored marbles, porphyry and jasper.



IN GRANADA, north of the Alhambra and across the River Darra, is the old, walled suburb of Albaicín, which was peopled by Moors from Baeza, after their city had been sacked by the Christians in 1227. Now the district is impoverished. Close by in the gipsy quarter, hillside caves are used for dwellings. The suburbs of Granada include a large area.



Rev. C. F. Fison

WEATHERED WALLS OVERSHADOW THIS CLOISTERED CATHEDRAL GARDEN

Tarragona Cathedral crowns a steep hill above the Mediterranean. It was built about eight hundred years ago, and its walls are hoary with age, but it is not nearly as old as the city itself. Tarragona was an Iberian settlement before the Romans occupied it in the third century before Christ, and made it one of their strongholds.



Nicholls

BY THE WELL IN A DELIGHTFUL COURTYARD OF RONDA

Though old Ronda on its precipitous crag is mostly Moorish in construction, we can still find traces of a yet earlier Roman occupation, especially in the castle, the walls and the gates. In this courtyard, too, the round columns with their carved capitals are certainly Roman, and so is the beautiful but rather battered well-head, with its fluted columns.



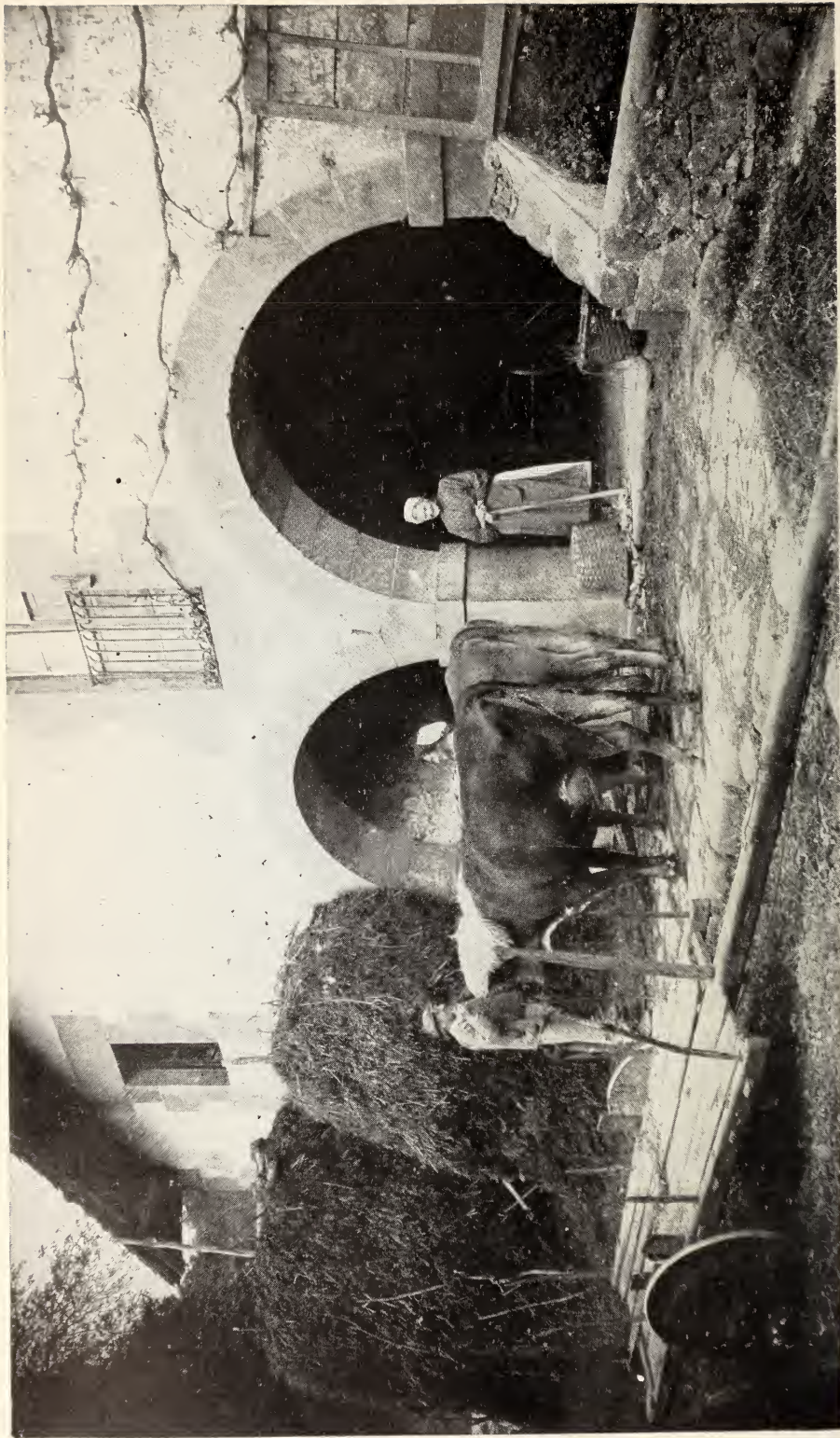
separately. Anyone eating one of the oranges may see by looking at the stamp on the paper wrapping that it came from Alora. That picturesque old town, on a hill overlooking a fertile valley and surrounded by orange and lemon groves, is the centre of the orange trade in Malaga.

FRAGRANT, JUICY ORANGES grow everywhere in the sunny south of Spain, and those of us who have only tasted them when they have traveled overseas, can have no idea how delicious they are fresh from the tree. These women of Alora are grading the fruit and wrapping each



© E. N. A.

MULBERRY TREES are grown around Murcia, and their leaves are picked to provide food for the silkworms. This part of Spain is noted for its silk, which was first made here by the Moors in the 8th century. The white mulberry, a tree with white fruit, is the best kind for the silk industry. It is a Chinese tree, introduced into Europe in the 12th century.



© E. N. A.

THE YARD OF A SOLIDLY BUILT FARMHOUSE NEAR DURANGO IN THE BASQUE PROVINCE OF VISCAYA

The Basque people, who live in the very north of Spain just west of the Pyrenees, are not like other Spaniards. Indeed they are of a different race, and have a different language and many characteristic local customs which they stubbornly preserve. Basques are known for their independence and self-reliance. They are farmers and fishermen, capable and hardworking, although their methods are often primitive. The wheels of this heavy cart are just round pieces of solid board; the oxen are used instead of horses, and are shod as horses are in other countries.



Rev. C. F. Fison

OLD-FASHIONED WATER-WHEEL IN THE THIRSTY PROVINCE OF BADAJOZ

This old "noria" consists of a large wheel with jars fastened to the rim. The long pole turns a huge, clumsy cog-wheel, which works the water-wheel itself. Badajoz is in Estremadura, a particularly dry, barren part of Spain, but one from which have come many famous men. Cortés and Pizarro were both natives of Estremadura.

to hold the great dominions of Charles and his son Philip II, and to make their subjects in the Netherlands renounce Protestantism. Spain's welfare was neglected; first the Jews, then the Mohammedans and finally even the Moors who had become Christians were expelled and with them went much of the country's prosperity, for commerce and industry were largely in their hands. In 1700 a Bourbon prince, Philip V, became king and the country was much under French influence. During the Napoleonic wars the whole peninsula was a battleground, for Napoleon deposed the rightful king and put his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, on the throne. Spanish resistance contributed to Napoleon's downfall, but when the country had its own king again things went far from smoothly. The dominions overseas slipped away; Cuba and the Philippines, the last of the western possessions, were lost as recently as 1899, and

to-day the king of Spain holds nothing outside his country but a few small islands, some colonies in Africa and a protectorate over part of Morocco.

Republican ideas agitated Spain throughout the nineteenth century, until in 1876 it became a constitutional monarchy, but labor troubles, disputes with the Catholic Church and war in Morocco combined to make conditions so unsatisfactory that finally in 1923 the Cortes, or Parliament, was dissolved and General Primo de Rivera formed a military dictatorship. He is now head of a civil régime not unlike that of Fascism in Italy; he leads a new party called the Union Patriótica, and governs without assembling the Cortes. The National Assembly established in 1927 is a purely advisory body appointed by the government, not elected. This state of affairs is regarded by most people as temporary, pending the time when the party system develops



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IN THE VINEYARDS of Malaga, luscious Muscatel grapes hang down in purple clusters. Many of them are turned into the sweet wine for which the province is celebrated; a few are packed for export in kegs of sawdust; but most are dried, and turned into the famous Muscatel raisins. Manufacture of cane and beet-sugar is also an important industry.



SUNNY GOOD HUMOR is a characteristic of the Spanish people, but combined with it is an easily roused and passionate temper. The women as a rule possess great charm of manner and often considerable beauty. They are usually small and, though their figures are graceful at the age of this smiling maiden, they are inclined to grow heavy with age.

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sufficient strength to give Spain real constitutional government.

Local characteristics are so strongly marked that they are at times an obstacle to national unity. Catalonia with its industrial life is different from easy-going Andalusia, and has often agitated for home-rule; Galicia in the damp north is a striking contrast to the hot dusty plains of Castile. The Basques, inhabiting the corner of Spain by the Bay of Biscay, are a race whose origin may never be known; some authorities link them with the ancient Iberians, others consider them unique. Hardy and independent, they have their own language, which they say was spoken in the Garden of Eden, and their own customs, literature and songs. Apart from the Basques, the people of

Spain have developed from the mingling of Iberian, Phœnician, Roman, Gothic and Moorish blood. Most Spaniards are dark-haired and dark-eyed, although here and there we may see fair-haired, blue-eyed persons whose Gothic descent is unusually pure. They are all well built and dignified of movement, and wear their clothes gracefully.

Formerly Spanish women dressed their abundant hair high, with a few flowers tucked in at the side and a fan-shaped comb at the back of the head, over which was draped a graceful mantilla of silk lace, black for street wear, white for festive occasions. So universal was this that it became part of the national costume; but old customs change even in Spain, and the beautiful, flattering mantilla, like the



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WORKMEN OF SAN ROQUE PREPARING CORK BARK

Cork is the bark of a certain evergreen oak tree, and much of the world's supply comes from Spain. The bark is cut into sheets like those shown here, and scraped and seasoned. Then it is boiled and pressed flat, and is ready to be manufactured into the familiar corks of all shapes and sizes which we use as bottle-stoppers.



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ROPE-MAKER'S SHOP IN A CORNER OF SEVILLE THE MARVELOUS

The beautiful city of Seville is in south Spain, where the climate is similar to that of north Africa and favors the growth of the rush-like esparto grass. This tough, fibrous grass is put to all kinds of uses. Rope, baskets, mats, fishing nets and light-weight ships' cables are all made of it, and it is also used in the manufacture of very good paper.

richly-embroidered "manton," or shawl, is being more and more reserved for certain occasions, such as feast days and bull fights. The pretty custom of wearing flowers in the hair is still common. Spaniards love flowers, especially carnations, which may be seen growing in old tins or boxes on the balconies in the villages. The dress of the peasants varies according to the district, and some of the costumes are charming.

The better classes live in handsome residences built, in Moorish fashion, round a central court, or patio, which is gay with flowers and fountains. Few of the windows look out on the street, and these are usually protected by an iron grille called the "reja." When windows are on the ground floor, much courtship is carried on through the reja; when they are on a higher story the lover has to be content with sign-language and with sere-



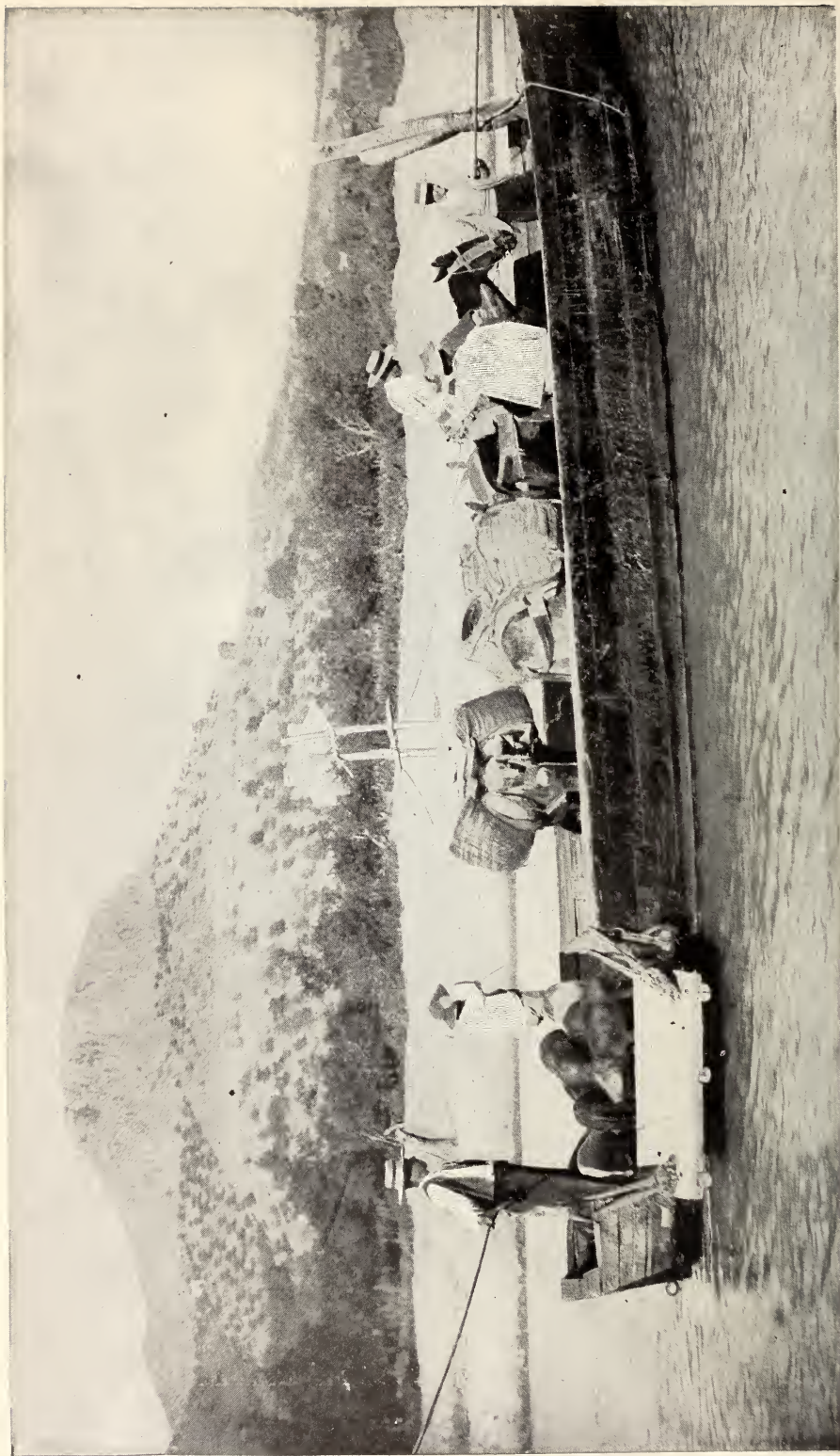
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BRILLIANT COLORS are not worn every day by the ladies of sunny Spain. In the south, especially, black is the usual color. Bright hues are reserved for holidays or the dance. This man is not wearing the typical costume. He has not even a "faja"—a sash like that worn by the three peasants of central Spain in holiday attire, shown on another page.



© LEHNERT & LANDROCK

BARRED WINDOWS are numerous in beautiful Seville, where many of the buildings remain just as they were centuries ago, in the time of their Moorish builders. There is no glass in windows like the one in the picture, and we should see, if we walked down a narrow street of Seville in the evening, that they witness many a serenade and lovers' meeting.



© E. N. A.

FERRY BOAT THAT CARRIES MAN AND BEAST ACROSS THE RIVER GUADALHORCE IN FRUITFUL MÁLAGA

In mountainous parts of Spain, where the roads are rough and steep, goods are usually carried to market in panniers hung across the backs of sure-footed mules. Flat-bottomed ferry-boats carry the mules and their masters over the swift streams. This boat is neither poled across the river nor rowed; two men, one at each end, pull upon ropes attached to the banks and thus bring it across. The platform in its side enables the mules to get in and out easily. Here we see not only pack-mules and their masters, but a drove of pigs on the way to market.



© E. N. A.

PEASANTS OF CENTRAL SPAIN IN THEIR GAY HOLIDAY CLOTHES

With silver buttons on shirt, waistcoat and cuff, with velvet jacket, embroidered faja, or sash, tight breeches and high, tasseled boots—these three men are wearing their finest clothes, for it is a holiday. They come from the borderland between the two ancient kingdoms of León and Castile, on the high plateau of central Spain.

nading his lady to the accompaniment of his guitar, for Spanish women still live in a certain amount of seclusion—a legacy from the Moors. But “playing the bear,” as window-courtship is called, is nowadays often superseded by dances and “dates” not so very different from those in the most modern lands of Europe and America.

In the days of Moorish supremacy and after, the eight provinces of south Spain—Almería, Cádiz, Córdoba, Huelva, Seville, Málaga, Granada and Jaén—were

all known as Andalusia. This district is mountainous in the south, where is the lofty Sierra Nevada range, but to the north lies the wide fertile valley of the Guadalquivir. Andalusia is much more like north Africa than like the rest of Spain. Indeed, scientists say it was once a part of Africa, separated from Spain by a narrow channel. Then, centuries and centuries ago, before man existed, two great convulsions occurred. The first raised the bed of the channel and joined Andalusia to Europe, and the



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A SPANISH GUITAR is the perfect accompaniment to a Spanish song or dance, especially when the gentle clapping of hands or the gay clatter of castanets accentuates the rhythm. It is the guitar that has influenced the folk music, making rhythm its most attractive feature. The two women shown here in holiday attire are about to begin one of the favorite diversions of the countryfolk—a song that does not end until the singer's voice or her invention fails, for she makes up her words as she sings, employing frequent repetition.



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A LADY OF ANDALUSIA has sparkling black eyes and knows very well how to arrange her wealth of hair. Her white lace, scarlet blossoms and coal-black tresses remind us of the words of the old fairy tale—"As white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony." On special occasions a Spanish lady arranges, over a high tortoise-shell comb, a handsome scarf of silk lace called a "mantilla." Sometimes it is black, sometimes, white, according to the occasion. An Andalusian belle has the advantage of beautiful scenery as a setting.



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STUDENTS OF ALL AGES AT A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN MURCIA

At this informal little outdoor school in a sunny province of southeast Spain we see a reading lesson in progress. To us it seems surprising that a girl as big as the one kneeling before her peasant teacher should not know how to read, but in Spain, though education is compulsory, there are not enough teachers for the schools.

second separated it from Africa. It is a sunny land, warm in winter and hot in summer, with roses blooming all the year round. In its fertile soil almost anything grows, if only there is enough water. The Moors did wonders by means of irrigation, and modern irrigation projects are again making this the most fruitful part of Spain. Enterprising landowners have installed agricultural machinery and are employing modern methods of farming. Andalusia has great vineyards and olive groves, and produces some of Spain's finest oranges. It is rich in minerals such as copper and coal, iron, lead, manganese and sulphur. Everywhere, in the speech

and the appearance of the people, in customs and in architecture, we see signs of the former Moorish domination. Most of the villages and the towns—Seville, Córdoba, Martos, Almería, Ronda on its rocky summit, and above all, Granada—can show many houses and mosques, bridges, fortresses or palaces which were built by the Moors in the days of their pride and strength.

The soil in Catalonia and Valencia has nothing like the fertility of the rich lands of the south, but untiring industry has made these two provinces extremely productive. The sides of the hills are carefully terraced for cultivation and the

THE SUNNY COUNTRY OF SPAIN

river valleys are thickly seamed with irrigation canals. Spain is an agricultural, not a manufacturing country. Much the greater part of its area is given over to pastures and crops—wheat, barley, corn, grapes, olives, nuts and fruits of many kinds. In fact, only Barcelona and the surrounding district can be regarded as a manufacturing area. Here the cotton mills are busy with Spain's most important manufacture, and silk and woolen goods are also produced.

Catalonia is so different from the rest of Spain that it hardly seems to belong

to it. Even the language, *Catalán*, is different from the Castilian spoken elsewhere. It is often said that the Catalonians have the brains of Spain. They are industrious and practical, and Barcelona, though one of the oldest cities, is modern and up to date, with good shops and thoroughfares and a busy, thriving population. The hydro-electric power used in its factories keeps it free from smoke and soot. Its position on the Mediterranean has made it a place of importance; it is Spain's greatest port, and its mariners were early famed for their en-



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HARVEST TIME IN THE FIELDS OF OLD CASTILE

The former province of Old Castile, which occupies the north-central part of Spain, is now divided into eight provinces. It is a high plateau, walled in by great mountain ranges, and most of it is very dry and barren. In places where there is water, however, we find fields of wheat and barley and wide orchards of olive trees.



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A MOORISH ANCESTRY shows itself in the features of this Murcian peasant girl, who stands at the door in holiday clothes. Murcia, the capital of the province of that name, seems to stand in a flower garden, so fertile is the country around. Taken by the Moors early in the 8th century, it continued until the middle of the 13th under Moorish princes.



© PHOTOCHROM

EVERY SPANISH WOMAN has a "mantón de Manila," a silk, embroidered shawl of great beauty and often of great value, but she wears it only when she dances or on festival days. The shawl, with its knotted fringe, is folded across from corner to corner and arranged so that the point hangs in the front. The ends are crossed and brought over the shoulders.

THE SUNNY COUNTRY OF SPAIN

terprise. But though the richest city in Spain, Barcelona is not concerned only with money-making. It is to the fore in literature, in music and in painting, while modern Catalán architecture is decidedly unusual. Museums, colleges and schools of art and science are well supported, and the practical nature of the education is seen in the fact that here the percentage of illiteracy is lower than in Spain as a whole.

The city is very beautiful and its old cathedral an unusually fine severe type of Gothic. In the cloisters of this stately building we may see geese kept as pets. The story goes that once during a siege Barcelona, like Rome in a similar plight, was saved by the cackling of geese, so these strange pets are kept as a reminder of the episode. The new Cathedral of the Holy Family is of modernistic Catalán design. There is a fine statue of Columbus at the harborside in memory of the fact that when he returned from America the Court was at Barcelona, and in the open square the king and the queen awaited him under a canopy of brocade gold.

Hither he came with his Indians, carrying the skins of rare animals, gold and other treasures, samples of the wealth to be found in the new country. Then the people fell on their knees and raised the *Te Deum* in gratitude.

Other parts of Spain dislike the hustle and bustle of Barcelona's businesslike methods, and there has been much conflict between ancient and modern. Outside of Catalonia, nobody minds missing a train, or gets excited if it is half an hour late. Pride and politeness, not hurry and immense efficiency, are characteristic of most Spaniards. They give perfect courtesy and expect it in return. Even a beggar asking for alms expects at least a polite refusal.

The life of the streets in old Spanish cities is colorful and fascinating. Peasants come to town driving mule-carts full of produce. A milkman leads his goats from door to door and fills each order by milking one of his animals on the spot. Everywhere government lottery tickets are for sale, and bootblacks are eager to remove the dust from one's shoes. Gipsy



© Peterffy

WAITING FOR THE MILKMAN IN A BARCELONA STREET

We should be very much astonished to see a herd of milch goats standing about and resting in the streets of a busy city, but in Barcelona and other large Spanish cities it is quite a common sight. Twice a day the milkman drives his goats from door to door and milks them straight into the jug or bottle that his customer brings him.



© Peterffy

THE SPIRIT OF THE MODERN AGE AS EXPRESSED IN BARCELONA

Barcelona is a great manufacturing city and port, and is the capital of northeastern Spain, or Catalonia. This strange and wonderful building is a modern apartment house, and no one will deny that it is unusual. It is a good example of the new Catalán architecture, which aims at originality in its use of curves, and always avoids straight lines.



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ARCOS DE LA FRONTERA IN CÁDIZ PROVINCE, ANDALUSIA

In the far-off days of continual warfare, towns were built on the highest and most inaccessible points possible. Thus Arcos de la Frontera is perched on a dizzy height above the River Guadalete, and overlooks miles of fertile, fruitful plain. Nevertheless the Moors were driven from it by Alphonso the Wise, who made it a frontier stronghold.



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GIBRALTAR COMMANDS THE GATEWAY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

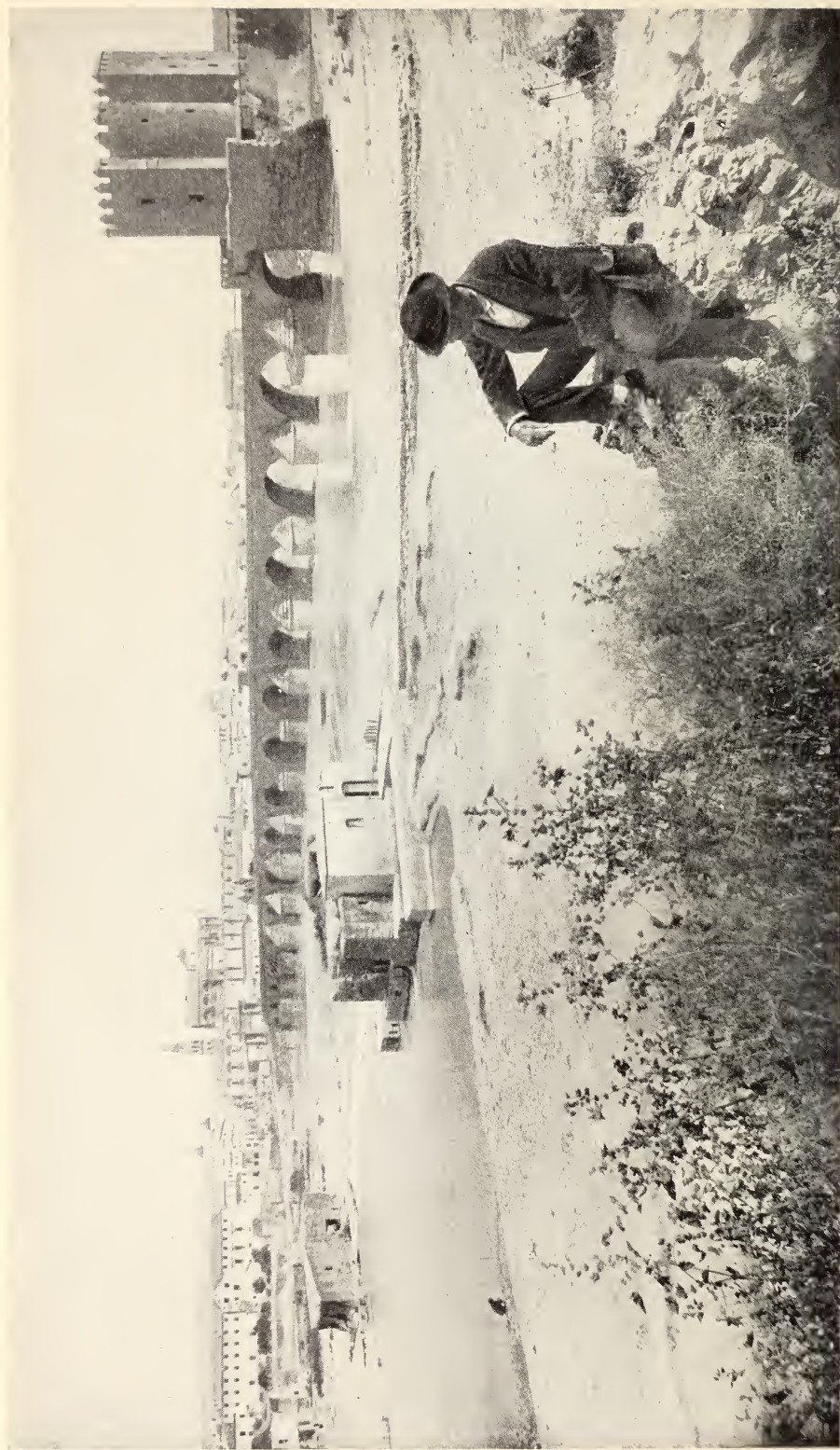
Gibraltar was captured by the British in 1704 and in spite of many sieges has remained British ever since. Laborers come from across the strip of neutral ground to work in Gibraltar, but at sundown a gun is fired and there is a rush for the gates, as no alien may spend even one night on the rock without very special permission.

girls in bright skirts and shawls are a frequent sight. In hot weather, water is sold by the glass and the most familiar street cry is: "Agua, agua!" (Water, water). Chocolate or coffee is served for breakfast with little cakes called "bunuelos," made of egg and flour mixed together and fried in oil. Butter is expensive and is not much used. Olive oil is used instead for cooking, usually unrefined and greenish just as it comes from the press. This and the garlic relished by the Spaniards give to the cooking a flavor all its own. Kid is a favorite dish; at picnics, which play an important part in this sunny, pleasure-loving, out-of-doors land, a kid is frequently roasted whole over a fire in the open air, but the Spanish peasant eats relatively little meat. Every part of the country has its own particular dish, which appears on most tables as part of the meal, and which in the case of the poorer classes may be the

only food. There is an abundance of fruit—olives, grapes, oranges, strawberries, melons, peaches, apricots, pomegranates, dates and figs.

Although living poorly, the peasant is as a rule a cheerful, happy person. A light diet suits him; a poor home does not matter when he lives so much out of doors. Cigarettes are cheap—the Spaniard and his cigarette are inseparable—and so long as he has enough money to pay for a place at the bull fight, that and the carnival, the annual fair and the church festivals supply his amusement.

Every baby born in Spain is named after some saint, and instead of observing birthdays, the people celebrate the day of the saint after whom they are named. On that day they keep open house, with cakes, candy, wines and cigarettes for all comers. At a wedding, the bride and groom are attended, not by bridesmaids and best



BRIDGE THAT LEADS TO CÓRDOVA, ONCE THE "MECCA OF THE WEST" AND THE CAPITAL OF MOORISH SPAIN

The ancient city of Córdoba stands on the River Guadalquivir, in the north of Andalusia. It was probably founded by the Carthaginians, and belonged in turn to the Romans, the Goths, the Moors and finally the Christians of Spain. It was greatest under the Moors, who built this bridge of sixteen arches, and erected at the far end a wonderful mosque that since 1236 has been a cathedral. This building, shown on another page, was considered by Mohammedans to be only less holy than the Kaaba at Mecca. Córdoba was also famous for its leather and silver-work.

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CÁDIZ HAS SEEN THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF HISTORY

Though one of the oldest cities in Europe, supposedly founded by the Phœnicians in 1100 B.C., Cádiz looks new and clean and scarcely shows the wear and tear of the centuries. The great building by the waterside is the new Cathedral, begun in the eighteenth century when its monopoly of trade with Spain's colonies made Cádiz wealthy.

man, but by two sponsors. Instead of little boxes of wedding cake, delicious sugared almonds are passed around.

Holy Week is a time of great religious observance, when people flock to the churches and cathedrals. Wheeled traffic is suspended in the streets and they are given over to processions arranged by the religious brotherhoods. The marchers

wear long robes of white or black and their heads are hidden under tall conical blue hoods. They escort a number of platforms on which are reproduced life-sized figures of scenes from the Passion. At every halt a singer comes forward and chants a few lines, which the people take up and repeat until the procession moves slowly on its way through the city.



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MADRID, SPAIN'S CAPITAL, STANDS ON A HILL-CREST IN THE MIDST OF A WIDE AND DESOLATE PLAIN

We are looking at Madrid from across the River Manzanares, which, though rarely more than a trickle of water, is crossed by large and handsome bridges. Madrid has only been the capital of Spain since 1560. It is practically in the centre of the country, surrounded by a wide plain

once covered with forests but now bare and bleak. The great dome we see on the skyline, right in the centre of the photograph, belongs to San Francisco, the finest church in the city. On the left is the Royal Palace, where long ago stood a Moorish fortress.

Pageantry of Medieval Splendor

On Maunday Thursday of Holy Week the king and queen wash the feet of twenty-four beggars, twelve men and twelve women. This is a stately church ceremony, preceded by a procession of soldiers and glittering officials, of nobles dressed in their best and ladies wearing the most precious jewelry. We can tell the nobles, or grandees, at once, because they, and only they, wear their hats in the presence of the sovereign. After the service the procession returns to the palace, where the beggars—all made neat and clean for the occasion—are waiting each with one foot bare. The queen, with a towel pinned around her, kneels before the women and as water is poured over the bare foot she dries and kisses it. The king does the same for the men. Next a dinner, often of twenty-four courses, is served by the king and queen to the beggars. It is not eaten then, but taken away by the grandees and duchesses and put aside with the wine, knives, forks, spoons and even the tablecloths for the beggars to take home or sell as they please. A similar procession takes place on Good Friday, only this time the queen and ladies are in black dresses and mantillas. On this occasion the king pardons several criminals under sentence of death, saying, "As God pardons me, I pardon you," after which the black ribbons on the warrants of execution are exchanged for white ones.

Then on Easter Sunday, Spain throws off the solemnity of Holy Week, the bells ring for joy, people come out in their best, and cafés and theatres are open day and night. In the afternoon rich and poor, old and young flock to the nearest arena to see the first bull fight of the season.

Festival Time in Seville

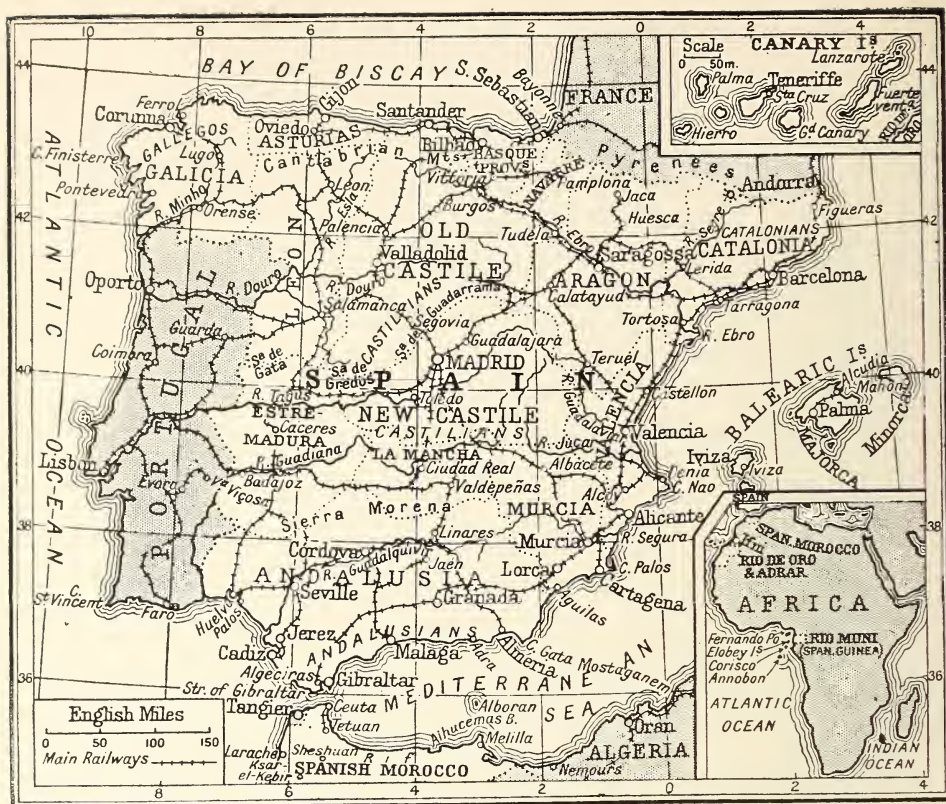
The "feria," or fair, which is held annually, sometimes for a week, in most of the towns and villages, is a great occasion. Seville, the charming capital of old Andalusia, is especially delightful in festival time. Then visitors from all Europe,

as well as gaily dressed peasants from the smiling country roundabout, fill the streets and enjoy the gaiety of the spring season.

Madrid, the capital of Spain, is a city of wide and beautiful avenues, fine streets and imposing public buildings, but it has not the natural advantages of most Spanish cities. It stands on sandy hills in the midst of a rocky, treeless, grassless plain which is cold in winter and hot in summer. It owes its importance to the fact that the Emperor Charles V ate far too much and so had gout. The only place where his tiresome legs were free from pain was in the dry mountain air, so he lived chiefly in Madrid when he was in Spain. Its austerity appealed to his son Philip II, who made it the capital and built for himself near by what has been called the gloomiest palace in Christendom. This is the Escorial—palace, church, monastery and tomb in one. Dedicated to Saint Lawrence, it is built in the shape of a gridiron, and is so vast that it has fifteen gateways and hundreds of doors. To-day it is famous for its valuable collection of rare books and great pictures, and many people go out from Madrid to see it. Members of the royal family are buried here—kings in a black and gold vault under the High Altar, along with queen consorts who have been mothers of kings, and the other queens in a vault apart. The church is much the most beautiful part of the great building.

The Fascination of Old Spain

Spain is full of beautiful churches and palaces—Moorish, Gothic and Renaissance. Her old towns and cities are as picturesque as any in Europe; an artist knows not where to begin. Everywhere one meets the instinctive courtesy of the people, from grandee to peasant, and the Castilian speech is music in the ears. Perhaps the fascination of the Spanish land lies in its varied scenes and peoples. Few countries combine such different regions as cool Galicia, sunny Andalusia, proud Castile, vigorous Catalonia and all the contrasting provinces which have each contributed to Spain's past greatness and present development.



THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN AND ITS COLONIAL POSSESSIONS

THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

Bounded north by France and Bay of Biscay, west by the Atlantic and Portugal, south by the Atlantic and Strait of Gibraltar, south and east by the Mediterranean. Area (excluding Balearic and Canary Islands and African possessions), 190,050; population (estimated 1927), 22,444,156.

THE GOVERNMENT

A constitutional monarchy since 1876; legislative power vested in Cortes, or Parliament, of 2 houses; executive in King and responsible ministry. Women householders over 23 and all men over 23 vote. Cortes dissolved 1923; its place filled by an advisory National Assembly (1927), pending adoption of new constitution.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES

Country predominantly agricultural; 38% of land arable (1925); much irrigation. Chief crops: wheat, barley, oats, rye, olives, grapes, oranges, lemons, almonds, hazel nuts, peanuts, sugar-beets, potatoes, esparto. In 1925, 36,938,000 head of livestock; sardine and other fisheries important. Olive oil, wines, sugar, silk, cotton and cork products manufactured. Minerals: coal, iron, lead, copper, potash, mercury, zinc. Exports: oranges, other fresh

fruits, raisins, olives, olive oil, wines, cork, almonds, other nuts, wool manufactures, lead and sardines. Imports: cotton, machinery, automobiles, iron and steel goods, fertilizers, corn, mineral oils, silk manufactures, fish, coal and coke, lumber, tobacco, coffee and rubber products.

COMMUNICATIONS

Railway mileage (1927), 10,010, privately owned; first line across Pyrenees completed 1928. Telegraph wire mileage (1926), 69,879; telephone wire, 225,000. Chief ports: Barcelona, Bilbao, Cádiz.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

State religion, Catholicism; other denominations allowed freedom of worship. Education compulsory and mostly free; illiteracy steadily declining; 28,870 public and 5,500 private elementary schools, 1926; 60 secondary institutions and 11 universities. University of Salamanca dates from 1230.

CHIEF TOWNS

Population estimates, 1927: Madrid (capital), 808,366; Barcelona, 760,348; Valencia, 267,346; Seville (Sevilla), 215,107; Málaga, 158,733; Zaragoza, 153,681; Murcia, 152,945; Bilbao, 148,383; Granada, 107,124.

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL

The Home of Pioneers by Land and Sea

On a map of the Iberian Peninsula, Portugal looks like a part of Spain, and indeed there are no great natural barriers between the lands; the boundary line is purely political, and in olden days the two countries were united. Yet the Portuguese are quite different from the Spaniards and speak a language of their own. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they were the pioneers of Europe, carrying their flag to the ends of the earth and winning for their motherland a vast colonial empire. To-day Portugal has lost most of those vast possessions and has suffered years of political unrest, but still it remains a strikingly beautiful land of flowers, green meadows, wooded hillsides, winding streams and fragrant uplands.

THERE is an old saying that "Europe is the best of the four quarters of the globe; Spain is the best part of Europe; Portugal is the best part of Spain." Yet few people know enough about Portugal to understand the reasons for that extravagant-sounding claim. Everyone has heard of the beauty of Cintra, and we associate Lisbon with one of the most terrible earthquakes ever known (1755), but we forget that the exploits of the Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, rival the achievements of Columbus, and that Portugal was once the greatest pioneering power in Europe; nor do we realize what an exceptionally picturesque and beautiful land this western part of the Iberian Peninsula is.

Until the twelfth century, Portugal's history was that of Spain; the Iberians who originally lived there were conquered first by the Carthaginians and then by the Romans, who left an indelible stamp upon the land. From roads and aqueducts to the speech of the people, the Roman inheritance is still evident. Barbarian tribes of Northern and Eastern Europe—Vandals, Suevi, Alani and Goths—overran Portugal as they did the rest of the Peninsula, and after them came the Moors from Africa. The modern kingdom of Portugal began as a small principality which extended only from the Minho to the Mondego; it became independent of the Spanish kingdom of León in 1143. With the help of many bands of crusaders from England, Flanders and other parts of Europe, the Moors were gradually pushed south until the boun-

daries of Portugal came, in the middle of the thirteenth century, to look much as they do to-day. It was the mingling of Iberians, Romans, barbarian tribes, Moors, Jews, English, Dutch and, later, Negroes from Africa which produced the Portuguese nation. King John I laid the foundations of the great maritime empire which his son, Henry the Navigator, was to establish. Men like Bartholomew Diaz explored and colonized the west coast of Africa, pushing farther and farther until the Cape of Good Hope was reached in 1488. Ten years later Vasco da Gama reached India by sailing around Africa, and for eighty years Portugal was mistress of the southern and eastern seas. But in 1580 the Spanish king succeeded to the throne of Portugal, and by the time (1640) the Portuguese revolted and set up their own king, their country had lost its great eastern dominions. Brazil, which had been discovered incidentally, remained a Portuguese colony until 1822, but Portugal never recovered its position as a European power. Since 1910, when the monarchy was overthrown by a revolution, the country has been slowly trying to evolve a stable republican government, but the present régime is a military dictatorship as the president's power depends on the army. Of the colonies, only a few scattered possessions in Africa, India, China and the Malay Archipelago are left. The Azores and Madeira in the Atlantic are an integral part of the republic.

With an area of nearly 35,000 square miles, Portugal occupies a fifth of the Iberian Peninsula. It is not divided from

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL

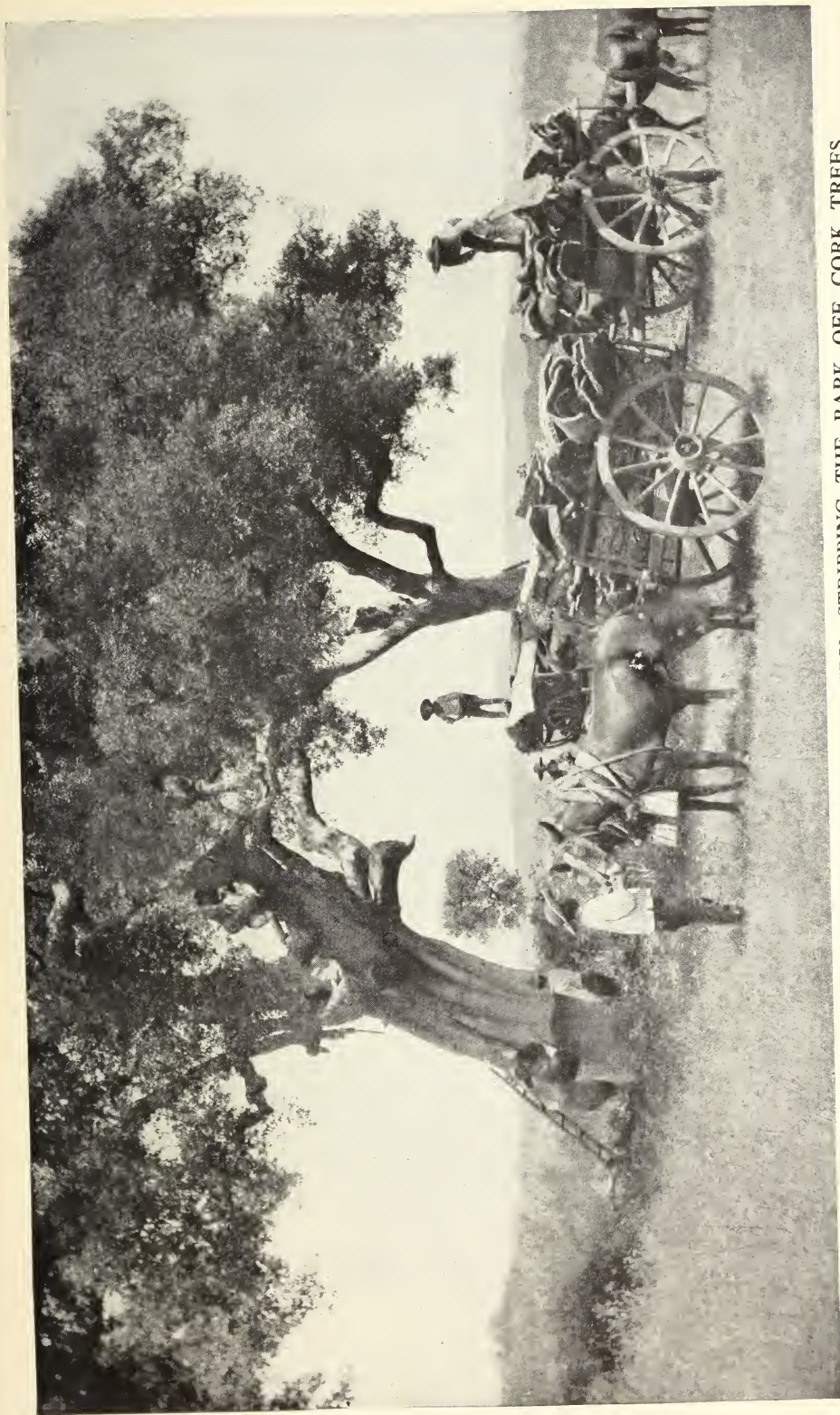


PORTUGAL'S SHARE OF THE IBERIAN PENINSULA

Spain by any natural barriers; its low mountain ranges are but prolongations of Spanish ones, and all its important rivers rise in the neighboring country. The Tagus and the Douro are the two chief

streams, and they divide the land into three distinct sections. The northernmost includes the two provinces of Entre Minho e Douro and Tras os Montes, above the Douro; the central district between the Douro and the Tagus includes Estremadura and Biera, and the southern provinces of Algarve and Alemtejo lie south of the Tagus. The name "Alemtejo" means "On the Other Side of the Tagus." North of the Douro is the most mountainous part of the country; the Serra da Estrela cuts across Biera, and in the south the Serra de Monchique marks off the old Moorish province of Algarve. Though adjoining Spain, a country that suffers in the summer from too great heat and an insufficient rainfall, central Portugal has a most delightful climate, with plenty of warm sunshine and cool breezes from the Atlantic Ocean to temper the heat. These winds bring just enough rain but not too much. The northern provinces are far more rainy than Alemtejo and Algarve, which are almost as dry and tropical as North Africa. Most of the coastline is low, with two or three bold headlands and many sand dunes. A little above Lisbon the scenery becomes wildly beautiful, and from here to the Minho River on the northern boundary stretches the loveliest part of the country. The valley of the Douro is terraced with

vineyards, while on the moorlands, or "campos," above the Tagus grow sweet-smelling shrubs, such as cistus, which has a white flower like that of the sweetbriar rose and wild flowers of colorful beauty.



WORKMEN ENGAGED IN AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY: STRIPPING THE BARK OFF CORK TREES

The southern province of Alemitejo is the largest in Portugal, and every eight or ten years. It has to be soaked and pressed before it is ready for manufacture. Spain and Portugal supply most of the world's cork and in Alemitejo it is so plentiful that it is used instead of wood or tin to make articles like buckets and dinner-pails.



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BEAUTIFUL CLOISTERS OF THE DOMINICAN MONASTERY AT BATALHA

This great monastery was founded in the fourteenth century by King John I to commemorate a victory over the Spaniards. The architecture is a combination of Gothic and Moorish, with hints of English influence in the oldest parts, for the Queen was an Englishwoman, and she sent for masons from her native land. The exquisite carving is rich golden-brown.



© E. N. A.

THE SUPERB FULFILMENT OF A MONARCH'S VOW

The convent of the Jeronimos in Belem near Lisbon was founded by King Manoel I in 1499, out of gratitude for the success of Vasco da Gama's voyage to India. The white limestone cloisters with their graceful columns and exquisite tracery are the glory of the convent, and the style in which they are built is called Manoeline, after the king.



Howard

A RIVERSIDE SQUARE AT LISBON, ONE OF THE MOST LOVELY OF EUROPE'S BEAUTIFUL CAPITALS

Lisbon, capital of Portugal, stands at the mouth of the River Tagus, the town in ruins. This is the Praça do Commercio, the principal square. Upon three sides of it are government buildings, upon the fourth is the wide Tagus. An equestrian statue of King Joseph I has given this open space the popular name of Black Horse Square.

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL

Nearly every plant of tropical and temperate lands will and does grow in Portugal, and in spring the countryside is covered with a gorgeous display of flowers. Pine trees and palms, oaks and cactus plants thrive almost side by side. Despite the fertile soil, agriculture in some parts is more backward than it should be, though this cannot be said of northern Portugal, where every bit of good land is carefully cultivated; there wheat, corn, rye, potatoes, oats and beans are all raised, and the vineyards are famous. The green beauty of the provinces above the Tagus contrasts with the

arid landscape in the south. Here grow olive trees and cork-oaks, and the soil is no less fertile, but water is scarce. On many a farm we come upon an old water wheel of the type the Spaniards call "noria," and it is turned by a blindfolded donkey who trudges round and round in a circle, raising water from the well in little jars which empty into trenches leading to the fields.

Along the coast, many Portuguese are fishermen. Sardines are plentiful and so are tunny fish, which we call tuna. When a school of sardines is sighted, there is great excitement in the fishing villages



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ELEVATORS TAKE ONE "UP TOWN" IN LISBON

Lisbon's streets are so steep that in some places the grade is too stiff for electric cars to make the climb, and at such points elevators have been installed. This is the one in the Rua da Santa Justa and from the platform at the top a covered passageway leads over the roofs and courts to the Largo do Carmo.



E. A. Waymark

GRACEFUL BRIDGE OF IRON THAT SPANS THE NARROW RAVINE OF THE DOURO AT OPORTO

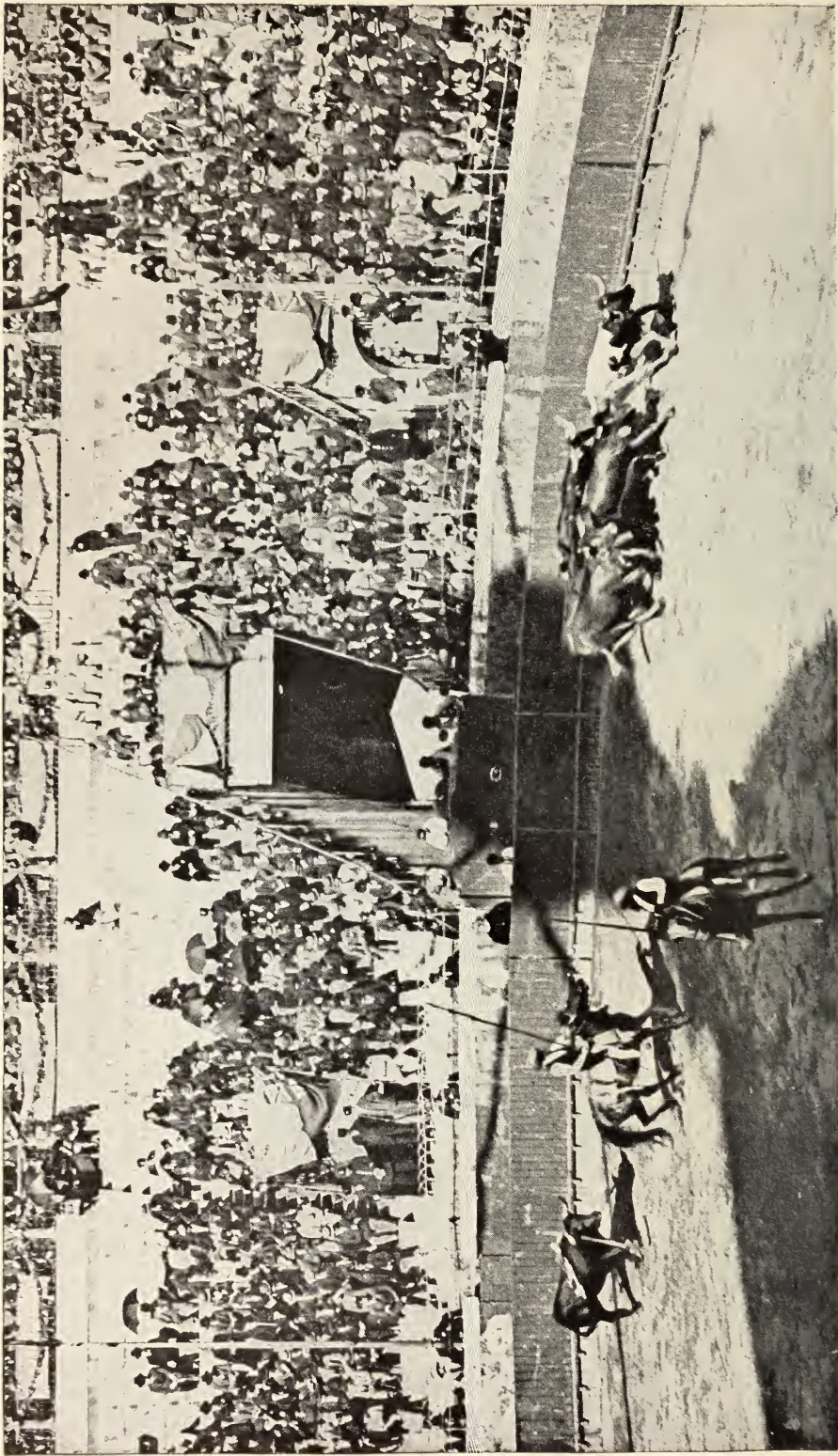
Oporto, second city of Portugal, stands near the mouth of the rapid, treacherous River Douro, which during the winter rains rises high enough to flood low-lying houses. Most of the city is built on the heights, and many of the streets are too steep for vehicles. The Maria Pia Bridge is one of two which cross the river; the arch is two hundred feet above the water, and supports the tracks of the railway line from Lisbon. Other vehicles cross by the Dom Luis Bridge, which has two roadways, one at the top of its arch and one at the bottom.



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THE MARKET PLACE OF OPORTO OFFERS MANY A PICTURESQUE SCENE

Oxen are the draught animals most commonly used throughout Portugal. The heavy yokes of olive wood which these bullocks carry are of ancient Moorish design, while the carts themselves, with their tall poles and creaking, cumbersome wooden wheels, are just like those used centuries ago, in Roman days. The one with spoked wheels, on the right, is more modern. A Texas longhorn could scarcely outdo the wide-spreading horns displayed by every animal here, and it is a wonder different teams do not get hopelessly locked together in the narrow streets.



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IN PORTUGAL, AS IN SPAIN, BULL FIGHTING IS THE MOST POPULAR SPORT OF ALL

Portuguese bull fights are far less brutal than Spanish ones, for neither bull nor horses are killed. Occasionally the bull leaps the barriers, but his horns are always padded to lessen the danger of injury. After he has been goaded into providing sport for about ten minutes, trained cows are driven into the ring and in their company the infuriated animal becomes quiet enough for the horsemen to pick the darts out of his neck by means of long sticks to which clips are attached. A bull fight is thus a brilliant and exciting exhibition of good horsemanship.



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LADLING WATER FROM THE RIVER IN WHICH OXEN STAND KNEE-DEEP

Parts of Portugal suffer from drought in the summer, and then the "aguadeiros" hawk their water-barrels through the streets crying "Água, água." All wise people in that country boil their water before drinking, and we can understand why when we look at this photograph. However, drinking-water is usually obtained from fountains.

and hundreds of little boats with high pointed prows put out from shore. They come back loaded to the gunwales, and the sardines are sold in the streets by men who wear specially made tin hats with wide, deep brims to hold the fish. The rest of the catch goes to the big factory at Setúbal, below Lisbon, to be canned and exported.

The two great cities of Portugal are Lisbon and Oporto. Lisbon is the capital, and the centre of southern Portugal; it is very beautifully situated on rising ground above the "golden-sanded" River Tagus. An old writer considered that Lisbon was intended by nature to be the "Emporium of Europe" because of its

good harbor on the Tagus and its position as the westernmost port on the continent. It is one of the fine cities of Europe, with splendid boulevards as well as picturesque alleyways and colorful houses painted any shade from blue to pink. The motley crowds which throng its hilly streets are endlessly fascinating. The city-dwellers as a rule wear dark clothes of ordinary European type, but the many country people who come to town to buy and sell flaunt bright costumes in great variety, and on feast days any street scene is a kaleidoscope of color.

Oporto, farther north, is also delightfully situated on the steep banks of the River Douro, near the seacoast, and its



© Cutler

COUNTRYMAN OF THE NORTH IN HIS COROCA, OR REED RAINCOAT

Portugal has its fair share of the world's rain, especially in the northern province which lies between two rivers and so is called Entre Minho e Douro. Raincoats are often necessary there, and this is the most popular kind; it is made of several layers of reed fringe and is quite waterproof; the raindrops roll down it like water off a duck's back.



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TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO SELL A SMALL PIG

There are certain days when only animals are sold in Portuguese country markets, and then everyone with pigs, donkeys, oxen or other farm animals to sell journeys to market with the four-footed merchandise. This little old farmwife has set off with a switch to keep her small white porker moving, and a string on its leg to keep it from wandering off.



THE GREAT PALACE OF PENA CROWNS THIS STEEP MOUNTAIN TOP HIGH ABOVE BEAUTIFUL CINTRA

Built in the nineteenth century for the use of the royal family, the palace looks like one of Portugal's medieval castles. From the dizzy height of its windows and battlements we may gaze upon one of the best views in a country of fine landscapes. The forest-covered cliff

drops away sharply, and far below lies the town of Cintra, famous throughout Europe for its beauty. Southeast of Cintra is the valley of the Tagus, which widens out to form the harbor of Lisbon, and on the hills by the distant river rise the buildings of the capital.



Emilio Biel & Co.

COIMBRA IS THE INTELLECTUAL CENTRE OF PORTUGAL

Over six hundred years ago—in 1306—Coimbra became a university town. To it come boys from all over Portugal, from the Portuguese colonies and from Brazil. Everywhere in the town are the students, wearing the black costume and long full cape which have been worn by Coimbra scholars for generations. This is one of the university buildings.

name means "the Port." Two headlands overlook the city; one is crowned by the archbishop's palace, and vineyards clothe the other. Down from the many vineyards that line the river come the picturesque little wine boats, each with one mast and a big square sail, and four or five casks of wine amid ships. There is a big trade also in salt codfish; Portuguese ships are frequently seen on the Newfoundland Banks and barques laden with cod arrive from Norway and are unloaded by porters, both men and women. These men are a bare-footed, bare-chested, black-whiskered and indescribably dirty crew, and they rush up the short street leading to the Exchange, carrying their loaded baskets on their shoulders. The women carry huge loads of the fish on their heads, and scarcely ever steady the baskets with their hands. Ox-carts and automobiles compete for room on the narrow streets.

Portuguese roads used to be bad and traveling difficult, which may partly account for the fact that a country with

scenery as lovely and towns as old and quaint as those of Portugal is so little known to the foreign tourist. Beautiful Cintra, near Lisbon, and the district around it are of course familiar but there are also fortified Valença do Minho, on the northern frontier; ancient Braga and Vianna do Castello; Coimbra, the old university town; Batalha, with its convent; Bussaco, in the centre of beautiful woods; Beja, with its ancient castle; and Moorish Evora. The famous port wine which was the foundation of Portugal's trade with England was first shipped not from Oporto but from Vianna do Castello, and this fascinating little old town was a bustling seaport in the days of discovery and empire.

Wherever one goes, the beautiful costumes brighten every village and Portugal is a delight to those who love the picturesque. The peasant's everyday clothes are not particularly striking, though grace of body is evident even under rags and tatters, and faded colors often blend into strange harmonies. But on holi-



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A SHEPHERD AND HIS LASS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF PORTUGAL

It is summertime, so this young fellow is not wearing the conventional shepherd's coat of brown sheepskin, nor does he carry the usual huge faded blue umbrella. But he wears typical sheepskin leggings and a stocking-cap, which many Portuguese peasants use as a purse, tucking into the long, flopping end what little money they have.



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It is curious how a Portuguese instinctively puts upon her head anything she has to carry. This tired-looking Braga woman displays an extraordinary sense of balance.



© Cutler

In most countries fowls bound for market are safely secured in crates. In Portugal they are casually carried in open baskets which are precariously perched on the head.



© Cutler

PORTUGUESE WOMEN CARRY ANY AND EVERYTHING ON THEIR HEADS

Most of the porters are women, and the round mat of cloth on top of the head kerchief makes the burden feel less hard and carry more steadily. Basket-cradles like the one in this picture are a common sight, and this "menino" was balanced on his mother's head for several miles before she stopped to rest on a dock by the Douro.



G. E. N. A.

VINTAGE TIME IN PORTUGAL, which lasts from the end of September to the middle of October, finds the vineyards crowded with men and women gathering the ripe grapes. Their baskets, when full, are emptied into great vats on wheels, which are slowly drawn to the wine press by

stolid, wide-horned oxen with decorated yokes. The vehicles used by the peasants of Portugal have for wheels great disks of wood, the ungreased axles of which creak discordantly. Much of the wine travels to the coast (see the following page) to be stored until ready for export.



WAYMARK

THE RIVER DOURO flows through the Paiz do Vinho, the "Wine Country" of Portugal, and for many miles of its course the steep banks have been laboriously cut into terraces on which grow the vines. The wine produced here is called "port" because it is shipped from Oporto (known in

Portugal as Porto), "the Port," to which it is carried in odd flat-bottomed barges, usually with enormous rudders. Some of these boats can be seen in the picture. The men who pilot them need to be very skillful, for the course of the Douro is broken by reefs and rapids.

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL

days, both men and women dress in the gayest and brightest colors.

A woman living around Oporto will wear a bright kerchief over her head, and maybe a queer little round black velvet hat—a legacy from Moorish days—tilted over one eye. Another bright kerchief, crossed over and tied at the back, will form her bodice, and her apron will be wondrously embroidered in many vivid colors. The working women are fond of investing their savings in gold and silver filigree ornaments. They also like to wear gaily embroidered “money-pockets” at their waists, and these give a redeeming touch of color to the most drab and well worn dresses. They rarely wear shoes and stockings while at work, but in the evening they don bright magenta stockings and black, painted shoes, and are then dressed for going out of doors. Their habit of carrying on their heads everything, including the baby, gives them

an excellent carriage and fine figures. It is astounding to see what heavy loads they carry with apparent ease. They like full, swinging skirts, and their walk is proud and free.

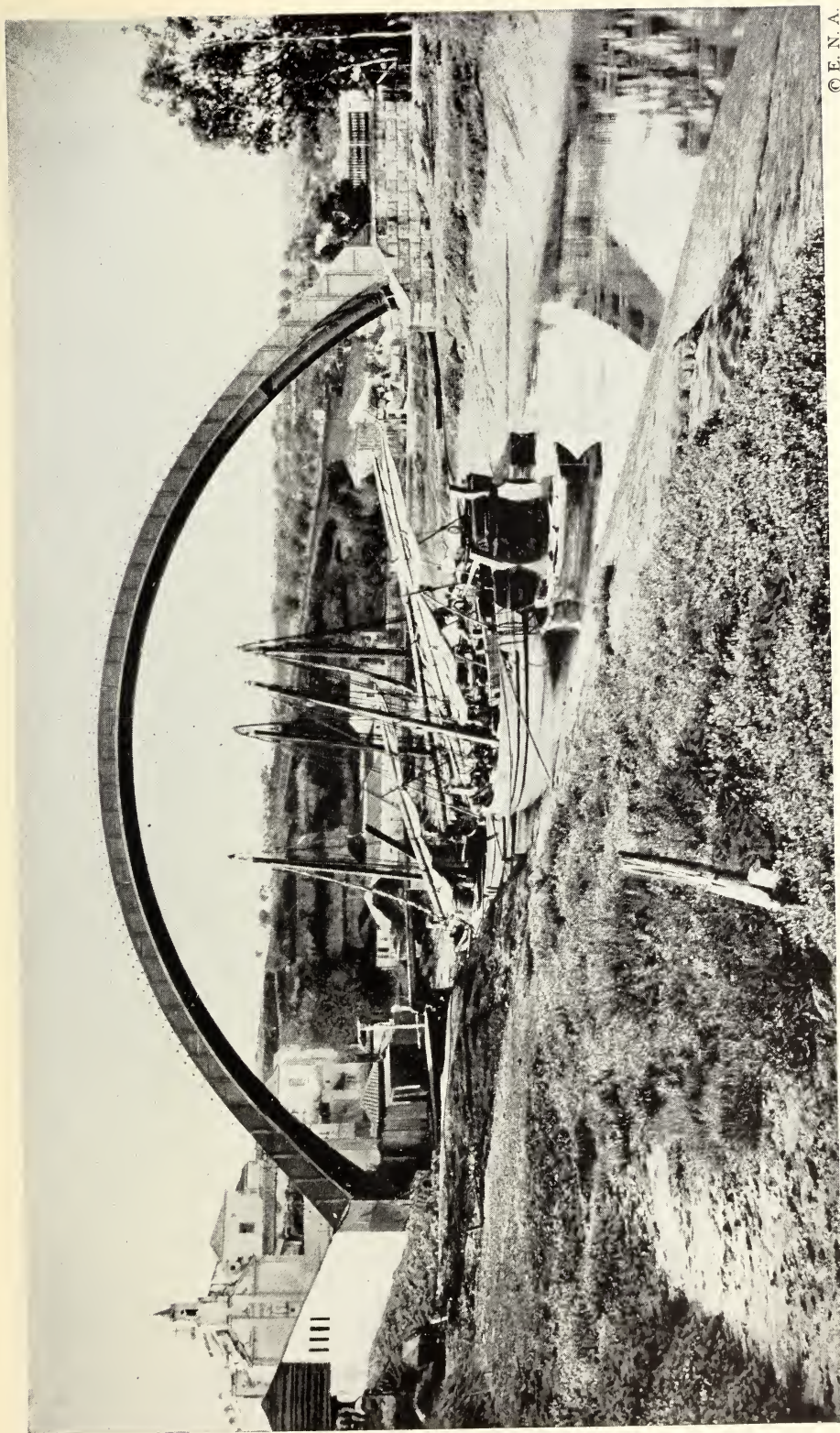
The “festa” dress of the fisher-girls is gorgeous in the extreme, but in everyday life they are generally content with fewer, though still vivid colors, which make of any crowd an attractive picture. When they are at work on the shore, cleaning fish and hanging pieces of cod to dry in the sun, they wear enormous straw hats with high crowns and wide brims. Country women, coming to market sitting sideways on their donkeys, with laden panniers swinging at each side and often a festoon of flapping fowls behind, present a distinctly picturesque appearance. But their menfolk surpass them, for the farmer rides to town on his mule, with a high peaked saddle and cumbrous stirrups tipped with brass, and with his rolled



A. Arnold

THE TOWER OF BELEM, SYMBOL OF PORTUGAL'S VANISHED EMPIRE

From this spot Vasco da Gama's three clumsy little ships sailed on the great voyage which gave Portugal an Indian empire, and the Tower was built in 1520 to protect the ships which brought to Lisbon the spices and jewels of the East. The little turrets on the battlements were copied from Indian buildings which the Portuguese admired.



WHERE WATER CROSSES WATER: ARCHED SYPHON OF

This slender, arched footbridge has another and more important purpose. It is a part of the aqueduct that carries pure water to the city of Lisbon from the Alviella River, seventy miles away. At this point it crosses the tiny River Sacavem, which runs into the wide bay of the Tagus.

THE ALVIELLA AQUEDUCT OVER THE RIVER SACAVEM

The Alviella Aqueduct was only built in 1880. Lisbon has also an older one, built early in the eighteenth century, which carries water from the River Aguas Livres for fifteen miles, partly underground and partly by means of a very lofty and beautifully arched aqueduct.

C. E. N. A.



LONG

CINTRA, IN PORTUGAL, is so beautiful that an old Spanish proverb says "To see the world, and yet leave Cintra out, is verily to go blindfold about." Here we stand near the Sabuga fountain, and look over the houses to a rocky height crowned by the ruins of a Moorish castle. Cintra, once a royal residence, has two famous palaces.



© CUTLER

HOLIDAYS and carnival time are gay days in Portugal, for then women and girls wear their gala clothes—skirts, aprons, bodices, kerchiefs and slippers all bright with embroidery. This sober little boy and his rainbow-clad sisters are from Vianna do Castelo, in north Portugal, where the peasant costumes are most colorful and picturesque.

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL

cape, displaying its lining of bright blue or crimson, strapped in front of him. He wears a smart jacket and fine sombrero hat, and is altogether an imposing figure. In other walks of life the costumes of the men are interesting rather than picturesque. If a sash is worn round the waist it may be black, crimson, scarlet, magenta or blue. Sometimes there is a loosely knotted kerchief also, which either tones with the sash or contrasts with it daringly.

The striking peasant costumes well express the strong artistic sense of the Portuguese, which also shows itself in superb medieval architecture of churches and convents, in the making of fine lace and in the lines of everyday pottery. Beautiful tilework for decorating houses and public buildings has been a national industry since Moorish days. The people are musical too, and have a natural genius for story-telling. The background of adventure and discovery in their history gives

them a fascinating storehouse of folk tales, and in the past there have been great poets well able to use that rich material. Though Portuguese and Spanish have both developed from the Latin tongue, the speech of one land is unintelligible to people of the other, and it is as reasonable to expect a Portuguese to understand French as to think that he can automatically comprehend Spanish. As a language, Portuguese has a greater variety of expression than Spanish, because in bygone days many Arabic, Dutch, French and English words became incorporated with it; it is very harmonious and perfectly adaptable to any style of writing or speaking. With such natural advantages, there may again rise another dramatist like Gil Vicente, or another poet with the powers of Camoens, who wrote his great epic, the *Lusiads*, in the early sixteenth century to commemorate and extol the epoch-making voyage of Vasco da Gama.

PORTUGAL: FACTS AND FIGURES

THE COUNTRY

Bounded on the north and east by Spain, on the west and south by the Atlantic Ocean. Area, including the Azores and Madeira Islands, 35,490; population (1920), 6,032,991. Continental area, 34,254; population, 5,621,977.

THE GOVERNMENT

Since 1910, a republic (*Republica Portuguesa*) of 7 provinces. Constitution of 1911 provides for a legislature of 2 Chambers, one directly and the other indirectly elected. The President is elected by the Chambers for 4 years and is not re-eligible; he appoints a responsible ministry.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Agricultural and forest products are the most important. About 33½% of the total area is under cultivation; nearly 50% is waste land. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, broad and French beans, rice and potatoes are the principal crops. 11,280,000 bushels of wheat and 6,412,000 bushels of oats, 1927. 211,337,000 gallons of wine and 39,110,000 gallons of olive oil were produced in 1927. 7,481,700 head of livestock, 1925. Forest area, 17% of total, including oak, pine, cork-oak and chestnut; 302,282,000 pounds of cork exported, 1926. Fishing for sardines and tuna fish is important. Mineral deposits include coal, copper and arsenical pyrites, tin, radium and other ores, but production is slight. Manufactures: cotton textiles, sardine-packing, decorative tile and

chinaware, embroideries and handmade lace, superphosphate of lime. Principal imports: codfish, wheat, sugar, rice, cotton and cotton goods, woolen goods, iron and steel, coal and coke, automobiles and parts, chemicals and medicines, mineral oils. Principal exports: wines, canned sardines and tuna fish, cork, coal, cotton goods, dried figs, almonds, olive oil, wool.

COMMUNICATIONS

Railway mileage (1926), 2,011; about one-half privately-owned. Telegraphs are state-owned; wire mileage (1925), 19,500. Telephone wire mileage, 69,355. Main ports: Lisbon and Oporto.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

Roman Catholicism is dominant, but all denominations have freedom of worship. Primary education is compulsory, but the percentage of illiteracy in 1920 was 54.7. In 1926-27, 330,660 students were enrolled in 7,212 schools, excluding special and technical institutions. The 3 universities—Lisbon, Coimbra (founded 1290), Oporto—had 4,461 students.

CHIEF TOWNS

Lisbon (Lisboã), the capital, 529,524 (1925); Oporto, 215,625 (1925); Setúbal, 37,074 (1920); Braga, 21,970; Coimbra, 20,841; Évora, 16,148; Covilhã, 14,049; Faro, 12,925; Elvas, 11,747; Portalegre, 11,171; Tavira, 11,043; Beja, 10,521; Castelo Branco, 10,486.

ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

From West to East in the Great Inland Sea

For centuries the Mediterranean region has been the meeting place of different races, and on the shores of the great sea many remarkable civilizations have developed. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Moors and other peoples have all held sway in their time, and there is no Mediterranean land which does not retain impressive reminders of more than one civilization which flourished in days long past. From the Balearics off Spain to Cyprus in the shadow of Asia Minor, the many islands scattered about the Mediterranean are one and all enchanting; old customs and old costumes, the ancient ways of East and West, still linger in these isles which have seen many rulers come and go and are to-day important outposts of European powers. Sicily, the largest, is the subject of another chapter; here we shall see something of Sardinia and Corsica, the Balearics, Malta, Cyprus, Corfu and Crete.

THE Mediterranean seems a magic sea, so vivid is the blue of its waters and so golden its sunshine. Not the least of its enchantments are the islands big and little which break its blue surface here and there. The Balearics are numbered among Spain's fairest provinces, while Corsica is a mountainous, rugged land with a wild beauty all its own. In Italian Sardinia the colorful costumes of by-gone days are still worn on occasion, and rocky Malta with its hoary fortifications is reminiscent of the time when it was the feudal stronghold of the Knights of St. John. Eastern influence is strong in the Greek isles of Corfu, Crete and Cyprus, though Cyprus belongs to Great Britain nowadays. All these islands have been meeting grounds for different races, which only increases the fascination of each beautiful spot.

The Balearic archipelago is situated off the east coast of Spain, and the three most important islands are Majorca, Minorca and Iviza. They have been ruled in turn by Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Moors and Spaniards, and in the eighteenth century France and England each gained temporary footholds. The British left their mark upon Mahón, which they made the capital of Minorca, but outside of it the Balearics are essentially Spanish to-day.

The Majorcan climate is almost perfect, never too hot nor too cold. The only thing lacking is a good water supply; rains are infrequent and the islanders

have had to terrace their fields and build reservoirs to conserve and use every drop that falls. The many old-fashioned stone windmills are used not for pumping water but for crushing olives. Everywhere in the Balearics grow the olive trees, with delicate gray-green leaves and thick gnarled old trunks. Fine big melons, oranges, lemons, figs, almonds, peppers and other vegetables, and carob beans—which grow on trees—are luscious products of the islands. Besides the ancient industries of farming and fishing, the island of Minorca manufactures shoes, which it sends to Spain for sale. Perhaps on account of this industry, the Minorcans wear shoes instead of the *alpargatas* or rope sandals of the other islands.

Corsica is less idyllic than the Balearics. It is a part of France, but lies nearer to Italy, and its people speak an Italian dialect. Imagine an island with mountains rising steeply from the blue waters of the Mediterranean—an island possessing great forests of pine and chestnut, hills covered with vineyards, olive orchards and lemon groves, and above, wild stretches of uncultivated rocky ground where the sweet-flowering scrubby growth called "*maquis*" makes the air fragrant. That is Corsica, a land of troubled, bloody history and terrible vendettas, and famous as the birthplace of Napoleon. Its story is very confused and distressing, especially since the end of Roman rule in the year 469, when Northern barbarians and Eastern Mohammedans alike began to attack



THE IONIAN ISLANDS lie off the west shores of Greece and Albania. The largest and most important of them is Corfu, which was colonized by Corinth in the eighth century B.C. Standing now with our backs to Corfu city, we are looking across the entrance of the large inlet that was prob-

ably the ancient harbor. Canone lies in the centre, and the cypress-clad island behind it is the Scoglio di Ulisse, (Rock of Ulysses) which was believed by the ancient Greeks to be the ship that, having carried Ulysses to Ithaca, was turned to stone by Poseidon.

KNOX



© E. N. A.

MAJORCA, the largest of the Balearic Islands, with its orchards and gardens and vineyards, is a most attractive place. The climate is delightful, and the soil yields the usual Mediterranean flowers and fruits. The Balearic Isles, lying off the coast of Spain, so resemble the mainland that this lane with its picturesque setting might well be in Andalusia.



J. Moretti, Bastia

CROWDED HOUSES CLUSTER ROUND BASTIA'S OLD HARBOR

Bastia is the largest town in Corsica, but no longer the capital. It is situated on the northeastern coast of the island, facing Italy, while Ajaccio, the present capital, is on the beautiful western coast. Corsica exports olive oil, chestnuts and fruit, and "briar" pipes made from the roots of a white heath, the French name for which is "bruyère."

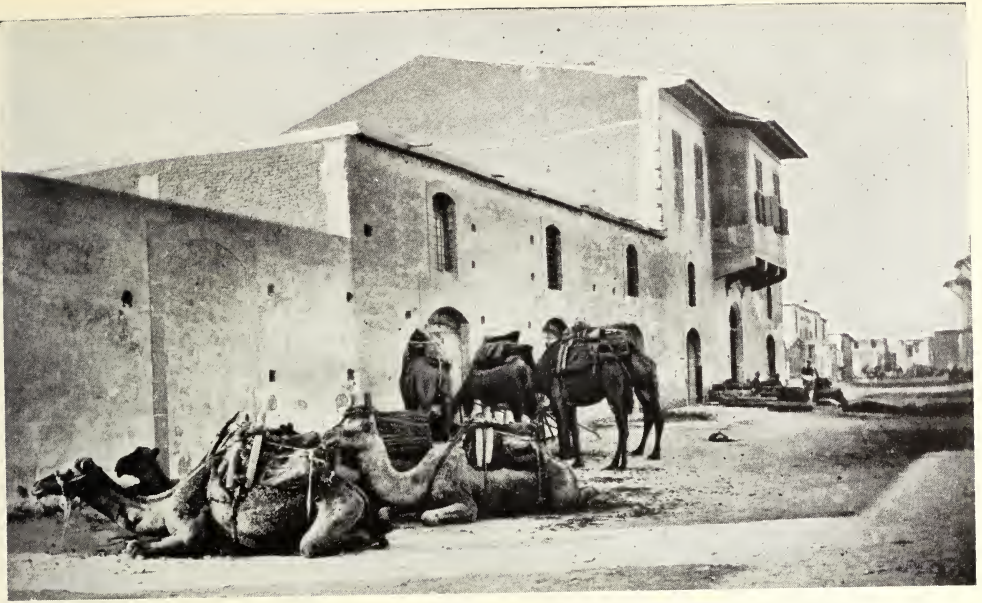
it, and rival Corsican barons fought each other. The Italian city of Genoa claimed the land, and France supported now Genoa and now the Corsicans, who might more than once have made good their independence had they been able to stop quarreling among themselves; finally in 1768 Genoa ceded its troublesome possession to France.

The appalling misgovernment and confusion of centuries encouraged the vendetta, or blood-feud. When a man could not hope for justice from the authorities—and often there were no authorities—he took matters into his own hands and killed his enemy. Whereupon the relatives of the dead man would take their weapons and hunt the assassin down. The feud might go on until scores of lives were lost and both families wiped out. Since the island became French, the vendetta has been partially eliminated.

Ajaccio, the capital, is a delightful seaport surrounded by mountains. The streets are lined with palms and orange trees and the houses painted in gay colors.

The house where Napoleon was born is still to be seen, but to reach it one must run the gauntlet of a mob of beggar-children who are eager to act as guides.

The Italian island of Sardinia is about seven miles south of Corsica, and like it is a mountainous land, wild and desolate in spots. There are many fascinating ruins of strange dwelling-houses and temples built long ago in the Bronze Age. The Sardinian peasants are a simple primitive race, short of stature, with dark hair and eyes; they speak different dialects, as their ancient speech has been influenced by both Italian and Spanish. In Roman days Sardinia was a great source of food supplies, and galleys carried load after load of golden grain from Sardinian harbors to the Roman markets. After Rome fell, the Vandals conquered Sardinia and then it became part of the Byzantine Empire. The Saracens attacked it constantly, until they were finally defeated by the Pisans, who in turn were driven out by the Spanish king of Aragon. In 1720 Savoy and some other parts of



THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE EAST ENVELOPS LIMASOL

Life moves slowly in Cyprus; oxen and donkeys pull creaking carts, and camels carry timbers and great sacks of carob beans across the sun-scorched plain. Four-fifths of the people are Greeks, but the rest are Turks, and the Mohammedan women go about closely veiled. Old Christian churches have often been turned into mosques.



Ernest Peterffy

WATER FOR SALE IN THE SUNNY STREETS OF PALMA

Palma is the capital of Majorca and the whole Balearic group, where modern ways and age-old customs are mingled most delightfully. The water-seller reaching for one of her big jars is a picturesque figure, and a familiar one as well, for water is often scarce in the Balearics and every drop is precious. The pottery is made in Majorca by hand.



© E. N. A.

ON THE ISLAND OF MALTA, which lies in the very middle of the Mediterranean Sea, there are no streams because the rain sinks into the porous soil. Except in time of drought, the land is fertile. The winter gales are very destructive, and the summer heat is intense; but, on the whole,

the climate is favorable and the inhabitants have good health. It might be better still if they did not drink goats' milk from animals milked at their doors. This herd is in the village of Birzebbugia, which stands on the bay of the southeastern coast known as the Marsa Scirocco.



FORTIFIED VALLETTA, the capital of Malta, is a great port of call and the chief British naval and coaling station in the Mediterranean Sea. Its strong walls testify that it was equally important in ancient days. Built upon a promontory that juts out into a large inlet on the east coast, it has

a fine harbor on each side. Here we see the entrance to the well protected Grand Harbor. From 1530 to 1798 Malta was the home of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights of Malta, and their palace in Valletta has become, in the British régime, the governor's residence.



SARDINIAN COSTUMES ARE COLORFUL

In many Sardinian villages, old-fashioned clothes are still seen, and the women are resplendent in full skirts of orange, purple, red or blue, with bright aprons, white blouses and bodices gaily striped or embroidered.

Italy were combined with the island and called the Kingdom of Sardinia, which in 1861 became the core of united Italy.

The Sardinians have escaped to some extent the standardization of costume and custom that is so noticeable among more sophisticated peoples. A kilted shepherd from the southern Sulcis might have stepped out of the Middle Ages, and in the Barbagia, or eastern interior of the island, we find people whose scarlet and white costumes also remind us of the pageantry of past ages. Each peasant community has its distinctive patterns, colors and embroidery, and the styles in

head kerchiefs are delightfully various. The men wear a peculiar stocking-cap called a "berretta," the end of which falls to the shoulder and serves as a pouch. These beautiful, valuable old costumes are nowadays worn only on Sundays and special occasions. On the Campidano (or plain), in the mining district of the south and in the cities, Cagliari and Sassari, ordinary modern European clothes are the rule, and as communications become better and better, the medieval styles are sure to disappear.

From Sardinia we shall voyage to the British island of Malta, that lies south of Sicily in a most strategic position. Valletta, the capital, is built upon one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean, and is an important naval base. But Malta has not always been a British possession. Like Sardinia, it has many very ancient ruins, in this case built by men of the Stone Age. Before the sixth century B.C., it was a Phœnician colony, and the Maltese of to-day are descended from those settlers of long ago, whose language they still speak. Carthaginians,

Romans, Arabs, Normans and Aragonese all governed Malta without vitally changing the character of the people. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were an ancient military and monastic order which fought against the Mohammedans during the Crusades and for years afterward. They were driven from the Holy Land to Cyprus and Rhodes and eventually, in 1530, to Malta. There they made a stand against the Turks and were victorious in the great siege of 1565. The Grand Master of the Order, Jean de la Vallette, built and fortified Valletta and the Knights ruled Malta until Na-



Mansell

AMONG THE HILLS THAT LIE BETWEEN THE SEA AND THE LOW TREELESS CAMPIDANO OF SARDINIA

Sardinia has many mountains, though not so many as Corsica, its near neighbor on the north. The hills in the southwestern corner of the island are rich in minerals, and here, standing in Monteponi and looking toward the sea along the road that leads to Gonnesa, we see the build-

ings and the slag heaps of a great lead and zinc mine. From Sardinia comes approximately one-fifth of all the mineral products of Italy. Zinc and lead are the most important minerals found in Sardinia, but silver, lignite and salt are also mined.



C. Chichester

THERE IS PLENTY OF LIFE AND BUSTLE IN THE OLD STREETS OF CANEA

Canea is the capital of Crete, which is perhaps the most fascinating of all the Mediterranean isles. The old costumes are still worn in many parts, and the men cling to them more firmly than do the women. Trousers baggy enough to make several ordinary pairs, high leather boots,

a soft cap, a sash and a blue cape or jacket lined with red are the striking parts of a Cretan man's dress. The people of Crete have dark eyes and black hair, just like their forefathers whose portraits are painted on the walls of the ancient palace at Cnossos.



P. Agius-Catania

A UNIQUE GARMENT SEEN ONLY IN MALTA

Maltese women and girls of all classes and ages wear the black faldetta when they go out of doors. This long heavy cloak is peculiar to the island, and is made over a frame worn on the head and held in position by the right hand. Even tiny girls have their faldettas, miniatures of the ones worn by their mothers.

pooleon drove them out. It was during the Napoleonic wars that Malta became British.

Valletta is a picturesque city if ever there was one. Jean de la Vallette laid it out on a rocky headland between two superb harbors. Some of the streets are steps going straight up from the water-side. All the houses are of stone, and the beautiful old palaces of the Order of St. John remind us of feudal days; we can almost imagine that a proud red or black-robed Knight with an eight-pointed white Maltese cross upon his breast will presently step from one of the massive doorways, though such medieval figures disappeared from Malta well over a century ago.

If Malta owes its importance to its location on the trade route between eastern and western Mediterranean lands,

Corfu long ago was a great commercial city because it lay just off the Greek coast, yet not far from the heel of Italy, and Greek ships on the way to Italy and Sicily always put in there. It was settled before 700 B.C. by men from the Greek city of Corinth, and was called Corcyra in those days. It was an independent city-state until the Mediterranean world became Roman, and belonged to the Byzantine Emperors after the Roman Empire split apart. In the Middle Ages the Venetians governed it longer than did any other power, and during much of the nineteenth century it was a British protectorate. Now, along with the other Ionian islands, it is part of Greece.

It has been called the most beautiful of the isles of Greece, and indeed it is an enchanting spot. The mountains of the



Hall

IN THE ISLAND THAT LIES BETWEEN ÆGEAN AND MEDITERRANEAN

The mountains of Crete are cut up by sheer dark chasms that appear bottomless, and off the automobile routes the roads are but dangerous trails where only sure-footed animals and men can make their way. The rocky hills are beautiful with flowers in the spring, for bright crocuses, tiny hyacinths, lilies and anemones are native to this land.

northern part are bare and rugged, but the fertile valleys are covered with the gray-green of countless olive trees, the brighter green of vineyards and the very dark green of tall conical cypress trees. White-walled houses stand out sharply against the foliage, and over all is the intensely blue sky which seems to belong to Greece. Close at hand the Mediterranean sparkles in the sun. Olive oil, fragrant honey and many fruits are the products which the farms of Corfu send to other countries.

Crete, which also belongs to Greece, is another beautiful and pleasant land, extremely fertile, picturesque and interesting. It is a long narrow island, and

serves to divide the Ægean Sea from the Mediterranean. As we read in the chapter Relics of Ancient Man, it contains many remains of long-vanished civilizations, which are among the oldest and most extraordinary known to us. In later years the island was a Roman province, and eventually the Saracens conquered it. Venice ruled it during four centuries, then the Turks seized it and in spite of many revolts maintained at least nominal power until 1909. In 1913 the island was finally incorporated with Greece, which was what the Christian inhabitants had long desired.

Most Cretans are of Greek origin and

belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, and the towns resemble those of Greece. But at Candia, the old capital, there are massive fortifications, old breakwaters, warehouses and fountains bearing the winged lion of St. Mark, the symbol of Venice. The long Turkish occupation has also left its impress; mosques with their white minarets gleam above the blue harbor at Canea, which is the capital to-day.

The beauty of Crete is more stern than soft and its pleasant valleys are shut in by rocky, inaccessible, snow-covered mountains. One of the highest was called Mount Ida by the ancient Greeks, and a deep gorge on its slopes was venerated as the birthplace of Zeus. In some places the mountains suddenly open out as though by magic, and there before us lies a wide flat plain walled in by hills, with olive orchards on all sides and the fruit of the vineyards golden in the autumn sunlight. Crete sends many basketsful of fresh grapes to Greece and Egypt, and crate after crate of fine raisins to more distant parts of the world. Along the harbor-fronts of the north shore, raisins by the yard are spread to dry in the sun. Citrons, too, are to be seen along the docks, cut in half and soaking in brine before being shipped. With citrus fruits, olives and grapes, Crete is typically Mediterranean.

Both the Greeks and the Phœnicians colonized Cyprus, the most eastern island in the great sea, and it was conquered by Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians and Romans, for everyone coveted its copper mines. Some say that the island was named for the copper found there—others, that copper takes its Latin name, *cuprium*, from the name of the island.



Meek

OFF TO WORK IN SUNNY CYPRUS

The plow is made of wood, with an iron spike attached to turn the earth. Men and women alike work in the fields, the men in voluminous trousers and the women in heavy long-sleeved dresses and bright head kerchiefs.

Be that as it may, Cyprus is a famous spot, and has seen more stirring history than its sleepy life suggests to-day. The Byzantine emperors and the Saracens were its rulers after the Romans, and in 1191 Richard Cœur-de-Lion, on his way to the Holy Land to fight the Third Crusade, took Cyprus from the Byzantines and sold it to Guy de Lusignan. This knight was theoretically king of Jerusalem, but the Saracens held Jerusalem, so Guy sailed to Cyprus. His successors ruled it for three hundred years, and under them it was brilliantly prosperous. Churches, abbeys and castles were built, the ruins of which bear mute witness to

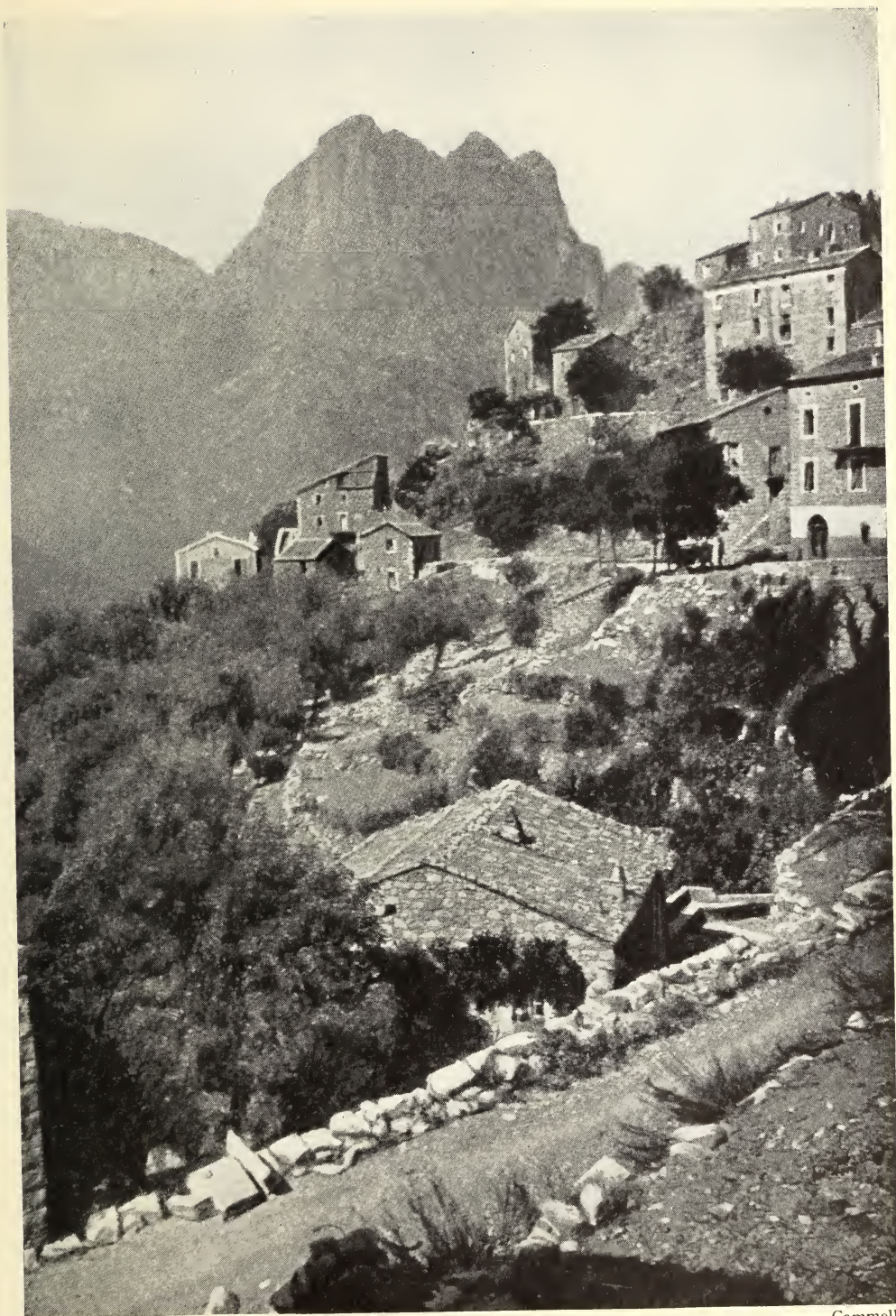


J. Roig

OVERLOOKING THE ISLAND AND HARBOR OF CHARMING IVIZA, MOST PICTURESQUE OF THE BALEARICS

In Iviza and the tiny neighboring island of Formentera, the women still wear their old costumes; half a dozen or even ten long full skirts pleated on each side, a gay little striped apron, a shawl and a bright kerchief make up the picture. If a girl is unmarried she wears a heavy cross of

gold and jewels, and over that twelve golden chains looped from shoulder to shoulder, the shortest one stretched straight across and the longest hanging to her waist. Here we see the white houses of the town of Iviza, and fishing-boats anchored in the harbor.



Cammell

THE CORSICAN HAMLET OF OTA CLINGS TO THE MOUNTAINSIDE

The east coast of Corsica is low-lying and swampy, but in the centre of the island and along the west coast the mountains are wild and beautiful. Here and there are strong old castles perched high on their cliffs, vividly suggesting the troubled life of medieval days, but only the sure-footed mountain sheep can reach the topmost crags.

their former splendor. Then the Venetians occupied it, but the Turks took it from them, and the British took it from the Turks, so now it is a colony of Great Britain and cares little for its ancient glory.

The forests which furnished timber for Greek and Egyptian vessels have disappeared, and there is little shade on the rocky hills of the great central plain. Cyprian peasant women are hard-working; if they are not busy in the fields or in the house, they may be seen doing jobs as different as making lace and breaking

rocks for new roads. The lace of Lefkara goes all over the world, and Cyprus is known also for its hand-woven cottons and silks. Modern industry disturbs the easy-going atmosphere very little, even though up-to-date methods are used in extracting copper from the slag heaps of ancient mines, and asbestos is conveyed from the craggy peak of Mount Troodos by an aerial railway. The activity of the mines seems less typical than the drowsiness of the cafés in Famagusta or the quiet peace which envelops the white buildings of Greek monasteries in the mountains.

ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: FACTS AND FIGURES

BALEARIC ISLANDS (*Baleáres*)

Group of 15 islands off Gulf of Valencia: Majorca, Minorca, Iviza, Formentera and 11 islets. Total area, 1,935; population (estimated 1927), 349,759. Governed as a province of Spain; capital, Palma (on Majorca), 80,450. Religion, Roman Catholic; language, Spanish. Products: olives, olive oil, grapes, almonds, oranges, figs, carob beans, green vegetables, shoes, filigree work.

CORSICA (*Corse*)

Lies due south of Genoa and 51 miles west of Italian coast. Area, 3,367; population (1926), 289,890. Governed as a department of France; chief towns: Ajaccio, the capital, 21,908 (1921); Bastia, 31,939. Religion, Roman Catholic; language, Italian dialect. Chief products: olive oil, wine, honey, chestnuts, gallic acid, citrus fruits, cereals, mulberries.

SARDINIA (*Sardegna*)

Lies 7 miles south of Corsica. Area, 9,299; population (1921), 864,174. Governed as a department of Italy; chief towns: Cagliari, the capital, 94,902; Sassari, 50,788. Religion, Roman Catholic; language, Spanish and Italian dialects. Products: lead, zinc, salt, timber, cork, tanning bark, charcoal, olive oil, wine, almonds, wheat, oranges, lemons, cattle, cheese, tuna fish.

MALTA (*Colony of Great Britain*)

Three islands (Malta, Gozo and Comino) lying 60 miles south of Sicily. Total area, 122; population (1926), 227,440. Administration by a Governor, Executive Council (civil), Nominated Council (military); elected Legislature of 2 houses for local affairs. Capital, Valletta (on Malta), 24,189. Religion, Roman Catholic; languages: English, Italian, Maltese. 168 schools with about 29,549 pupils (1927-28), besides 1 university and 25 technical manual

schools. Imports: wheat, flour, sugar, coal, textiles, petroleum products, metal goods. Products: wheat, barley, potatoes, green vegetables, grapes and other fruits, hides and skins, cotton and cotton goods, lace, filigree work, cigarettes.

CORFU (*Corcyra*)

Lies 2 miles off the Greek coast, at the Albanian border. Area, 278; population (1928), 106,251. Governed as a department of Greece; capital, Corfu, 32,221. Religion, Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic; language, Greek. Products: olive oil, honey, grapes and other fruits.

CRETE (*Candia*)

Lies about 60 miles southeast of the Greek mainland and 110 miles southwest of Asia Minor. Area, 3,330; population (1920), about 345,000. Governed as part of Greece; chief towns: Canea, the capital, 26,604 (1928); Candia, 24,848 (1920). Religion, Greek Orthodox and Mohammedan; language, Greek. Products: olive oil, soap, cheese, citrus fruits, raisins and grapes, carob beans, mulberries, chestnuts.

CYPRUS (*Colony of Great Britain*)

Lies 44 miles south of Asia Minor and 60 miles west of Syria. Area, 3,584; population (1921), 310,715. Administered by a Governor, Executive Council and partially-elected Legislature. Chief towns: Nicosia, the capital, 18,579; Larnaka, 9,765; Limasol, 13,302. Religion: Mohammedan and Greek Catholic; languages: Greek dialect, Osmanli Turkish, French and English. Greeks and Mohammedans have their own schools; total elementary enrolment (1927), 46,677. Products: barley, wheat, olives, olive oil, raisins, cotton, potatoes, cheese, sponges, gypsum, copper, asbestos.

Date Due

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